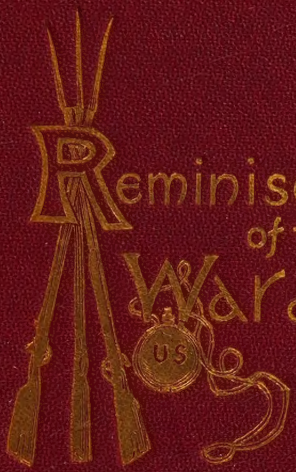

Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion

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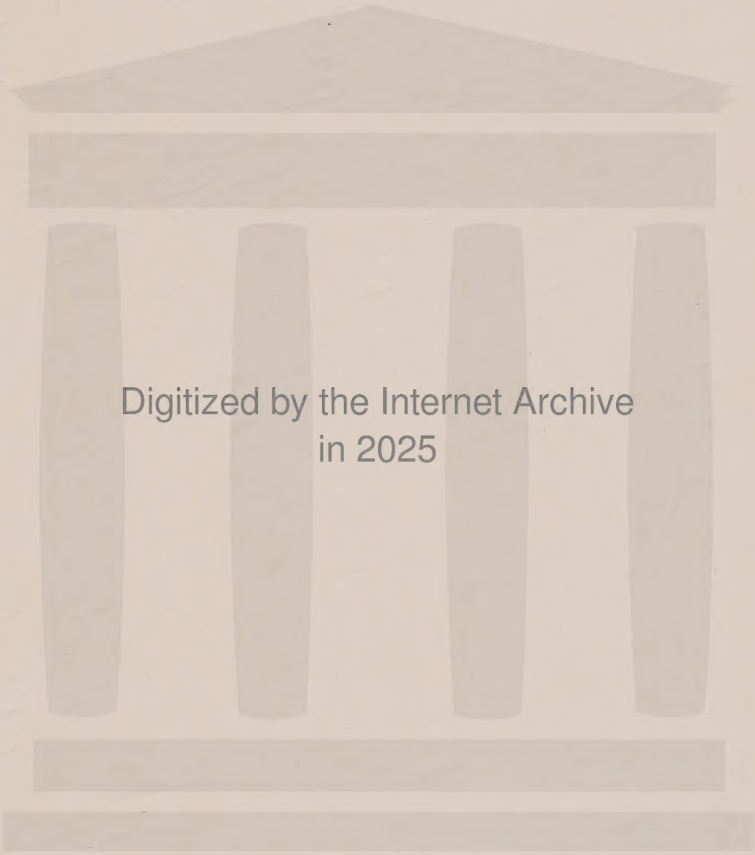

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REMINISCENCES

OF THE

War of the Rebellion

1861 - 1865

BY

COL. ELBRIDGE J. COPP

The youngest Commissioned Officer in the Union Army who rose from the ranks

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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To my dear daughters Charlotte and Edith
this book
is lovingly dedicated.

PREFACE.

My War Reminiscences as originally written were not intended for publication. During all the years subsequent to the close of the War I had been asked from time to time by my daughters, Lottie and Edith, to write down the stories I had told them of my war experiences; I had written from time to time in complying with their wishes, descriptions of many of the movements and battles, and as I progressed the work became interesting to myself, until it finally assumed the form of a complete story from the beginning to the end, and still it was my purpose that there should be but an edition of two volumes, typewritten and bound, for my daughters only.

My friends had seen something of the story, and suggested that it should be given to the public in some form, and to this I finally agreed, and its first appearance was in a revised form for the Nashua Telegraph, published in weekly chapters.

Since its publication I have had numerous letters from many sources, urging that it should be published in book form. These letters from well known people throughout the state and country have been so highly commendatory I have found courage to submit the work for public approval.

In the preparation of this book I have received most valuable assistance from Miss Lottie B. Plummer, my Deputy and co-worker in the Probate Office, who has typewritten the entire work from dictation. I am also indebted to many of my old comrades of the 3rd N. H. Regiment for assistance and suggestions, especially to Maj. J. Homer Edgerly, Maj. William H. Trickey and Capt. Daniel Eldredge for valuable information as to

dates of our movements, and other data found in the history of the Regiment, and also for numerous illustrations that appear in this volume.

I have been asked if I have written these reminiscences from diaries kept through my service. As a matter of fact, I have written practically all of the story from memory. I have regretted many times the loss of the diaries and records kept during the War; in some one of the chapters I think I have stated that all the records of my Regiment went to the bottom of the James River when in transit from Norfolk to Bermuda Hundred in 1864.

It is a marvellous truth that in the storehouse of our subconscious mind is every event and thought that has ever come to us; nothing is lost. I have never seen this truth so completely demonstrated as in my experience in writing these "Reminiscences." As I progressed in the story, many events that I had not recalled for years would present themselves one after another with amazing clearness.

The value of this book must be in addition to its present interest, chiefly in the record I here have made of the events of the War from one's own personal experience, a counterpart being found with thousands upon thousands of the officers and men who made up that great army of two million and more who fought through to the end the greatest war of the century; but so far as my knowledge goes, and I have been told by those who have given war history especial attention, that this is the only connected story of the personal experiences of the soldier from the beginning of the war to the end that has been given to the public.

ELBRIDGE J. COPP.

Dated at Nashua, N. H., January 1, 1911.

THE YOUNGEST COMMISSIONED OFFICER IN THE UNION ARMY.

Some years ago the question as to who was the youngest officer of the War was raised, and discussed through the newspapers. In a communication to the Boston Journal Willam O. Clough, editor of the Nashua Telegraph, claimed that I was the youngest commissioned officer in the service who was commissioned from the ranks, having enlisted as a private and receiving my commission as Lieutenant at the age of eighteen. This statement was met by Col. Gardner C. Hawkins of the 3rd Vermont Regiment, who said he was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant, October 18, 1864, that he was eighteen years old on the 11th day of February previous, and it was also claimed by Col. Albert Clark, Secretary of the Home Market Club, who was Colonel of the 13th Vermont Regiment, that a young officer of his regiment was commissioned as Lieutenant at the age of sixteen. This young Lieutenant, Charles W. Randall, was the son of Col. Francis V. Randall, of the 13th Vermont, who preceded Col. Clark in the command of that regiment, and who commissioned his son from civil life to a Lieutenancy in his own regiment.

I was commissioned on January 1, 1863, five months and eight days after my eighteenth birthday, Colonel Hawkins receiving his commission something over nine months after his eighteenth birthday; therefore the claim that I was the youngest commissioned officer so far as known who rose from the ranks is substantiated.

ELBRIDGE J. COPP.

Nashua, N. H., January 1, 1911.

FLAGS OF THE 3RD N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

I Enlist as Private in Company F., 3rd New Hampshire Volunteers. The Rendezvous of Troops at Concord and Organization of the 3rd N. H. Regiment.

DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE opening of the War of the Rebellion found me a schoolboy in Nashua, New Hampshire 16 years of age, and the second year at the High School. My home was divided between my father's house on Walnut Street and the old corner book store on Main street, corner of Water Street, in an old wooden building on the present site of Goodrich Block. The store was owned by my brothers, Henry B. and Charles D. I worked in the store mornings and evenings, carrying one route of the Boston daily papers in the forenoon, going to school afternoons only. I occupied a sleeping room over the store, and here into the night I would study to keep pace with my more fortunate school mates who had the full day at school.

I remember clearly on the morning of this memorable 12th of April I was standing upon a cricket at one of the counters of the store folding the morning papers when the telegraph wires flashed over the country and over the world the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter, the opening gun of the war. My brother, Charles D. was standing behind the opposite counter, my uncle Elbridge P. Brown was sitting near the old coal stove reading the

paper. Several customers, too, I think were in the store and all as by a flash of lightning were stirred to the highest pitch of excitement, my uncle Brown remarking, "We are going to have a terrible war." I was scarcely able to continue my work, and with a feeling incident to youth I inwardly rejoiced, and was at once filled with a determination to have a part in it. The most intense excitement stirred the whole country.

I need not go into the history of the president's proclamation and the call for troops, the organization of the first regiments that were sent to the front, only to say that I was stirred with the possibilities of being one of those who should respond, and to enlist as a soldier. My age, of course, was against the probabilities of my going to war; being under the legal age the consent of my father was necessary. I said but very little about the matter, but kept up a good deal of thinking, stimulated by the excitement of the day and the love of adventure. I think I can credit myself, however, with something of the spirit of patriotism.

Nothing but the war was thought of or talked about, only those who were in the midst of it can have any conception of the condition of affairs at that time. The expiration of the three months' term of service of the 1st regiment brought the soldiers back from the seat of war, and the march of the Nashua company through the streets on the day they returned was a great event. A further proclamation had been issued, as history records, and the governors of the states had sent out the call for the enlistment of additional regiments to be sent to the seat of war. In Nashua, James F. Randlett was commissioned to raise a company for the 3d regiment, and had opened a recruiting office in the old armory, the attic of the City Hall building, and to Capt. Randlett I made known my purpose to enlist in his company, if I could get the consent of my father. He thought I was rather

young and rather small for a soldier, not quite up to the standard in age, nor feet and inches. This did not fease me, however, I was fully determined to go, and was not long in persuading Captain Randlett that I could be of service to him in the capacity of clerk, if not in the ranks. I was then in a position to approach my father to secure his consent to the enlistment. At first it was a flat refusal, to him it was absurd, that a boy of my age should go into the army. He finally gave his consent, however, upon the condition that I should go as clerk to the captain of the company, and with the understanding that I was not to be in the ranks in the event of a battle. I do not know what pledges were made, but I remember well the promise of the captain to my father that he would be my friend and protector. In the formalities required for the enlistment it is not in my recollection, and I cannot say, whether I stood on the tip-toes to reach the required height or the captain used his discretion in making the entry. Under the law 18 years was the age limit and here again I suppose the captain used his discretion. It was fixed up, however, in some way, and I became a private in the ranks of Company F, 3rd Regiment, N. H. Volunteers, and we were soon off to the seat of war.

PRIVATE E. J. COPP.

We assembled at the old armory early on the morning of the 16th of August, marched down the long flight of stairs into Main Street, and in platoon front took up our march for the Junction, through Main and Canal Streets. In passing the old bookstore I was on the left of the platoon, and out from the crowd upon the street came and walked along by my side a prominent citizen who

took me by the hand and instead of bidding me "God speed," very much to my surprise, he said I was too young and ought not to go. I remember this little incident from the fact that later in the war this man was one of the bitter Copperheads of the North, who were allies of the rebels of the South, doing all that was possible to discourage enlistments, and the class of men whom the soldiers in the army so bitterly hated, as a worse enemy than those they were fighting at the front.

The 3rd Regiment rendezvoused in Concord upon the interval just across the Merrimack River about one-half mile from the city.

This was the beginning of an experience that I little dreamed of at the time; the camp was pitched, as I remember, under the direction of the major of the regiment, John Bedell, who was an old Mexican War officer, and whose experience was of great value to the newly organized regiment. Ten companies of 101 men each, the field and staff officers and a band, then constituted a regiment of infantry.

The troops were assigned to their quarters as the companies arrived in camp; their position in the line was determined by the rank of the captain of the several companies, the rank of the captains determined by the date of their commissions.

Military organization means a perfect system, every man knowing his place and forced by military law to keep it, the army becomes under this rigid discipline practically a machine to be directed by the commander. This, of course, means a great deal of detail business; the colonel of the regiment being assisted by a staff of officers provided for under military organization, the chief of the staff being the adjutant, who becomes the executive of the colonel.

Every morning a report from the captain is made by the orderly-sergeant of each company, in writing upon

printed blanks prepared for the purpose. These reports are sent at a certain hour to the office of the adjutant, and show the number of men in each company present for duty, the number who are sick in hospital, and in their quarters, the number of men absent, and the cause must be given in every case. These reports are consolidated by the adjutant and when in the field are sent forward to brigade headquarters when completed: at brigade headquarters the several reports of the regiment are consolidated and sent forward to division headquarters, and are here again consolidated by the assistant adjutant-general who is the executive of the division commander. At division headquarters the reports are there also consolidated, showing the strength of the several brigades in the division, and are then sent forward to the corps or army headquarters. So it is seen, by this system of reports, the commanding general has full knowledge of the strength of his command at all times. These reports are insisted upon, no matter what the conditions may be. It can be understood that this requires clerical work at each headquarters, the adjutant of the regiment being

CAPT. JAMES F. RANDLETT.

assisted by the sergeant-major, and one or more clerks.

During my school days and especially at the old book store I was much interested in penmanship, and could write very well at that time. I have said that one of the conditions of my enlistment was that I should go as clerk for Captain Randlett, but a few days after we went into camp at Concord I found myself detailed by special order from the colonel to act as clerk in the adjutant's office. I found this a very pleasant duty, and a position where I could learn much of the detail of military organization.

COL. E. Q. FELLOWS.

The time in camp there in Concord was well occupied by drilling and other camp duties. We were fortunate in having for our first colonel an officer who had been at West Point, and who was a strict disciplinarian and a superior drill master, Col. E. Q. Fellows. A vast amount of business is required for the complete organization of a regiment to prepare it for active service.

I have spoken of the staff of the colonel commanding; the commissioned staff officers besides the adjutant are a quartermaster, chaplain, and at that time a commissary, a surgeon and assistant-surgeon; the non-commissioned

staff consists of a sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, commissary sergeant and hospital steward. The special duties of the quartermaster are to provide tents, the uniforms of the men, the guns and ammunition.

The commissary department is to provide, of course, the rations. The surgeon and assistant-surgeon, especially in active service, have no easy place in the care of the sick and wounded.

The calls for the various duties of camp were beaten upon drums, in infantry regiments, and in reveille and retreat were accompanied by the fife. There is something inspiring in the fife and drum and this was an important element in the soldier's life. The reveille, beaten at sunrise, was a call for the men to turn out for roll call. Every man who was not on duty must be in line promptly and in position at the end of the call, ready to respond to his name, called by the orderly-sergeant of the company.

The hours for the several calls and duties of camp are fixed by the commanding officer, either of the regiment, brigade, division or army corps, according to circumstances, that is, the officer in command of the body of troops in any particular locality, whether an army corps, division, brigade or regiment. This applies to all orders for movement of troops or camp duty.

Soon after reveille the surgeon's call is sounded and all sick men in camp who are able to do so, go to the surgeon's tent for treatment, forming in line, each man taking his turn.

Each one is examined as he presents himself to the surgeon or assistant-surgeon, then medicine is given him by the hospital steward as directed by the surgeon. A hospital tent is always an accompaniment of troops in the field, where those who are seriously sick are taken. Those who are reported as sick by the surgeon and considered as able to take care of themselves return to their

quarters and are excused from duty, and are reported as "sick in quarters."

On the second day of September, Colonel Fellows received orders to report with his regiment in Washington, at once, and on the morning of September 3rd, the tents were struck and all baggage loaded on to baggage wagons, and the regiment took up its march, I taking my place as private in the ranks of Company F with the other boys with knapsack and rifle, marching to the depot in Concord, where we embarked on the cars for the front.

The breaking camp, and the movement of troops early in the war meant the employment of a large number of baggage wagons. When our regiment left Concord for the front, 22 four horse baggage wagons were employed to transport the camp equipage and baggage and being a part of the regimental equipment. Later in the war the same number of wagons and horses were used for an Army corps.

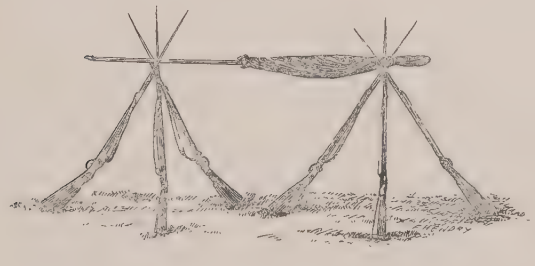
The scenes through the streets of Concord and at the depot while embarking on the cars, shook the courage of many of the boys as the relatives and friends, fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts bade good-bye to the soldier boy, who was soon to face unknown danger.

The destination was generally unknown among the boys; we knew that we had started for the seat of war, but just where was indefinite. There were rumors of an expedition to capture Charleston, South Carolina, also a movement upon Richmond, the rebel capital.

We were soon on board the cars and speeding southward, through Manchester and through Nashua, without a stop, but thousands of men, women and children were at the stations as we passed, waving their good-bye, with shouts and cheers. Arriving in Worcester, we were greeted by a great crowd of people: here a collation was

served from baskets brought into the cars by the people of Worcester; hot coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, etc., which was fully appreciated by the chronically hungry soldier boys.

A little sensation here occurred, by the receipt of a telegram from Nashua, addressed to Colonel Fellows, commanding the regiment, demanding the return of one of the drummer boys, "Jimmie" Moore of Nashua. To the best of my recollection it was backed by authority of the court, as it must have been to have persuaded the colonel to take from the ranks one of his drummer boys, and as it later appeared, it was done at the request and demand of "Jimmie's" parents. "Jimmie," however, was bound to go to war, and succeeded later in going with the 9th N. H. regiment, and did good service through the war, as my brother, Captain C. D. Copp of that regiment, testifies. "Jimmie" Moore is now one of our white haired respected veterans, the same "Jimmie" to all of his many friends in Nashua.



CHAPTER II.

Third Regiment at Camp of Instruction on Long Island.

THE railroad train taking us to the front was made of 23 passenger cars and 29 baggage cars moving in three sections. The absurdity of this vast amount of baggage was soon made apparent after we were fairly in the field. At Worcester quite a delegation of New Hampshire people who had come along with us, here left and returned home. Among the number was Hon. Fred'k Smyth, who was afterwards governor of New Hampshire and who did heroic work throughout the War at home in support of the soldiers at the front.

Proceeding to Allyns Point, Conn., our regiment embarked on board the side wheel steamers "Connecticut" and "City of New York." Now the New Hampshire boys were introduced to a little of the "roughing it;" a tremendous thunder storm broke upon us during the embarking and loading of the baggage, drenching everybody and everything. Our 1,000 men with baggage and camp equipage crowded the steamers to the limit and in the storm many were obliged to camp on the decks of the vessels. The storm and high winds continued until late into the night, making a very rough passage, many a seasick boy already would have been glad to have been at home in his father's barn.

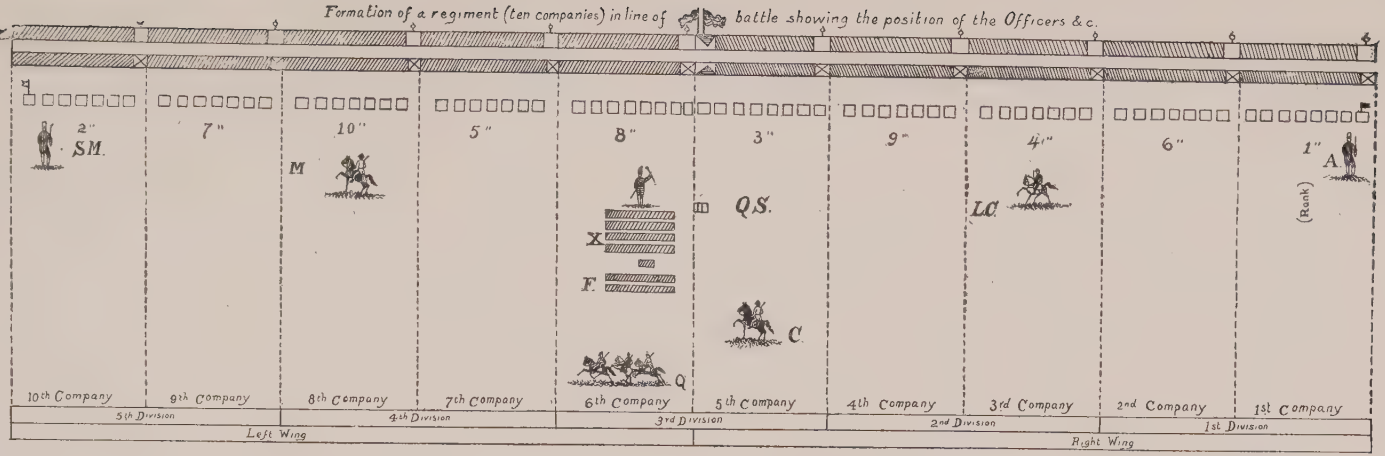
We arrived at Hunter's Point, Long Island, near Brooklyn and across East River from New York city early on the morning of September 4. Here we transferred the camp equipage and baggage from the boats to

a railroad train that had been made up for us. The boys now learned for the first time the meaning of the term "fatigue duty" and they were not allowed to forget it all through the War: details of men, a certain number from each company, were ordered to do the work of handling and re-handling all of this baggage and pretty tough business some of them thought; men who at home were accustomed to nothing more strenuous than the handling of a yard stick and dry goods from over the counter, or light clerical work, lawyers, book keepers, school teachers, and among them were men of wealth, now finding themselves as privates in the ranks subject to the orders of superior officers, doing the work of porters and laborers in all kinds of the necessary drudgery incident to the movements of troops in the field, and the cleaning up of the grounds and the quarters in camp, all this including the handling of shovels and picks in the trenches, when facing the enemy is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of the military organization, the cheerful acceptance of these conditions by the men in the rank is a heroism quite as great as in meeting the enemy upon the battlefield.

Our destination was Mineola, L. I., near Hampstead, about 18 miles from Brooklyn. Here, upon an extensive plain well suited for a camp ground, a camp of instruction was established.

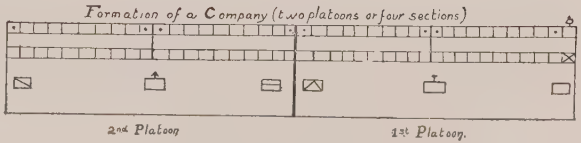
The quartermaster had preceded the regiment with the quartermaster-sergeant and a detail of men and under the direction of the brigade quartermaster, had staked out the camp. The boys were green in the work of pitching a camp, but before night the regiment was comfortably quartered in their tents.

Camp is laid out in streets, one street for each company, tents upon each side facing inward, with four men for each tent. The officers' tents are at the head of, and facing, the company streets. The captain of the com-



C Colonel
LC Lieut Colonel
M Major
Q.Q Master
A Adjutant
SM Sergt Major
X Field Mus.
F Band
Color and guard.
Right guide
Left guide

Q.S.Q. Master Sergt.



Captain
First Lieut
Second Lieut

First Sergt.
Second Sergt.
Third Sergt.
Fourth Sergt.
Fifth Sergt
Corporal

REGIMENTAL FORMATION.

pany has a wall tent for his exclusive use, the two lieutenants of each company occupying one wall tent. To the rear of this line of tents are the tents of the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and staff officers. I was especially fortunate in having an A tent for myself, pitched in the rear of the adjutant's tent, making comparatively comfortable quarters. The men each having an army blanket, made their beds upon the ground with knapsacks for pillows. All this, as will be seen later, were luxuries that did not go with us into active campaigning.

The following order was issued by Colonel Fellows:

Headquarters 3rd Regt. N. H. Vols.,
Camp Sherman, Sept. 5, 1861.

This regiment being the first to occupy this camp ground it is hoped we will set a good example to others soon to arrive and become the model regiment of the command. Beginning tomorrow, the 6th, the following will be the routine duty: Reveille at 5, company drill 5.30 to 7, breakfast 7, guard-mounting 8, surgeon's call 8.30, squad drill 9 to 11, dinner 12, company drill 2 to 4, battalion drill 4.30, dress parade 5.30, supper 6, tattoo 9, taps 9.30. Thus it is seen that we had few idle hours.

Our camp was visited daily by people from the near by cities and towns, more particularly from Hampstead and Mineola. When off duty, a limited number of men from each company by permission and a pass from the colonel commanding, visited these towns, making many pleasant acquaintances. Occasionally, the Regimental band went to Hampstead and Mineola, furnishing band concerts to the people. Subsequent to our leaving this place, the people of Mineola subscribed for and purchased a beautiful silk flag and presented it to our regiment at our camp in Washington, the presentation made an occasion of ceremony. This flag was carried at the head of our regiment through the entire war, receiving

many a mark from shot and shell, falling at the death of its bearer, but to be taken again by a courageous successor, and around this flag the brave boys of the 3d regiment time after time rallied in its defense This same sacred banner of freedom is now in its permanent resting place in the rotunda of the capitol at Concord.

Other regiments arrived at Camp Sherman, including the 8th Maine. I distinctly remember the admiration we had for this regiment, the men being of remarkable height, many of them six feet and some inches, looking almost invincible; we thought at the time that this regiment of such remarkable physique must surely make a record for prowess and efficiency but the contrary proved to be true. The regiment was attached to our brigade and after entering hard, active campaigning it lost by death and disease fully 25 per cent more than the 3d New Hampshire, made up of men averaging much smaller in size and weight. This proved true throughout the war. The small men from the cities proved the hardier and better soldiers.

GEN. EGBERT L. VIELE.

The boys were patriots, every one, but not all saints They were naturally bent upon a good time, to any limit,

6TH MASS. REGIMENT FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE, APRIL 1861.

when a chance came their way; in Mineola the citizens were not all church people, some of them kept open saloons and other questionable places. One day a number of the men of the 8th Maine regiment visited Mineola, and came back uproariously drunk, and, as it proved, from the most villainous of liquors. The military way of meeting these conditions was not the usual. General Viele, our brigade commander, with the true military instinct, was a strict disciplinarian, ordering every drop of the liquor in Mineola destroyed, and the patrol guard carried the order into effect.

For a time after commencement of hostilities by the South, it was thought that the war would not be very long, it was confidently predicted that the rebellion would be crushed in three months, but it was soon found that the South had for years been preparing for the rebellion, and that its subjugation meant the organization of a large army. Preparations were now being made by our government upon a gigantic scale for a vigorous prosecution of the war. Camps of instruction for the organization of the army were being formed in every state throughout the North, and troops were being pushed on to Washington for its defense, and for an advance upon the enemy across the Potomac.

The special object of our camp in Mineola was for the organization of what was termed an Expeditionary Corps, and Gen. T. W. Sherman had been assigned to the command. It was understood that the expedition was for the purpose of making an attack upon some one of the seaport cities of the South. We had been in camp at this point some two weeks, when an order from Gen. Winfield Scott, from Washington, was received by General Sherman, ordering his entire command to proceed to Washington with all possible haste, leaving the camps with sufficient guard for protection. It was reported that Washington was in danger from an attack by the rebels

who were already in force across the Potomac within gun shot of the city.

The whole command was immediately embarked on board trains and taken to Hunter's Point, and then across to Jersey City, arriving in Jersey City about midnight. As soon as the trains could be made ready, we started for Philadelphia, Pa., reaching that city about 9 o'clock the next morning, and a very tired and hungry lot of soldier boys we were; no time had been given for the preparation of rations, before leaving camp at Mineola. Here we were disembarked and marched to the famous Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment saloon on Otsego street and every man in the regiment given a substantial breakfast. This Cooper shop restaurant was famous through the war, supplying every soldier that passed through the city with all that he needed to eat, free of charge. It was supported wholly by the public spirited citizens. Its seating capacity was about 500; it is said that over 600,000 men were fed at this place during the war.

GEN. T. W. SHERMAN.

Again re-embarking, we proceeded to Baltimore, Md. At that time the railroad accommodations required a change of cars and a march from one depot to another. This took us over the same route that was

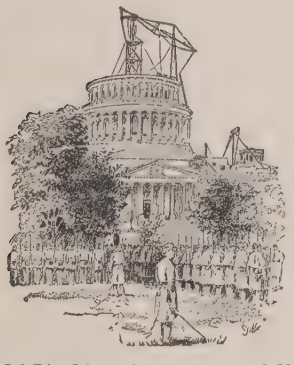
marched by the 6th Massachusetts regiment, and where the first blood of the war was shed a few weeks before.

The streets were lined with the people of the city and not knowing to a certainty that our reception from the rebels of the city would not be the same as that of the 6th Massachusetts, every man was on the alert with a firm grip of his rifle and in every rifle was a ball cartridge. No demonstration was made, however, and again taking a train, two hours ride brought us into the city of Washington, where we found the city and country around one vast military camp. The excitement of the expected attack upon Washington had subsided.

CHAPTER III.

Camp in Washington—Lincoln and McClellan Visit Our Camp.

OUR train reached Washington about one o'clock on the morning of the 16th. Arriving at the Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot, we disembarked, a tired, hungry and sleepy crowd of men and boys; there had been little sleep, the cars were crowded, two men with their large and overloaded knapsacks and blankets, with guns and equipments in each seat, there was very little rest or comfort. The boys made the best of it, however, and through the night with singing, talking and laughing, the time was passed. This was characteristic of the soldier under all conditions, always making the best of every situation. Always one or more irrepressible optimistic souls in every company to help keep up the spirits of the less fortunate



CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

Near the depot was the "Soldiers' Rest" so called, where the troops arriving from the North were fed, and early in the morning we marched into the building for breakfast. Unlike the Philadelphia "Cooper Shop Restaurant" the food was poor; three long tables running the length of the building were pi'ed up with half cooked boiled pork, with bristles left on, for the convenience of handling. the boys

thought, with large quantities of stale bread and muddy coffee, and the "retreat" by the boys from the building commenced soon after we entered, and the most of us got our breakfast from the eating houses near by.

Colonel Fellows having sent our adjutant to General Scott's headquarters to report our arrival, we here waited orders. Everything was new and strange to most of the New Hampshire boys, many of whom had never been outside of the limits of the state; I had never been in Washington and naturally was very anxious to see the

COOPER SHOP VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON.

city, and was fortunate in getting a pass with permission to be absent for several hours. Arthur Bingham, who was a clerk in the quartermaster's department, also secured a pass, and we started out together to see the sights. The B. & O. depot was at the foot of Capitol Hill and rising away above us was the Capitol building. Washington at this time was in a crude, unfinished condition, it was in fact, a "city of magnificent distances."

I remember that from the B. & O. depot we climbed the embankment of sand and gravel up to the grounds of the Capitol. The Capitol building was grand and beautiful, beyond anything we had ever conceived of, although then in an unfinished condition, the derrick at the top of the unfinished dome.

We found our way through the building without difficulty, although congress was not then in session there was enough to be seen, everything was so new and grand to us. Finding our way to the south of the building, from the balustrade we had a fine view of the city and country around, reaching across the Potomac into Virginia. In our immediate front was Pennsylvania avenue, stretching across the city to the treasury building. Nothing like the Pennsylvania avenue of today, unpaved and muddy, crowded with teams of all kinds, army wagons loaded with supplies for the army were working their way through. The buildings upon one side of the avenue, some of them of brick and stone, but more of wooden structure and very few of large dimension. On the other side of the street the land was low and swampy and the buildings were few, for a long distance were negro shanties, through the city pigs and geese were running, the sewerage running upon the surface, in short the whole city was unkept and unattractive except for the public buildings. The Washington monument could be seen in the distance but had only reached the height of 100 feet or less. Further to the left and beyond we could see the famous long bridge over which so many hundred thousands troops passed into Virginia, and so many thousands never to return, now we could see the glistening bayonets of troops moving over the bridge to join the army of McDowell then in command of the army along the Potomac. In the basement of the Capitol had been established an extensive bakery where bread was being baked for the soldiers in and around Washington. Army

wagons were constantly coming and going being loaded with the bread piled in like cord wood. Of course it was impossible for the government to keep up the supply of soft bread to the army when in active operation. Hardtack and coffee was the staple ration upon which the army most depended. Hardtack much like sea biscuit baked from the whole wheat and so hard that it kept good indefinitely.

Time passed rapidly. Taking a walk through Pennsylvania avenue, down upon one side and up on the other gave us an opportunity of seeing much that was interesting. The street was crowded with people, negroes and soldiers predominating. On the east side, as I have before stated, there were many negro squatters and shanties, numerous small buildings, markets and stores, many negro hucksters with all kinds of produce, fruit, vegetables, etc., displayed along the sidewalk. I was very glad of an opportunity of seeing Washington as it was in 1861; no one today would recognize the Washington of that time as the same magnificent city of today that has become the Mecca for all Americans.

It was 4 p. m. before orders were received to move to our camp grounds, when the march was taken up, moving out a mile or more to the east of the capitol building, where we went into camp. This was at that time an extensive and open country, but now covered with city streets and buildings.

Troops from every Northern state were arriving daily and going into camp, it was said at that time, at the rate of 10,000 a day. General McClellan had been assigned to the command of the army, and great things were expected of him. It was understood that the whole army was soon to move against the enemy, and everything was full of interest and excitement. The enemy across the Potomac was near enough for the guns to be

REVIEW OF TROOPS BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GEN. McLELLAN.

heard daily, which naturally increased the intensity of the excitement.

As the troops arrived in the city, it was the practice of President Lincoln and General McClellan to visit the camps, and usually without notice. Not many days after we had been established in camp, when our regiment was on dress parade, President Lincoln and General McClellan, riding in an open barouche, or hack, were seen approaching our camp. As clerk in the adjutant's office, I was not obliged to appear on dress parade or other ceremonies, but frequently went out to witness the parade. On this occasion I was standing in the rear of the regimental color line at some distance when the President and General McClellan made their appearance. As they approached, the colonel gave the command to the regiment to "present arms," and the band at the right of the regiment commenced "Hail to the Chief." The distinguished party, the President and the general, first drove along the line in front and around left to the rear where I was practically alone. As they approached, I took off my cap, and they both very gracefully returned the salute, the first and last time that I ever saw President Lincoln.

The inspection of troops when in camp is of frequent occurrence, and is a necessary part of the discipline in maintaining the army in the best possible condition for service. The inspection is made by the commanding officer. To prepare for inspection, each company is first ordered into line in the company street, when the arms and equipment are inspected by the inspecting officer. The guns of those days with which the army was generally armed, were the old Springfield rifle, muzzle loading and in the inspection of the gun or rifle the iron ram-rod was placed in the gun and the test of the cleanliness of the gun was made in a toss of the rifle, when the iron ram-rod, when the gun was clear, would give the clear, ringing sound that could only result in the perfectly clean

rifle. The percussion cap was used upon this rifle, and the nipple and vent was an object of attention as to cleanliness. The exterior of the rifle was also polished.

The camp must be put in the best possible condition as to cleanliness; every soldier must have his uniform, arms and equipments perfectly clean, the trimmings polished and even the buttons on his uniform must be made bright. If conditions allow, he appears in his full dress uniform. At the time appointed for inspection of quarters the men appear and stand in front of their tents, their knapsacks on the ground in front of them, and open that the contents may be seen by the inspector, the sides of the tents raised, if wall tents, and fastened to the guy ropes, and with A tents the front must be open, that the interior of the tent may be easily seen, the men standing in the position of a soldier, this position being specifically described in the tactics. The inspector and the commanding officers of the regiment and of each company accompanying him, pass along the line, inspecting each company in turn.

In active campaigning it was no easy matter for the boys to keep their rifles in good condition, yet this was insisted upon so far as possible. At an inspection of our regiment on one occasion, after we were fairly in the field, the rifle of one of the boys who had just come off from duty, was not in good condition, and the inspector said to the young man, "Your rifle is very dirty, sir,"

"I know it is," replied the man, "but if you'll come to my tent, I'll show you the best polished shovel that you ever saw." The man had just come from work in the trenches.

On the 21st of the month our regiment was inspected by General Sherman, and a few days later, there was a general review of troops by General McClellan. Personally I was exempt from these inspections, as were all the clerks in the different departments.

On Sunday religious services were held by our chaplain, Rev. Henry Hill, of Manchester, of whom I shall have more to say later. The regiment is formed for religious service in what is called a "hollow square," the different companies of the regiment forming divisions and facing inward, forming the square, in which the colonel commanding, with his staff and field officers, place themselves together with the regimental band, the chaplain in the center of the square. The regiment is then ordered "parade rest," and the services are held. Inspection usually precedes the religious services Sunday morning, although in active campaigning, we hardly knew when Sunday came, there being very little distinction in the days of the week.

CHAPTER IV.

SHERMAN EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

Fearful Storm at Sea—Several Vessels Go to the Bottom.

OUR camp at Washington was full of interest and excitement, every day brought new expeperiences. It was one vast city of tents, regiment after regiment arriving daily. The 2d and 4th N. H. regiments had now arrived and were in camp not far away. The boys of the 2nd and 4th came visiting to our camp when off duty, the boys of our regiment returning the visits. It was here while in camp, that numerous officers of our regiment went to a building near the camp, I think it was a public institution of some kind, where they ground their swords to a sharp cutting edge, fully expecting to do the butchering act when they should meet the enemy in the field; with more experience when it was found that troops very rarely met in a hand to hand fight, the absurdity of such a thing became apparent, and it became a standing joke with the officers with the keen edged swords ever after.

On the evening of the 2nd day of October orders were received to prepare to move, and early on the morning of the 3rd, tents were struck, baggage packed, and we were soon on the march for the depot. It was soon learned that we were on the way to Annapolis, Maryland, where an army was being mobilized for the much talked of expedition down the coast. Some 15,000 to 20,000 troops were here organized into brigades and

divisions, and which was later known as the 10th Army corps.

Upon our arrival in Annapolis, we were assigned to quarters in the building belonging to the U. S. Naval Academy, the academy having been moved to Newport, where it remained during the war. Annapolis with the Naval buildings was especially interesting to me, as I had a year or so before the war, an ambition to enter the Naval Academy, in fact, it was the very year of the war that I made an application for the appointment and the appointment was still pending when I enlisted as a soldier. Subsequent events satisfied me that I made no mistake in going into the army, rather than the navy, for I never could go upon the salt water without being intensely seasick. Upon the expedition South, we were three weeks on board the steamship, and my recollection is that I was as seasick on the last day as on the first.

We were quartered but a few days in the Navy building and were glad enough to go into camp and get softer beds upon the ground. From these buildings, we were moved to the banks of the Severn river, half a mile or so away. The first night our tents had not arrived, and we bivouacked. It was in the evening and we hardly knew the ground that we were upon; in the morning we found ourselves in an old and neglected graveyard. We also found ourselves, many of us, laying in puddles of water, two to three inches deep in some places, there having been a tremendous downpour in the night. The next day our tents arrived, and the camp pitched in regular order.

It was on the 18th of October that the troops were embarked on transports and sailed for Fortress Monroe, where the navy as convoy was ordered to also rendezvous. It was not until the 29th of October that the expedition sailed out of Hampton Roads, with the bows of the ships pointing southward, nearly 100 ships in all,

FORTRESS MONROE AND HAMPTON ROADS.

the largest armada that has ever been seen in American waters. These vessels included transports, supply ships and war ships, gun boats of all descriptions, temporized by the government from vessels purchased, and hastily made into war ships, even to ferry boats, with one gun fore and aft. The naval squadron was under command of Commodore Dupont.

Among the larger war ships was the Wabash, which gave a good account of itself in the Battle of Port Royal. The Wabash with the same old guns that were used through the war is now at Charlestown, Mass., in use as a school ship. Nearly 20,000 troops were aboard the ships. I thought it was the most glorious sight I had ever witnessed, and indeed it was an inspiration; the decks of the vessels filled with troops, the Stars and Stripes floating from every ship, and the military bands upon many of the vessels playing national airs, cheer after cheer going up from every vessel, the old line of battleships with the Wabash in the lead, decorated with sailors in their white and blue standing upon the yard arms of the vessels with the arms outstretched from shoulder to shoulder, all formed a picture in the rays of the setting sun, spectacular beyond my power of description.

The entire navy at that time was of wooden vessels, although the first of the ironclads to be made in our country was in process of building. "The Ironsides," it was named, and first made its appearance in the operations in Charleston harbor.

The steamship Atlantic, upon which our regiment was embarked, was the flagship of the fleet, the commander of the expedition, General Thomas W. Sherman, having his headquarters upon this vessel. This was one of the largest of the trans-Atlantic sidewheel steamers of that day and purchased by the government. A little unpleasantness happened upon our first going aboard the ship; reporters and other civilians had taken possession

of the best staterooms in the cabin, our officers claiming prior right to selection. It was finally settled in favor of the officers. Bunks were prepared for the men, three deep, each man having a bunk of about three and one-half feet by six, for two men and their guns and equipments, which they must have at all times within reach.

I have said but very little of my friend, Captain Randlett, and I would say now that his loyalty to me from the beginning to the end, never ceased. On board this ship his kind offices and influence gave me a berth in one of the staterooms, which was a great piece of good fortune, and also a seat at the dining table with the officers whenever I could occupy it, which, however, was very seldom.

COMMODORE DUPONT.

The destination of the expedition was only known to the commanding officers, the commander of each vessel was given sealed orders to be opened in the event of the scattering of the fleet by storm. The secret, however, was transmitted to the enemy by spies in Washington, as were practically all plans for the movement of our army during the war. It is known that many of the most active and dangerous of the spies in Washington were women, women who gained the confidence of those high in rank in army circles. This was one of the worst things that the commanders of our armies had to contend with; it was practiced by both sides, those who were sent from our army to spy upon the enemy we called scouts, but when within

the enemy's lines they were called by the harsher name, "spies" and the same terms were used by the enemy. When a "spy" was captured it meant death.

Port Royal, South Carolina, proved to be the objective point of the expedition, and after its capture there was found in the tent of the commanding officer at Fort Walker, a letter from the rebel secretary of war informing him that the enemy's fleet would attack Port Royal within a few days from the writing.

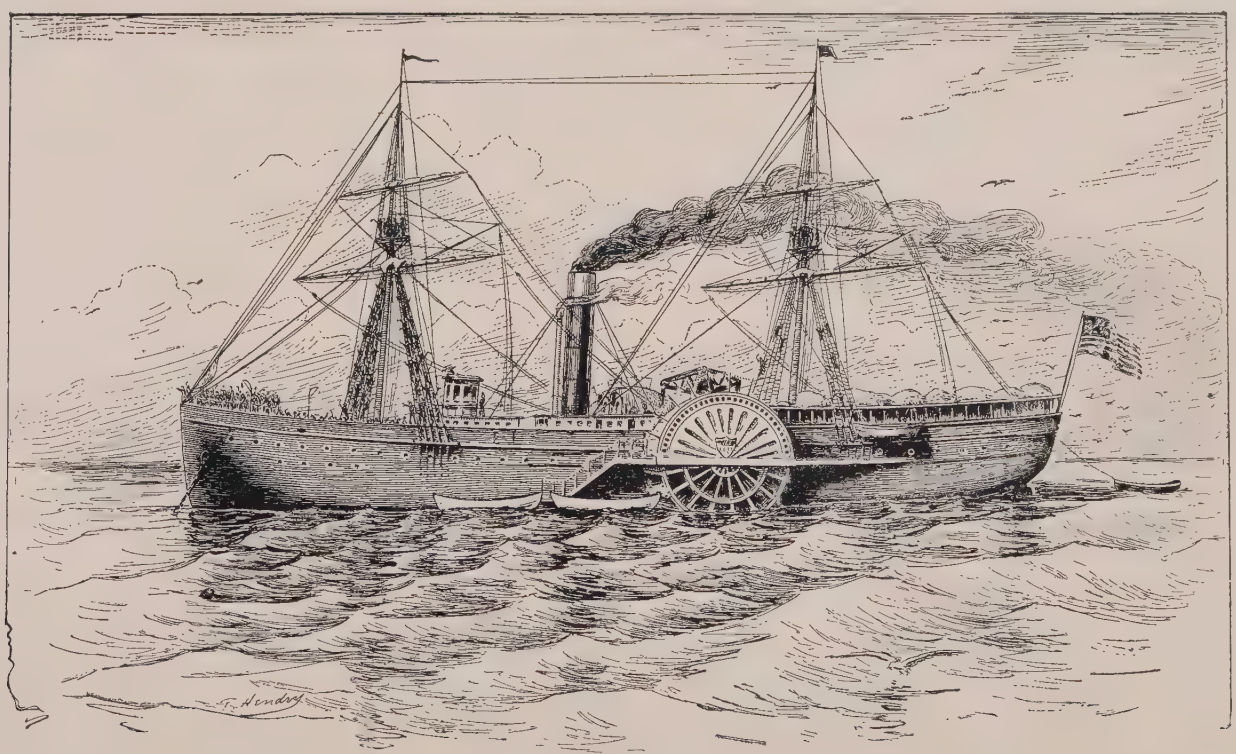
When we sailed out upon the ocean from Hampton Roads, the sea was as smooth as glass, and everything delightful. This condition continued until the morning of the third day; just at sunrise there was a beautiful rainbow, and the old saying, "Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning," proved in this case to be literally true; it was reckoned that we were near the treacherous Cape Hatteras—this also proved to be true, before night the storm came on, and the ship was tossing in the angry waves. All the night the fury of the storm increased; the waves dashing against our ship, shaking it from stem to stern, washing over the deck of the vessel, sweeping everything movable overboard into the sea, sending the spray high above the smokestack. At the commencement of the storm I thought the best place for me would be my berth in the stateroom, and found my place there, as did most of those who occupied the cabin. A storm at sea is an experience never to be forgotten; unless one has good control of the nerves, the breaking of every wave over the ship, the creaking of the vessel as though it would be torn asunder, and every unusual noise sends through him the terrors of death. A tremendous lurch of the ship broke the fastenings to a pile of baggage which had been piled in the center of the cabin, and sent it tossing from side to side of the ship, endangering the lives of those who happened to be near; about the same time, the dead-light, so called, in the stern of the vessel,

which is a little round window of very heavy glass, was broken in by the force of the waves, and there came pouring into the cabin, whenever the vessel was down in the trough of the sea, a stream of water of large dimensions. Bedding was seized, and when the ship was on the crest of a wave, this material was crowded into the opening until the carpenter could make repairs.

Great excitement reigned, not only in the cabin, but through the whole ship, and in the forward part of the vessel, where the men were quartered, there was a panic and confusion bordering upon pandemonium. Above the roar of the storm voices of hundreds of men could be heard, some were praying, many were swearing, altogether it was a most exciting and dangerous situation. All this came to me while lying in my berth in my stateroom. I do not think I was either greatly excited or alarmed. My recollection is that I was wholly absorbed in the "throes" of sea-sickness, and the fate of the vessel to me was of very little moment.

Colonel John C. Linehan, who was then a member of our regimental band, and an occupant of one of the bunks in the forward part of the ship, tells this of his experience:

"The hour was late when I turned in, I believe I would have stayed on deck all night if it had been possible. One of the poor fellows by my side was quite sick, and one was already in a high fever, at times out of his head. He was only a boy of 17, and it was pitiful to hear him call in his delirium for his mother; at other times he would burst out singing the hymns he had so often sung at home. One in particular he was forever singing, 'Greenville' and I never hear it now but the whole scene, like a picture, is brought to my view—the bunks, three high, each having two occupants, with an alley between, and completely filling the space between decks, the dim lights, the foul air, the pitching of the vessel, the



STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC.

creaking of the timbers, the clank of the machinery, the chaffing and joking of the well and the complaints of the unfortunate sea-sick, or the moans of the poor fever-stricken boy in the hospital by my side. Above moans of the sea-sick, the roar of the waves, which was frightful, and the regular clank of the machinery, which was ever at work, arose that voice singing 'Greenville.'

"Hours went on, and the danger was over, but sleep was out of the question; the old familiar sounds of the tempest, the, creaking of timbers and the steady monotonous action of the machinery was still heard, but something was missing. I turned around and faced the bunk on which the singer was lying, but his voice was still; I raised myself up on my elbow and by the dim light of the binnacle I could see his pale white face and outstretched arms, dead; his troubles were over, and 'Greenville' is never heard, but the memories of that terrible night are brought fresh to my mind."

The fury of the storm was unabated through two nights and a day; the morning of the third day came with a clear sky, but with a rolling sea; the waters gradually calmed during the day, but the fleet was scattered, a few vessels, not more than five or six, were in sight at sunrise on that morning. The order of the commander was to turn about the ship and retrace our way, to find, if possible, some of the missing ships, and to render aid to any that might be disabled.

We soon sighted a vessel with their flag Union down, which told of distress and needed help. We found it to be the "Mayflower," which had become disabled and was at the mercy of the sea. After great difficulty, we took it in tow.

It was a tremendous storm, three of the vessels of the fleet went to the bottom of the sea, fortunately they were supply ships rather than transports. One of the

vessels was driven ashore on the coast of North Carolina, and the whole crew were taken prisoners by the enemy.

After taking the "Mayflower" in tow, our ship turned again southward and arrived at the entrance of Port Royal harbor on the afternoon of November 4, where we found quite a number of the ships of the fleet had already arrived. The report that the whole fleet was lost, as printed in the newspapers, carried dismay throughout the North, and was received by the South with great rejoicing. Port Royal is one of the largest harbors on the coast, and on the evening of the fifth, the whole fleet that had survived the storm was anchored at the entrance, well out or range of the enemy's guns.

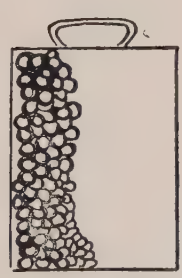
A good story of our Chaplain Hill was told me by an eye-witness and is worth repeating:

It was the chaplain's first experience on the ocean. He was not only terribly frightened, but also very seasick. The first day of the storm he stayed on deck the livelong day, afraid to go below, hanging on to any object he could grasp, for dear life. Things looked pretty blue to him, and after a tremendous wave had drenched him from head to foot, he groped his way to the captain of the ship, who was ever at his post. "O, captain," said he, "this is terrible. Do you really believe we're going to pull through?" The captain assured him in a soothing voice that we would and told him not to be alarmed, for all would be right in the end. Feeling encouraged, he went back to his corner, only to return again to the captain, more alarmed than ever, for the vessel pitched fearfully, and he repeated the same question. This time the captain took him by the arm and escorted him to the forward part of the vessel; stopping at the forecastle and lifting the cover, he told the chaplain to stoop and listen. He did so, and in a moment he raised his head with a look of horror on his face. "Captain," he said, "this is dreadful, to think of those men almost on the verge of

OFF HATTERAS ON THE MORNING OF NOV. 4, 1861.

eternity and swearing like demons." He had been listening to the sailors off duty, in their quarters. "Now, chaplain," said the captain, "these men have followed the sea for years. Do you suppose if their experience led them to believe there was danger, they would be swearing like that." "Ah!" said the chaplain expressively, and unconsciously, his face shortened, in fact, he almost smiled. He returned to his post feeling better.

There was a lull in the storm, but for a short time only. Again the wind roared and the vessel pitched, and the chaplain this time groped his way alone to the forecastle. Reaching there he stooped, and again listened to what was going on below, and raising his hands with a look of relief on his face, he was overheard to murmur to himself, "Thank God, they are still swearing."



CANISTER

RESCUE OF MARINES.

CHAPTER V.

The Battle of Port Royal—Capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard.

WE had now been nearly three weeks on board the transports, and the rations were getting decidedly poor. The drinking water was the worst of all; we had had nothing but sea water distilled, for nearly a week, and this we only drank from necessity, it was a vile tasting drink. The hard-tack and coffee was all right, but the meats issued to the men were limited to salt pork and salt beef, the beef particularly was practically unfit to eat, the boys called it "salt-horse;" we fared very little better in the cabin. At this time we knew nothing of canned goods, except in a limited way.

The transports were anchored something less than three miles from the nearest rebel forts, which could be plainly seen on both sides of the entrance to the harbor, and beyond the reach of their guns. The guns in those days, with which the forts upon the coast and our warships were armed, were quite different from the modern rifles of today. The largest of the guns upon the Wabash were the 10-inch Columbiard, and there were but two rifle-guns in the whole fleet, these were 30-pound Parrots, nor did the enemy have any advantage in this particular.

It may not be very well known, but it is a fact, that today our whole coast from Maine to California is defended by modern forts, with modern disappearing guns, the most modern of the forts being so constructed that they can not be seen by an enemy, the slope having the appearance of a lawn, the enemy's shot striking the fort,

glances off without material damage. The machinery of the largest of our guns is something wonderful and interesting; a miniature railway runs from the magazine of the fort to the gun, carrying the 1,000 pound shell, which is easily placed in the breech of the gun, then the breech is closed and the gun is ready for action. A wheel that could be easily operated by a child, carries the gun, weighing many tons, upward above the parapet into position, ready to be fired; the recoil of the gun, when fired, carries it back and down out of sight of the enemy. This is what is called a "disappearing gun." The largest of these guns carry a shell weighing 1,000 pounds, from 12 to 20 miles.

The plan of the attack was for the navy to first reduce the forts, the army then to land and complete the work of capture and occupation. A fleet of three or more small rebel gun-boats, under command of Commodore Tatnall, made its appearance in the upper harbor, on the afternoon of the 4th, and opened fire upon the Bienville, one of our gun-boats. The firing had no effect whatever, the range falling far short. The Bienville was the fastest vessel in our fleet, it returned the fire and gave chase to Tatnall's ships. Commodore Tatnall concluding not to sink the Federal fleet, turned about and escaped up the river.

It appears from the rebel accounts of the operations, that Commodore Tatnall's ambition was to get by our navy with his "mosquito fleet," as it was afterwards named, and sink our transports. During the day of the 6th several of the warships sailed up into the harbor for a reconnoisance, to get the range of the enemy's guns.

The main attack was to be made upon the following day, the troops upon the transports anxiously waiting the attack. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the 7th, the warships moved up, led by the Wabash, followed by the frigates Susquehanna, Bienville, Mohican, Seneca, Sem-

ATTACK UPON PORT ROYAL NOY. 7, 1861. TRANSPORTS WITH TROOPS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

inole, Curlew, Pawnee, Penquin, Unadilla, Augusta, Ottawa, Pembina, Isaac Smith and Vandalia, in succession, every one stripped for action, every sailor at his post, as they moved up into line.

Every vessel of the fleet of transports was alive with soldiers watching the movements. The boys not satisfied with the view from the deck, climbed into the rigging of the ships for a better view, on to and into every available spot, from bow-sprit to paddle-box, up to the mast head, like a swarm of bees, 20,000 spectators: was there ever such an audience watching such a drama? I was fortunate in having the use of field glasses, something which the officers only were supposed to have.

The warships move up in the direction of Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, at the right of the entrance. We see the white smoke belch forth from the Wabash, then comes the booming of a gun, then another, and another in quick succession. It was the supreme moment with the boys upon the transports watching the result of the movement. Every eye was strained to see the effect of the first shot, and when the booming of the guns came rolling over the water, and the explosion of the shells that could be seen over the Fort, a shout went up from the whole fleet. The other warships following the Wabash, opened in succession, as they reached the vantage point opposite the Fort; no stop was made, the Wabash in the lead moved on past Fort Beauregard keeping up the fire from every gun upon the firing side of the ship, circling around across the harbor, down past Fort Walker, opening guns also by broadside upon this Fort, the other ships following in succession, so round and round in a circle they moved, and as each ship came opposite the Fort on both sides, poured a volley of shot and shell into the enemy's works. The enemy's guns replied as best they could. The flag upon Fort Walker went down, shot away by well directed aim. It was thought

the Fort had surrendered, and cheer after cheer went up throughout the fleet, but soon the flag made its appearance again, placed there by some daring successor of Sergeant Jasper at Moultry, of Revolutionary fame. All this we could plainly see from the deck of our vessel. With the glass we could see the gunners at work in the rebel Fort. At times the heavy clouds of smoke from our guns, and the dust raised by the bursting shell, would almost totally hide the view. The roaring of the cannonading was so great that it was heard at Fernandina, 75 miles away, a much further distance than the heaviest thunder can be heard.

COL. JOHN H. JACKSON.

It was now past 12 o'clock and the fighting was still going on, the dinner-call was sounded on the ship, but very few left their places to go to their dinner. About 1 o'clock I went below for something to eat, with others who had concluded that the fight would go on without our supervision, and the fight did go on. Although our vessels were struck by the enemy's shot and shells many times there were few casualties compared to the number engaged.

With field-glasses, I saw, as others did, one of our smaller vessels, which, I think, was a converted ferry boat, with a single gun mounted upon its decks, move up

from its anchorage, get into position under the bluff, upon the flank of the enemy's works, and open up its single gun on the enemy. At this instant we saw one of the guns upon Fort Walker go into the air, and left standing upon end, disabled and silenced, Whether or not it was the gun of this miniature war vessel that silenced the gun, it was so thought, and a great shout and cheer went up. It was altogether an amusing sight as it was not supposed to take part in this battle, but evidently had left its position without orders, and stole upon the enemy to give them at least one shot.

We were still watching the progress of the fight, when a little before 3 o'clock the firing had practically ceased from the rebel forts, nearly all of the rebel guns having been disabled. The white flag was seen to go up on Fort Walker; this was the signal for surrender, and all firing ceased.

Still watching through the glass we saw a boat lowered from one of the warships, put out and row ashore. In a few minutes up went the Stars and Stripes over Fort Walker, and for the first time on the sacred soil of South Carolina since the firing upon Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861. Then the wild shout that went up from the fleet, amid the waving of flags, the bands all through the fleet joining in the hurrah, and playing the Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle and other patriotic airs, knew no bounds. It was the greatest sight of one's life, never to be forgotten by every soldier who witnessed it.

The capture of Port Royal was of the greatest importance in many ways: the whole North had been watching with intense interest the results of this expedition, and the capture of this important point in the enemy's country, sent a thrill of joy and encouragement to every loyal heart. It gave us one of the greatest harbors upon the coast, affording a base for further operations. By the establishing of coal stations, workshops and supply de-

pots, it made it possible to maintain what was practically an effective blockade of the whole coast, from North Carolina to Florida.

Orders were immediately given for the landing of the troops; the transports weighing anchor one after another, steamed up into the harbor in the direction of the captured forts.

The enemy had retreated, and the landing was made without opposition, although with a great deal of difficulty, there being no wharves, and many of the launches and boats that had been depended upon for the landing of the troops were lost in the storm.

Our regiment was among the first to land, the ships dropping anchor as near the shore as possible, when the small boats and launches were brought into use, and before night practically the whole Army was landed upon the shore.

The first plan of attack was for the army to co-operate by landing in surf boats, but this was made impossible from the loss of so many boats. General Sherman had now nothing more to do than to land his troops and take possession. The enemy had retreated in great disorder. Many of their dead were found in the forts, and all along the roadway across the Island, through the fields and woods, were found disabled baggage wagons, arms and equipments, and army supplies of all kinds, and many dead rebel soldiers, who were killed by our shells, when fleeing across the country.

On the night of the landing we were ordered into camp, something less than a mile away, and in a large cotton field. The cotton, by the way, was the celebrated Sea Island cotton, of fine texture and long fibre, and very valuable at that time. The breaking out of war had sent the price of cotton sky-rocketing, this Sea Island cotton selling at a price something like 75 cents a pound, but it proved none too good for the boys to use for their beds

LANDING OF THE TROOPS ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND.

that night, the cotton being in just the condition to be picked. Acres upon acres of it, and if every man did not have a soft bed it was his own fault. We found ourselves too, surrounded by immense fields of sweet potatoes and peanuts; to say that we luxuriated upon sweet potatoes after living for two weeks and more upon the starvation diet afforded on ship-board, is stating it mildly.

It was days before the ships could be unloaded: details were made from each regiment to look after their own baggage. I was ordered by the adjutant upon the special duty of looking after the baggage of the adjutant's office, particularly the records and office supplies, all this work being done under the direction of the quarter-master of each regiment. Going to the landing place with our regimental detail, we found the beach for nearly a mile strewn with baggage and camp equipage of every conceivable kind, which had been unloaded by lighters, from supply ships, and the work was still going on. Some of the horses and baggage wagons had been landed; the horses were unloaded by placing them in a sling, swung off from the vessel and dropped into the water, and left to their own way of getting ashore. This proved a success, each horse swimming until he could touch bottom, when men were waiting to capture and lead them ashore.

Right here there was a happening which may or may not be worth telling, but here it is: I had found the baggage belonging to the adjutant's office, and with my detail had loaded it into the baggage wagon, that was well down the beach to the water's edge, where we had unloaded from a boat into the wagon; we had one pair of horses only, and in attempting to move, it was found that the wheels were sunk into the sand, and could not be started. The tide was coming in and something must be done, and that quickly. I appealed to the quartermaster, when he told me that the only thing to do was to get another pair of horses from camp, and the camp was

nearly a mile away. I immediately detached one of the horses from the wagon, hitching up the traces and without taking off the harness, mounted the horse and started on the dead run for camp. Just before reaching the camp one of the traces dropped down, and the horse stepping upon it, fell, going at full speed at the time. The horse stopped and I kept on, landing something less than a rod beyond, and in the mud. Recovering myself, and finding that I was not much hurt, but covered from head to foot

FLAG OF TRUCE FROM THE CONFEDERATES FOR A SUSPENSION OF FIRING, TO BURY THEIR DEAD, AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

with South Carolina soil of liquid consistency, I again mounted my horse, which had come to his feet, and soon reached camp, succeeded in getting two of the horses from the quarter-master-sergeant and returned just in time to pull the wagon from the water, which had risen above the hubs of the wheels.

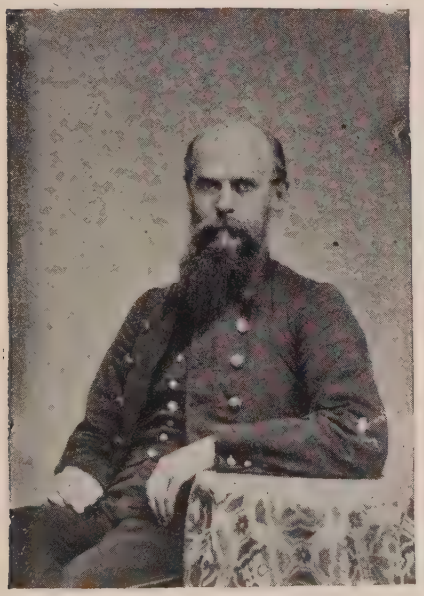
One of our warships that had taken part in the battle of the 7th, was commanded by Capt. Percival Drayton of our navy, who was the brother of the rebel general Thomas T. Drayton, who commanded the rebel troops we were fighting. There were many instances of

this kind throughout this terrific war. In the border states, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee and Virginia, regiments were organized for both Federal and Rebel armies. In the same town there would be two camps, one a Rebel camp, and one a Union camp; families were divided, some taking up arms for the Union, others for the Confederate cause—brother against brother upon the field of battle. Truly, war is the tragedy of all tragedies.

CHAPTER VI.

Camp Life at Hilton Head.

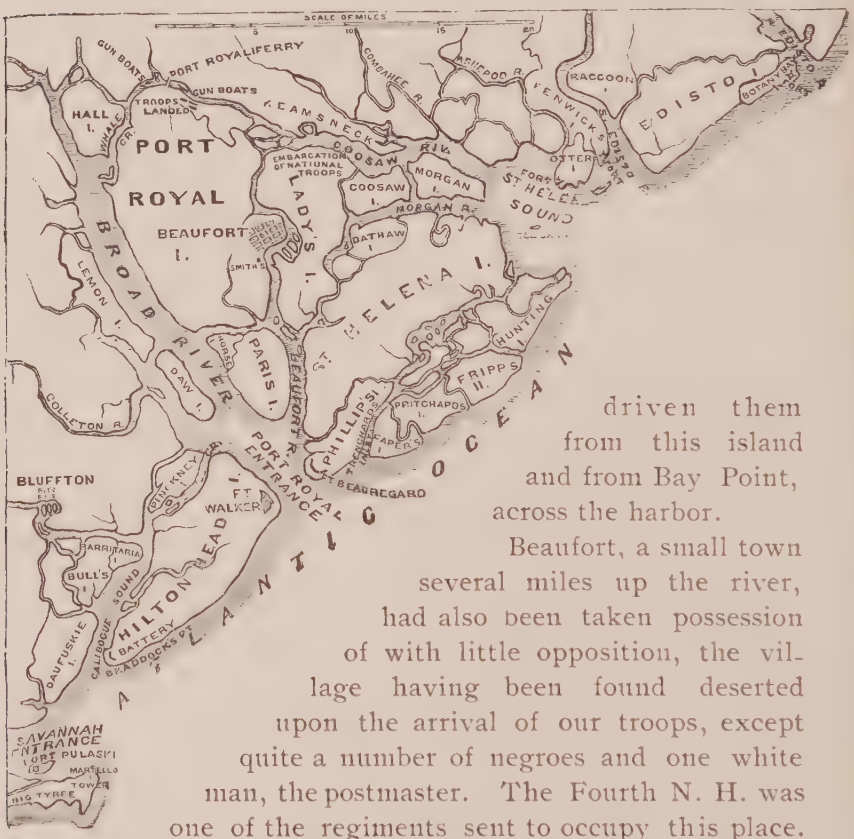
THE southern coast is made up of islands large and small; this is especially true of the coast of North and South Carolina and Georgia; numerous rivers and creeks running between the islands, and interspersed with extensive impassable swamp lands Hilton Head was one of the largest of these islands. being about ten miles long and five miles wide. We had taken possession of this and adjacent islands, on both sides of Port Royal.



MAJOR JOHN BEDEL.

Immediately after landing and going into camp, extensive earthworks to protect our base of operations were ordered by General Sherman to be constructed, and instead of the rifle and bayonet, shovels and wheelbarrows came into active and extensive use; large details from the different regiments were made to do the work, and under the direction of the engineers extensive fortifications on this

island and at other points were thrown up. We were now in the enemy's country, but just how near the enemy was not definitely known, we only knew that we had



driven them from this island and from Bay Point, across the harbor.

Beaufort, a small town several miles up the river, had also been taken possession of with little opposition, the village having been found deserted upon the arrival of our troops, except quite a number of negroes and one white man, the postmaster. The Fourth N. H. was one of the regiments sent to occupy this place.

Major R. O. Greenleaf, who went out as captain of the Nashua company of the Fourth N. H. regiment, was appointed provo-marshal at Beaufort, holding the position for several months.

The very next day after our landing, negro slaves came flocking into our camp by the hundreds, escaping from their masters when they knew of the landing of

NEGRO QUARTERS HILTON HEAD.

"Linkum sojers," as they called us, men, women and children, of all descriptions and color, from the jet black African to those as white as ourselves, many of them with no other clothing than gunny-sacks, and the pickaninnies as innocent of clothes as the young pigs. These people were loaded down with all kinds of household goods, carrying everything describable upon their heads—bedding, furniture, and across their backs, bags holding anything and everything, sweet potatoes, chickens and small pigs, the big negroes sometimes having on their heads an inverted table, and piled upon this was a small dray load of other goods. This was, and is, habitual with the negro in the south—carrying everything upon their heads. This was a new and interesting experience for all of us; very few, if any, had ever seen slaves, and from their own lips we heard the story of their slave life.

"What are you here for?" we would ask them. "Why did you run away from your masters?"

"Dunno, boss, we's jes' wanted to be free."

"Well, but didn't your masters treat you well?"

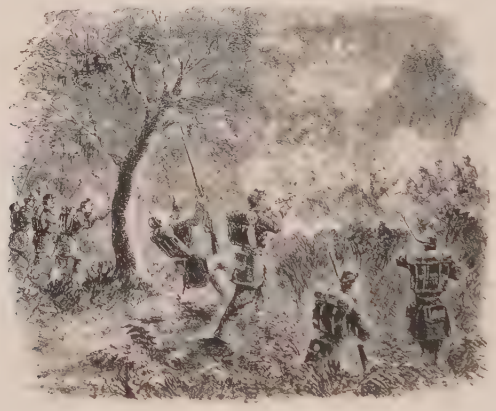
"Sometimes dey did, boss, but we jes' wanted to be free; dey done tole us dat de Yankee sojers had horns like de debil, but we didn't belieb um, we knew you were de Linkum sojers jes' come down yar to mak' us free."

There seemed to be an underground telegraph that took the news of the arrival of the northern troops to the slave population for miles around, and deserting their old masters and the plantation, they came into our camp for freedom and protection.

General Hunter, who was assigned to the command of the department of the South, to succeed General Sherman, issued a proclamation of freedom for the slaves, anticipating President Lincoln's proclamation by more than one year. For this General Hunter was severely reprimanded by the secretary of war, and his proclamation annulled; but it had gone out and had the effect of

bringing into camp thousands of these poor people, who all through the South were hoping and praying for deliverance by the Union armies.

About this time General Butler, who was in command at Fortress Monroe, was having a similar experience, the negroes coming into his camp from the enemy's lines. It became for a time quite a serious problem as to their disposition. General Butler, with his acute legal conception of conditions, decided that the negro being



A LITTLE AFFAIR AT BLUFFTON.

the property of the enemy, was, when captured, "contraband of war," and was confiscated to the government; hence the name "contraband," was given the Southern negro during the conflict. The negro proved to be a great help to our armies, working in the trenches, thus relieving our boys to an extent, the younger and brighter of them as servants for the officers. The negro women were also made useful as wash women. The negro also became almost indispensable as a mule driver; there always appeared to be a mutual understanding, a kind of an "affinity," between the nigger and the mule that no white man could fathom.

We were fast getting the cotton fields in shape for our camps and drill grounds. Our time now became chiefly occupied with routine camp duties: daily drills were in order, both Company and Battalion, and under the superior direction of Colonel Fellows, the regiment became a remarkably well drilled and disciplined organization.

I do not know that I have made clear the meaning of military discipline. The army to be effective must be under arbitrary, and it may be called, despotic rule, every movement is by command of the superior officer; the military life is in every detail directed by military authority, every command must be obeyed. There is a vast difference between the commissioned officer and the enlisted man. The "enlisted man" means privates and non-commissioned officers. It can thus be seen that military rule is a despotism, and necessarily so; the officers of our army are made nabobs and autocrats of our government. The real and only aristocracy of this country is to be found with the commissioned officers of our army and navy. The pay of an officer is much larger than that of the enlisted man, his uniform must be superior, his quarters are always better, and better provided for in every way, he is furnished with servants to do all the menial work; the life is far removed from civil life; it is unnatural, although necessarily so, as long as armies are necessary.

I was still a private in Company F, but with ambition to become Sergeant-Major of the regiment. The Sergeant-Major, as has been explained, is an assistant to the adjutant and associated with him in the adjutant's office. I felt that I had learned the office duties of Sergeant-Major. In the field his duties are also to assist the adjutant in the formation of the regiment for drill, and in the evolutions of the drill; he is also an important factor in the ceremony of guard-mounting. The Sergeant-Ma-

jor ranks highest of the non-commissioned officers, and is in direct line of promotion to a commissioned officer.

The adjutant of the regiment, Adjutant Hill, had seen service in the Mexican War, a very good officer, but getting along in years, and somewhat addicted to convivialities. It was his practice, as it was with many other officers of the regiment, to visit the officers of other regiments and to have what they called "a good time," of course in a way that would not over-reach too much the discipline of the camp. Upon his return one day from the camp of the regiment next to our own, he missed some article of clothing, and unable to find it he questioned me. I told him that I knew nothing about it, it not being, as I understood, in my line of duty to look after his clothing. He spoke in a way that struck me rather harshly, and I may have been rather short in my reply to him, when in a very imperious way he said:

"I want you to understand that when I am away you are to look after my things."

I was aroused with indignation, and said: "Mr. Adjutant, I want you to understand that I will not look after your things, that I am not your nigger; I am a clerk in this office and not your servant."

To him this reply was rank treason, and not having fully recovered, I think, from the effects of an excess of "spirits fermenti," with an oath he says, "You go back to your company, sir, and report to the captain for duty in the ranks."

I was crying with rage and indignation, and I have no doubt that I used insubordinate language. I remember of telling him I would go back to my company, and much preferred doing duty in the ranks, than being in his office. I immediately gathered up my baggage, which consisted of a knap-sack and contents, and went with it to the tent of Captain Randlett, and reported to him that I had been sent back to the company to go into the ranks.

NON-COM. OFFICERS OF CO. F, 3RD N. H. V.

From left of picture—Orderly Sergt. Geo. Stearns, Sergt. Thomas Nichols, Sergt. David Wadsworth, Sergt. Moon, Milton, the Mascot.

MILITARY MARKET, BEAUFORT, S. C., 1862.

After telling the captain the story of the trouble he said that he had work for me in his own office, and that I would not go into the ranks.

This trouble I thought had come to me at an unfortunate time; it was understood that the Sergeant-Major was soon to be promoted, and a new Sergeant-Major appointed, and my hopes were dashed. Captain Randlett, however, thought something could be done, and went to the colonel to lay the matter before him, but when he made known his business, that he came in the interests of young Copp, the colonel in a peremptory way said very emphatically, "I don't want to hear anything about it," repeating, "I don't want to hear anything about it." The captain returning to his tent, reported to me the result of his visit. Of course, I was obliged to accept the situation, and settled down to work in my new position.

It was within a very short time from this occurence that the commission of Second Lieutenant came to Sergeant-Major Jackson, leaving the position open as I was forced to think, for someone else than myself.

It appears that a few days later Adjutant Hill went into the colonel's tent to see him relative to filling the position, the Adjutant saying to Colonel Fellows, "I suppose we must appoint a new Sergeant-Major." "Well," the colonel says, "who do you want appointed?" "I have a name here, sir," he says, and handed to the colonel the name of one of his favorite sergeants. The colonel looked at the name and said very emphatically:

"No, by godfrey, that isn't the man. I have a young man myself to fill that position."

"And who is it?" the adjutant asks.

"It is young Copp, and you fill out a warrant for him." The adjutant was dumfounded and commenced to tell the colonel of my insubordination, when the colonel with very strong emphasis says to the adjutant:

"I don't want to hear anything about it," and repeating, he said, "I don't want to hear anything about it." and he did not need to hear about it. His tent being very near and next to the adjutant's tent he had heard the whole conversation between the adjutant and myself at the time I was ordered to return to my company to do duty in the ranks.

SERGT.-MAJOR E. J. COPP.

The next day I had the satisfaction of "bearding the lion in his den;" returning to the adjutant's tent with my warrant as sergeant-major; you may be sure that I did not receive a very warm welcome, but I was not intimidated, knowing how well fortified I was in my position. I attended strictly to my business, and no further trouble occurred. The only danger was an abnormal expansion of my pride in my new position, my gratification in receiving this promotion was greater than in all of my other promotions during my service. It was something to develop all the conceit that is latent in most boys of that age. I think, however, that I stood the test very well, and have the satisfaction of knowing that I received only commendation from my superior officers

SEABROOK PLANTATION--MANSION HOUSE.

SEABROOK PLANTATION--GARDEN FRONTING MANSION HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

Camp and Picket Guard—The Long Roll

THE camp and picket guard are of the greatest importance; the safety of an army in the field depends upon the efficiency of the picket guard in preventing a surprise by the enemy; this guard, under the command of proper officers is established at a distance from camp varying with conditions, and the distance from the enemy's lines, frequently the picket guard of our own army and that of the enemy are in sight of each other, sometimes a friendly truce is established between the pickets, so that neither side will fire upon the other; occasionally social courtesies were shown, commenced by one of the pickets waving his handkerchief as a flag of truce, and some one from the other side would approach, and soon there would be a group of the Blue and the Gray fraternizing and exchanging coffee and tobacco, newspapers, etc., but more frequently the life of the picket guard depended upon his alertness in keeping himself out of sight by the protection of trees or stumps and by temporary earthworks thrown up.

It was the practice of General Grant to make frequent inspections along the line—in his memoirs he tells of riding out one day at Chickamauga, accompanied only by an orderly. As he approached one of our picket posts the sentry cried out, as was his duty,"Turn out the Guard, the Commanding General." General Grant replied, as is always the custom when the guard is not to be inspected, or the officer wishes to waive the ceremony, "Never

mind the Guard," and he rode on but a short distance, when from across the creek he heard a sentinel cry out, "Turn out the Guard, General Officer." Looking, he saw a short distance from the brink of the stream, and in the woods, soldiers in gray uniform—a rebel picket post. The guard immediately turned out and gave the customary salute. General Grant returned the salute and rode on.

The camp guard is a line of sentinels established around each camp; each sentinel has instructions to move along an established line from point to point, turning and retracing his steps over the same ground, and if instructions are followed each sentinel turns at the same time, and all march in the same direction.

Sentinels are to obey the instructions of the commander of the guard, his instructions being received from the colonel commanding the regiment, who in turn receives instructions from his superior officer. The instructions vary according to conditions; the general duty, however, of the camp guard is to permit no soldier to pass in or out of the camp without a written pass in the day time, and a countersign at night, the countersign being a secret word, usually the name of some battle. The countersign is issued daily by the commander-in-chief and sent by couriers to the several headquarters of the command.

How well I remember that little three-cornered, folded, sealed document, in which form it always came, and handed to me every morning when I was adjutant of the regiment. The countersign is only communicated to the commanding officers and the officer of the guard and the sentinels, except when permission is given to pass in and out of camp after dark, and then communicated only in a whisper, never aloud.

A recruit, who had never before been on guard, was posted at an important point, and the enemy were in our front. The countersign was "Pocotaligo." The in-

structions were carefully given to the recruit, who, by the way, was a young Irishman. The officer in giving instructions, said to him, "Upon hearing any noise you must challenge by saying "Who goes there?" and if the reply is "A friend with the countersign," you must say in reply, "Advance friend, and give the countersign;" and if he advances and says "Pocotaligo" you must let him pass. If you get no reply, you must challenge once more, and then if you get no reply, and the noise is in the direction of the enemy you must fire in that direction." It being the duty of the officer of the guard to keep the sentinels on the alert, visits are made from time to time through the night, each sentinel challenging as the officer approaches. The officer then gives the countersign and passes on.

In this case the officer of the guard approached our young recruit, in the darkness of the night, who, true to his instructions, immediately challenged.

"Who goes there ?"

The officer replied, "A friend with the countersign."

The sentinel, without waiting for further ceremony, said in a loud and excited tone, "Advance, and say "Pocotaligo quick, or I'll blow your d——d head off."

It is unnecessary to say that the officer immediately advanced and gave the countersign.

Through the fall of 1861 and through the winter until April, no movements of importance were made by the army in the department of the south. The time was occupied by drills, the strengthening of our position by extensive earthworks, and the accumulation of large supplies for the army. Storehouses were built with lumber cut from the forests upon the island, by portable saw-mills shipped from the north. Captain Plimpton of our regiment, who understood all about saw-mills, directed the work of the first mill that was erected; the men who did the work were soldiers from the ranks who had

been mill men at home. This was true in the operations of the army through the war, that in everything that was necessary to do, men were found among the soldiers who could do it; buildings to be erected, there were carpenters to do this; railroads that had been torn up, there were men who could relay the track; locomotives and cars that had been damaged or partly destroyed, were repaired and placed upon the track again in shape for use, and engineers were found who could run the trains; bridges to be built, there were bridge builders who knew how to do it, and did do it in hundreds of instances.

This condition of things, which proved so valuable to our commanding generals, existed also in the Rebel army to an extent, but in no other army in the world.

COL. JOSIAH I. PLIMPTON.

The lumber used in building our storehouses and barracks, was from magnificent hard pine trees growing upon the island, from 12 to 24 inches in diameter, and from 60 to 100 feet tall lumber which commanded a large price in the northern market. Wharves were also built, buildings also for the negroes, who were with us by the thousand. Buildings of all kinds, mostly of one story, and for various purposes were constructed. A chapel was built in which services were held each Sunday.

Sutlers who follow the army, soon established themselves here; a row of one story buildings was built for their use; this street was named by the soldiers "Robbers' Row." Almost everything was kept by the sutlers for sale, and in many cases the boys were too ready to part with their money for things they did not need, and sometimes at prices that were exorbitant. The sutlers were not all robbers, I knew of some who were responsible business men. It was understood that they all made a good deal of money in this business. The late Henry Stearns, of Nashua, who was a nephew of Gen. John G. Foster, at one time in command of the department of the South, had a golden opportunity through the appointment by General Foster that gave him a monopoly of trade, and accumulated quite a fortune.

It will be remembered by some that the hoop skirt for ladies was in common use at the time of the war, the styles changing from time to time, and as I remember, gradually less in dimensions. Some of the Hilton Head sutlers bought large invoices of the obsolete, out of style hoop skirts, many of them of the largest size, and sold them to the negro women, who had begun to get a conception of improving their appearance by dresses and ribbons of high color; their appearance can better be imagined than described. Some of the women of very large dimensions, with hoop skirts from three to four feet in diameter, under a calico dress, and often in bare feet, was something very ludicrous.

Fleas ! My, but the fleas were something terrible—sand fleas, the very worst of all insect pests. I have been walking along through the sand and the front of my light blue trousers would be streaked in black with fleas, and the good time they were having on the other side of the cloth can be imagined. Another pest we had to contend with was the wood-tick, a little ravenous beast, something the appearance of and about the size of

a bed bug. When the boys were asleep upon the ground they would burrow and bury themselves under the skin, producing uncomfortable sores. There were many things the soldiers suffered from, besides the enemy's bullets; the malaria arising from the southern swamps, the intense heat of the southern sun, impure drinking water, causing disease and death, exceeding the casualties of battle.

In our camp at Hilton Head, every company had its well, by digging through the sand to a depth of from four to six feet, empty barrels would be inserted, and the well was complete, with plenty of water; although brakish to the taste it was not as bad as we were frequently obliged to use in our later campaigns.

The supplying of the army with rations in an active campaign, the troops moving from point to point, marching and fighting, was a most difficult proposition, calling for great executive ability on the part of the officers of the commissary and quartermaster departments, and the greatest courage and energy of those in command of the supply trains.

We had not yet gone into the active campaigning that came later, we were now having, practically, a picnic so far as rations were concerned. When in camp as we were at Hilton Head, it was a simple matter; regular cooks for each company were detailed with the necessary assistants.

The boys of old Company F will always remember Nat Willard, the company cook—genial, kindly, old Nat. We thought he was old then, for he was nearly 40 years of age—always cheerful, always accommodating. In some cases a regular cook house was built, with something of the convenience of a kitchen.

At the regular hour fixed by general orders, the breakfast, dinner and supper calls were sounded upon the drum or the bugle, when the men would "fall in," and

this was a call that the boys never failed to hear and respond to most promptly. They would form in line in the company street and march to the cook-house, each man with his tin plate and dipper, and the rations dealt out to them by the cook upon the plate and coffee poured into their individual tin cups, the men returning to their tent, or to any convenient place to eat their rations.

The rations furnished by the government were generally of the most substantial kind, coffee and hard-tack and pork always, and when possible, baked beans; sometimes soup when the meat could be had. All this was supplemented with what the country might furnish in the way of beef, chickens, etc. The beans were cooked in the ground; large holes dug two or three feet in depth, more or less, and stones, when they could be had, put in the bottom of the hole, a fire then built in the hole to heat the stones and the ground, allowed to burn until the wood was reduced to coal, then the beans in a large iron kettle, put into the holes, carefully covered and the dirt then shoveled in; there they remained for several hours, sometimes all night, until thoroughly cooked. Those who have eaten beans cooked in this way have only one opinion—that they excel everything in the line of baked beans.

Upon the march the usual ration was hard-tack and coffee and salt pork, every man taking his own rations in his haversack, three days' rations being about the limit. He would have in the corner of that haversack his coffee and a little sugar for his coffee. A halt would be made for rations and each man or a squad of men would build a fire and from his canteen would pour a little water into his tin cup, and make his coffee over the fire; cut a stick, whittling it to a point, put on a piece of pork and broil it over the fire; this with the hard-tack must satisfy his appetite. Frequently there was a variety when the boys could capture a chicken or a pig, and

occasionally fresh beef would be issued by the commissary, when the country afforded it, and the beef cooked in the same way as the pork. Some of the boys would carry along a frying pan and with this he could furnish himself with genuine luxuries in the way of cooking.

In the matter of rations, the question has sometimes been asked if the officers fared any better than the men. It is true that the officer had better food at times but he had to pay for the difference, and it was not always that the officer secured anything better than the army ration.

A HASTY MEAL.

In an active campaign, the company officers, captain and lieutenant, and frequently the field officers, had to satisfy themselves with the army rations. The general officers, whose headquarters must be something to the rear of the firing line, would have a regular mess, maintained by cooks and men detailed for this purpose.

At the headquarters of every camp guard, there was always a drummer on duty. When there is a sudden

attack by the enemy, which almost invariably occurs in the night, the long roll would be beaten upon the drum; this was the signal for every man to turn out with his rifle and cartridge box, and get into line in the shortest possible time.

Everything had been quiet in our camp at Hilton Head for quite a time, when, suddenly, about midnight, the long roll was beaten. Firing on the picket line could be heard and the whole camp was aroused. Colonel Jackson, who was a very impetuous man, was among the first to make his appearance, and with sword in hand, rushed up and down the camp, urging the men to get into line. When passing the street of Company F, a boy, whose name I do not recall, stuck his head out of the tent opening and cried out, "Colonel, Colonel, shall we put on our dress coats or blouses?" This boy never heard the last of "dress coats and blouses."

The firing proved to be the accidental discharge of a rifle, followed by a fusilade along the whole line.

The most important event in camp, watched for and longed for by every one, was the arrival of the mail from the north. The receiving of news from the dear ones at home cheered many a homesick boy, and could the value of those letters have been better known by the people at home, more frequent and longer letters would have been written. The steamers from the north were watched for daily, and when the mail arrived in camp, the crowd around the chaplain's tent, who was the postmaster of the regiment, sometimes had the appearance of a mob.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI.

Campaigning on the Mud Islands of the Savannah River.

THE capture of Port Royal was followed by the abandonment of every village and practically every house on the coast from Charleston to Florida except Savannah. The people of this city felt secure under the protection of Fort Pulaski. This fort was at the mouth of the Savannah River and about 18 miles from Savannah. The fort was situated upon Cockspur Island surrounded by impenetrable swamps.

The problem of the capture of Fort Pulaski was early considered by General Sherman after our landing at Port Royal. The enforcement of the blockade, the capture of Charleston, "that hot-bed of secession," and Savannah were the real objects of the expedition, and with Port Royal for a base of operations.

Early in April Capt. Quincy A. Gilmore of the regular army and upon the staff, had been promoted by General Sherman to brigadier-general, and at the head of the engineer corps. Under instructions of General Sherman, General Gilmore made a reconnoissance, and reported that he thought Fort Pulaski could be reduced by batteries erected on Tybee Island, about two miles and one-half from the fort. This idea was scouted by General Totten, chief engineer of the U. S. army at Washington. Such a thing had never been done, but General Sherman ordered General Gilmore to go ahead with siege operations

The first move was the capture of Tybee Island by a brigade under Colonel, later Major General Alfred H. Terry and with very little opposition. Other islands near the mouth of the Savannah river, including Dawfuskie and Bird Island were also to be occupied and batteries erected there to co-operate with the batteries upon Tybee Island.

Our regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, Col. Fellows was now in command of the post, embarked early one morning with the destination understood to be Dawfuskie Island. I said we embarked early in the morning my recollection is that we had quite a march across Hilton Head Island, leaving the camp early in the morning, and I think taking boats at Seabrook, a landing place and small collection of houses on the west side of Hilton Head Island. It was probably late in the afternoon before we were really on our way in the boats down the creek, for darkness soon came on, and long before we reached the landing place.

GEN. QUINCY A. GILMORE.

Navigation along the numerous creeks was no easy matter. I've always remembered the names of some of those creeks—Skull Creek, Saints' Rest, Strawberry Bank, and Pull-and-be-damned, were among the most euphonious; the boys thought the last was well named.

In the darkness some of the boats got lost in the maze of small islands. I was in one that got out of its course. Suddenly from the woods on the shore came the flash and the report of rifles. At the same instant the zip-zip and singing of bullets over our heads, one striking the bow of the boat. The fire was returned, and the order given to pull back, not knowing what we were getting into. The firing soon ceased, and nobody hurt. We made our way back quite a distance through another channel, finally finding the main body of our regiment.

The colonel being in doubt as to just where we might be, ordered a landing. We were soon all ashore, and preparations were made for a bivouac for the night. Pickets were thrown out to guard the camp. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, although a drenching rain came on in the night. At daylight on the following morning, we were ordered to our boats again, and moved on.

We soon approached the little town of Bluffton on the main land, supposed to be occupied by the enemy. The approach was made cautiously, expecting to meet with resistance. We landed, however, without opposition, a little distance from the town. The negro guide told the colonel that there was a rebel picket upon a certain point of land and a detachment was ordered to make a detour, and cut off this outpost. My recollection is that it was two companies under the command of Captain Plimpton. I asked permission to go with the detachment.

We moved on through a wood road for a mile or so, in the direction of the outpost. Coming into an opening, we saw across the fields, three or four men in rebel uniforms running, who proved to be the men of the picket post attempting to escape. The captain ordered a halt, and directed that twelve men be detailed to head off the escape and capture the men.

It was one of the very few times we had seen the enemy and all were stirred with intense excitement. I was very anxious to have a hand in the capture, and asked the captain if I could go too. He replied, "Yes," and we were off and over the fence in the direction of the retreating enemy. I was quite a sprinter and got ahead of the other men, and the rebels seeing our coming stopped, brought their rifles to an aim, but this did not deter me. Fool like and practically alone, being far in advance of the other men, with my revolver in hand, I approached them at a rapid rate; why they did not fire is a mystery. Coming to within a few rods of them, they dropped their rifles and burst into a loud laugh, but just what they were laughing at I couldn't see at that time, but viewed from this distance it surely was a ludicrous picture—a small boy of 17 years approaching four full-grown rebels, with his revolver against four rifles. But soon the detachment behind me arrived and the enemy surrendered unconditionally. Afterwards upon examining my revolver, I found that it refused to go, having had a soaking the night before in our bivouac on the island, and that revolver has not been fired to this day. It remains loaded and is among my war relics.

The four men captured proved to be quite human, and interesting in their rebel outfits, the uniform of butternut color and their arms not unlike our own—the first of the enemy we had seen and talked with—one was quite tall, over six feet, I should say. I remember of exchanging silver money for some of their rebel script, which was then new and a curiosity. Under a special guard, the prisoners were taken along with us and sent to the general's headquarters. Their fate I do not know but under the arrangements for exchange of prisoners, they probably were fighting us again in a few months.

We now advanced in the direction of Bluffton. Upon arriving we found the town deserted, a small squad of

rebel cavalry leaving the further end of the town as we entered.

A volley of rifle shots was sent after them, but apparently without effect, and they were soon out of sight.

The town was made up of a small number of buildings, with one store, with very little, if anything, in that. I remember that we did find quite a large number of corn-cob pipes, and these were soon distributed among

LIVE OAK GROVE.

the boys. Not a white man in town, a few aged negro men and women only remaining—a typical delapidated, small southern town.

Leaving Bluffton, we re-embarked and moved on, landing late in the day at Dawfuskie island. The next day, a long march across the island was through beautiful groves of live oak, without underbrush, the trees festooned with the growing moss. This remarkable growth

of moss hanging gracefully from limb to limb is a most beautiful sight.

Other troops had preceded us and were in camp upon the south end of the island, General Viele in command of the troops at this point. The next morning our camp equipage arrived, and we were ordered into camp.

Fort Pulaski could be plainly seen to the southeast some three or four miles away. The following day a reconnoissance by our regiment was ordered up the Savannah river; a part of the regiment was landed on Bird island, detachments being sent up the river in row boats.

Finding nothing, however, upon the right or left, everything being hidden on the mud islands by the tall reeds and marsh grasses, we proceeded however to within sight of a rebel gunboat, when before they got within range, we pulled back to the cover of our batteries which had been erected on Mud island, when our guns opened on the steamer, and apparently not being ready for a fight it disappeared.

Our batteries upon the Mud islands along the Savannah river were erected with a great deal of difficulty. First were carried immense quantities of sand bags. The islands are made up of what seem to be a semi-fluid under a partly dry crust of three or four inches in depth, and which gave way under the pressure like jelly, at every step; a pole or a boat oar could be forced into it to the depth of 12 to 15 feet. To mount the guns on this precarious foundation, these sand-bags were first placed in position, and to get the guns to the battery, canvas was first laid upon the surface, and then planking end end to end and over this the guns were dragged. Frequently the guns would slip off from the muddy planks, taking hours to replace. In this way, day after day, hundreds of men toiled, to erect batteries at different points on the river.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PULASKI -SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 11TH. 1862.

A rebel ironclad known as the Atlanta had been built at Savannah, and was expected down the river to attack our batteries. No other thought among our men was entertained than that the rebel warship would be captured, and the question arose as how to get into the iron-bound prize, after it had been disabled. An officer of the 48th New York regiment was sure he had the men who could do it. Calling his company into line, and after explaining to the men the difficulty of boarding the vessel, he said, "Let every man of you who has had experience as a cracksman or a safe blower, step to the front," and it is said, every man of the company stepped off two paces, ready for the work in hand.

In the meantime active work was being done at Tybee island, preparatory to the bombardment of Pulaski. Sergt. Andrew J. Wadlia of Company G had been detailed for duty at Tybee island, and placed in command of the fatigue party under the direction of Capt. Horace G. Porter (who later in the war made himself famous as Gen. Horace G. Porter.) Sergeant Wadlia was a brave and most efficient soldier; I shall have more to say of him later. He tells us something of the operations at Tybee. The batteries of heavy guns erected there, located about two miles and a half from Fort Pulaski were brought from Port Royal in our ships, loaded into lighters, having a decking made of heavy timber, then towed ashore. For transporting these guns and mortars, some of which weighed more than 17,000 pounds, wheels of ponderous and peculiar construction were used in connection wiith skids of timbers 10 inches square and 20 feet long. These guns were then hauled over the sands of the island, a mile to a mile and a half into position at the batteries. For this work 300 soldiers or more to each gun were required, and the work all done in the night, it being in plain sight and within range of the guns at Pulaski. No talking was allowed, the sound of voices

easily travelling over the water to such a distance, would locate the working parties to the gunners of Fort Pulaski.

Battery after battery was built and concealed by the brush; as the advance was made, tall bushes and small

EVENING AT A NEGRO CABIN

trees were cut and placed in the ground in front of the work, effectually concealing the batteries from the enemy. Night after night this work went on often through heavy rain and terrific thunder storms, seeming to require almost superhuman effort to accomplish it. Finally, on April 9, and this was in 1862, everything was

in readiness, and the guns opened fire on the fort about 8 o'clock in the morning, each mortar firing one shot every 15 minutes, and the guns once in five minutes each, 20 rifle guns and 16 mortars. This firing was kept up through the day, with a cessation at night when guns were only fired at intervals for the purpose of preventing repairs of damages. On the morning of the 11th it could be seen by the use of glasses that the old brick fort was crumbling under the tremendous pounding of our guns.

The reply from the enemy's guns had done but little damage. At 2 o'clock the white flag went up, and all firing ceased, and in the afternoon the fort was occupied by our troops; 5275 shots had been fired from our guns and mortars, and although the fort was practically destroyed, the losses were surprisingly small. It hardly seems credible that only two men were killed and fifteen wounded under this tremendous cannonade, but the fort was captured and the result was important in closing the Savannah river completely to blockade runners. This was the first instance in history of the reduction of a fort at such long range, and this gave to General Gilmore, who had conceived and carried to a success this great work, a world wide reputation.

Upon learning of the news in Savannah of the surrender of the fort, a panic followed, the citizens sending their families and valuables into the interior. Now was the opportunity for General Sherman to capture the city, Savannah being practically without defense; but he failed, as other generals have failed, to take advantage of conditions. It seems to have taken the first two years of the war for our generals to learn the science of their profession and only learned through experience at a terrible cost of life and treasure, how to win victories.

CHAPTER IX.

On to Charleston—Spoiling for a Fight.

OUR camp at Dawfuskie Island was of short duration. It was understood that the object of the movement had been accomplished. Again we were ordered back to our camp at Hilton Head.

We were now becoming restive under a long inactivity beyond occasional reconnoissances, and from our standpoint we could see very little that had been accomplished. Every mail from the north brought us news of the movements of the armies in Virginia and the west and we began to fear that the war would close before we saw active service, in fact, most of us were spoiling for a fight.

Soon after our return to Hilton Head from Dawfuskie, it was rumored that the army was soon to move upon Charleston. This news was received with a hurrah all through the camps. On the afternoon of April 2, an order was received to pack up and to prepare to move on the following day.

At daylight the whole camp was astir. It was the first breaking up of our camp since the landing in November previous, and all was excitement with the expectation of actual service against the enemy. The packing of the knapsacks was first in order; then the striking of tents and rolling them up to be loaded on the baggage wagons. A great deal of what could hardly be considered a necessity to the soldier in active campaigning had been accumulated during the many months we had occupied this camp-ground, and must be abandoned. The

soldier's knapsack was limited in its capacity, and the capacity of the soldier's strength, of course, was limited to toting it on his back. The necessities of the business of headquarters demanded more transportation; in the adjutant's tent were our regimental records, these must be carried along in some way; the officers' baggage was also not limited to the knapsack. The commissioned officer was allowed a certain number of pounds of baggage to be taken along on the baggage wagon. You may be sure, however, that every knapsack was filled to the limit; every man had his blanket to roll and strap to the knapsack, and likewise his overcoat when not worn. This, with forty rounds of ammunition, and from one to three days rations in his haversack, the canteen full of water, all weighing not less than from 30 to 40 pounds; this added to the weight of the rifle loaded the boys down like a pack mule. We had yet to learn the meaning of "light marching" order, when the knapsack was thrown away and the entire outfit of change of clothing and toilet articles must be rolled in the blanket, the ends tied together and carried across the shoulders.

I already had had misgivings as to having left my school and studies, not realizing at the time the great experience that was before me, and sent home to my brother in the old bookstore at Nashua for textbooks, and was using the time that I could get, in study. These books found a place in the boxes containing the records of the adjutant's office, and so carried along, until 1864, when they were lost with all the records of the regiment by the sinking of a boat in the James River.

I don't know what became of all our surplus belongings that could not be carried along, which must have included everything imaginable; many articles had been received by the boys from home, probably they fell to the negroes, camp followers and soldiers, who remained at Port Royal.

Early on the day of the 3rd we were in line and ready to move, marching out of our camp and down to the wharf. Much of the camp equipage and baggage had already been put aboard the transports.

Our regiment was assigned to the steamer Ben Deford, upon which we embarked, and soon were steaming down the harbor and out to sea.

Early in the morning of the next day we landed at Edisto Island. This island is one of the largest of the group of Sea Islands, and next south of John and James

Islands, near Charleston, separated by Edisto River, this river being navigable for many miles inland.

The point to which we were ordered was Mitchell plantation, ten miles inward from the landing place. The march across the island was our first experience in marching any distance. The weather was extremely hot, about 110 degrees in the shade, and under the heavy load the men were carrying, it was something terrible. We had not gone many miles before the boys began to fall out, unable to continue the march.

Quite a number of negro camp fo'lowers were made use of by piling knapsacks upon their heads, some of them

four or five, the great, burly, black fellows carrying them along with apparent ease.

I got along very well myself, not having any load to carry, and finished the march with the regiment.

The general movement of the troops was never understood very well by the soldiers, except in a general way. The moving from place to place, marching and counter-marching from point to point, were generally

ON TRANSPORTS--WRITING HOME.

mysteries past finding out. The delays always incident to campaigning became in time a matter of course with the soldier; we expected to wait, and we became used to it. We would have orders to march to certain points; before arriving orders would be countermanded, and days and nights might elapse before another movement would be made. All this was incident to the general movements of the army, the changed conditions making it neces-

sary for the general in command of the movement to change his plans to meet new conditions. Why we were kept upon Edisto Island for several weeks was never understood. We were expecting to move upon Charleston and orders were looked for every day that did not come until early in the following month.

Reaching the Mitchell plantation, headquarters were established in the Mansion House, so called, the home of the proprietor of the plantation. Some of the "Mansion" houses of the south are anything but mansions, although this was a passably good house of two stories, but without furnishings, everything having been removed. The officers, of course, took the house, the men of the regiment occupying the negro cabins until our tents arrived, a week or two after.

We were not met by the enemy, nor did we see any for some time after occupying the island. At this place, my friend, Adjutant Hill, resigned, and left the service. Lieutenant Dearborn of Company D succeeded him temporarily, a fine young man, and an agreeable companion.

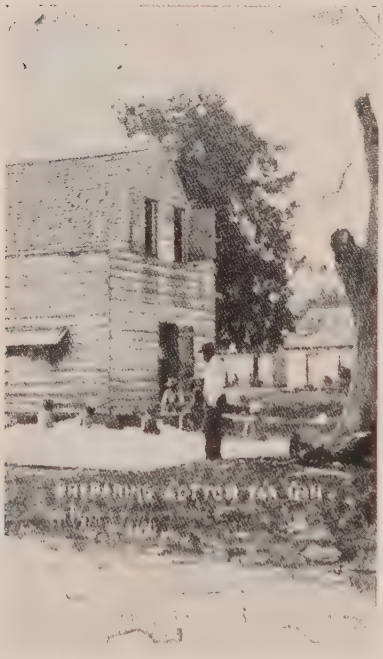
Not far from the house was the cotton gin—quite a curiosity to the boys from the north. A cotton gin is a building with machinery for cleansing the seed from the cotton. The cotton after being picked by the negroes in the field, is carried to this building. Connected with the gin is a machine for baling the cotton, after the seed has been taken from it. At that time, no use had been found for cotton seed, and immense piles of the seed were around the building, considered as worthless. This seed, as is well known, has since become very valuable for many commercial purposes.

Our stay at the Mitchell plantation was altogether quite a picnic. Immense blackberry fields were found near, and were picked and used by the whole regiment—running blackberries, very large and very sweet—the

boys not only used all that were wanted for eating, but made quantities of wine.

Numerous reconnoissances were made to locate the enemy. Upon one of these expeditions we came upon the plantation of ex-Governor Aiken, former governor of South Carolina, upon Jehossie Island.

It was generally known that Governor Aiken had been under surveillance by the rebel government at Richmond, for expresing Union sentiments. Therefore, when we arrived upon his plantation, orders were given to do nothing to damage the property, or confiscate anything that might be found there.



The governor was the owner of a very large rice plantation, although not under cultivation at that time to any extent. In crossing the dyke upon the approach to the place, we saw the extensive rice fields, and the way the rice was cultivated by means of gateways to flood the fields by tide water, the flood gates being closed until the ground is prepared and the seed planted; then when the rice was at the proper stage of cultivation, the gates are opened, and the water covers the roots of the plants until the crop is matured.

Governor Aiken was said to own over 1200 slaves, but only the old men and women and young children remained. As we passed up through the village of negro huts and approached the mansion house, an old white haired negro, bent with age, came down the roadway. He was evidently one of the old house servants and caretaker. The colonel halted the regiment, and the old man came up to Colonel Jackson, and as soon as he could recover from apparent fright, said to the colonel, as near as I can remember, with a very low bow: "Massa sojer man,

INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

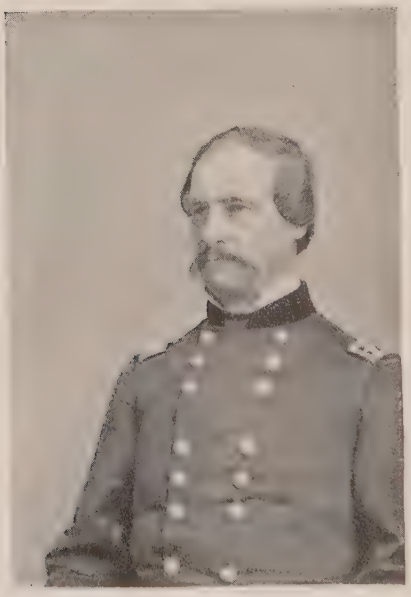
de good Massa Aiken say to me dat if any of de Yankee sojers cum on de place to give him de keys of de house, and ask em dat after dey'd looked thro de place to please not carry off de tings." Upon completing his little speech that no doubt he had been rehearsing every day for weeks, he handed the keys to the colonel.

The order was given to "stack arms." The colonel then gave specific instructions to the men, that after breaking ranks they could look through the plantation, but if any man destroyed or took away anything what-

ever, they would be severely punished. We found in the house that much of the furniture and bric-a-brac had been packed, but not removed. In a small building near the large house was a billiard table, and everything in running order. Having had a little experience with billiards I enjoyed the game upon the governor's table with some of the officers.

While in the midst of our holiday sports, a shell came shrieking over our heads, and about the same instant was heard the booming of a gun from a rebel battery that was concealed and some mile or more away.

The shell exploded a little beyond us. You can understand that there was a hustle in response to the long roll beaten by the drummer boy, under orders from the colonel, which means orders for the assembly of the troops. They evidently were getting our range, for another shell exploded a little nearer, but without effect. Not having orders to make an attack upon the enemy, the colonel gave the command, "about face" and marched the regiment back across the dyke and without further demonstration we returned to camp at Mitchell's.



GEN. DAVID HUNTER.

In the summer of 1905, I was taking a trip through the south, and on the railroad train going from Charleston to Savannah I fell into conversation with a gentleman

who gave me his name as G. A. Bissell, whom I found to be very interesting. He gave me much information as to the country around, and he told that he was the owner of the plantation upon which the battery was located that shelled us out when we were at the Governor Aiken plantation; that he was a boy at the time of the war, and a member of a South Carolina regiment. His father was the owner of the place and the nearest neighbor of Governor Aiken. That his father was a rice planter, owning just before the war some 500 slaves. He himself still carried on the plantation, with free labor. With him were quite a number of the old slaves who were upon the plantation before the war. He said he was a private in the 16th South Carolina regiment, and was in the Fort at Secessionville when we made the attack in June, 1862, and where we were repulsed with slaughter. The battle of Secessionville was my first battle. The meeting of this gray-back who was one of the "Rebs" at Secessionville was most interesting. In talking it over with Bissell, he very laconically said, "We made it pretty d——d hot for you fellows that day, didn't we ?" I agreed with him that they did.

A few days after our reconnoisance, one of our small gunboats went up the river and through the creeks, around to Jehossie Island, and captured the battery that opened fire upon us when at Governor Aiken's plantation.

I was sitting one morning upon the veranda of the headquarters building. It was a very hot morning and I had just come in from guard-mount, a ceremony in which the sergeant-major is "it," or thinks he is, he having charge of the formation of the guard, turning it over to the adjutant. I was standing in the shade of the oleanders next to the house, a shrub that in the south grows to a height of from 12 to 15 feet, and looking across the parade ground to the quarters; in front of their tents I saw

two of the boys evidently practicing the new bayonet drill. Suddenly there was a flash from one of the guns and a report, and at the same instant one of the men fell to the ground, shot accidently by his comrade. It appears that they had just come off from guard, their pieces not having been discharged. This was one of the many incidents occuring from day to day. Why this should

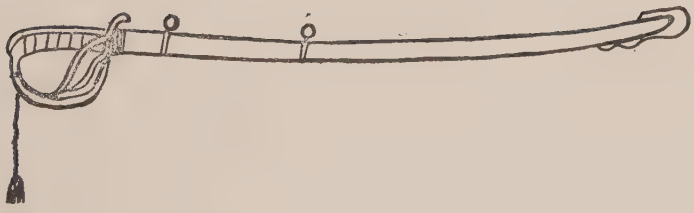
MAP OF JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

stand out in my memory more than hundreds of others, is probably from the fact that this was the first man that was killed in our regiment.

Troops were arriving from Hilton Head, General Wright's brigade among them, and by general orders issued from department headquarters, General Wright

relieved Colonel Fellows of our regiment in command of the post.

About this time news came to us from Hilton Head, that a rebel blockade-runner had just been brought into port by one of our warships, that had been captured in Charleston harbor, having on board 10,000 Enfield rifles, a large lot of rifle cannon and a million dollars in gold.



CHAPTER X.

THE JAMES RIVER CAMPAIGN.

Charleston in Sight—The Enemy in Our Front.

ALL the troops of the Department of the South that were available had now been rendezvoused upon Edisto and Johns Islands, for an advance upon Charleston, by way of James Island. The gun boats had been kept busy navigating the Edisto and Stono Rivers and the network of creeks that thread their way between the islands and the mainland protecting the movements of the troops.

General Hunter, in command of the department, had retained his headquarters at Port Royal, and from there directed the general movement. General Horatio G. Wright was in command of our brigade, and by his direction our regiment left the Mitchell plantation early on the morning of June 2, and marched across Edisto and Johns Island to Legreeville, on the banks of the Stono River.

We were now getting into the real thing; this march introduced us to genuine campaigning. All through the day of the 2d we marched under the fierce heat of the tropical sun, thermometer at 100 to 110, frequent stops being made for rests, but many fell out exhausted, unable to continue the march. The men of the hospital corps would attend the worst cases, but on the column was pushed until late in the night, when a bivouac was ordered. Again before daylight, we were ordered into line to continue the march. Why this forced march was

given us at this time we did know, nor do I now know. A tremendous thunder storm came on soon after commencing the march—with a terrific downpour, drenching everybody and everything. The country being level and the roadway somewhat below the surface the road first became a mass of mud, and later we were tramping in water three and four, and sometimes twelve inches deep. Creeks were waded waist deep. For miles we tramped in this storm; the thunder and lightning was terrifying, with crash after crash of thunder known only to the southern climate, the lightning playing along the rifles of the men in line, was an experience and sight seldom witnessed. Men were throwing away their blankets and overcoats, which had become so soaked with water that it was a question whether they would sacrifice this heavy load or fall themselves by the way.

CAPT. M. T. DONOHOE.

As the morning approached the storm cleared and before noon, when we arrived at Legreeville, the sun was shining and everything took on a more cheerful aspect.

The troops occupied the deserted houses of Legreeville for two or three days. Our rations had become short and we were without food for twenty-four hours, when the supply train arrived and rations with whisky

ATTACK UPON THE OUTLINES OF REBEL WORKS, JAMES ISLAND, JUNE 10. 1862, BY GEN. WRIGHT'S BRIGADE
3rd New Hampshire Volunteers on the right.

and quinine were issued. Yet if my memory is correct, before the rations arrived Colonel Bedel shot a young steer that was running wild through the town and this was divided up as far as it would go.

The landing had been upon James Island, just across the Stono river by other troops that had preceded us, Gen. Isaac I. Stevens' brigade. The landing was made under cover of our gunboats that were now lying in the river.

The enemy's works upon James Island were situated about six miles from Charleston and were outer defences upon the southeast. At Secessionville, a small hamlet of a few houses, was a rebel fort of strong proportions that stood in the way of our advance on Charleston.

Upon the afternoon of the 6th, our regiment crossed over to James Island. The first night after landing we were sent out to the right of the line, to make a demonstration to locate the position of the enemy. The rebel pickets were driven back, and we took possesion of some negro cabins and established ourselves for the night. We were surely getting into close quarters. We were now within about one mile from Secessionville, and in the distance, some six miles away, was Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, and further to the left we could see the spires of the churches in Charleston.

That night we had an experience that language fails to describe. We were standing in line, waiting for orders; night came on with an approaching thunder storm, the darkness increased to a density almost to be felt. The storm broke with a fierce intensity; blinding flashes of lightning with the crash and deafening peals of thunder followed by bolts of lightning striking around us in rapid succession. At the same time the enemy opened upon us from their guns at Secessionville; in that fearful crash Heaven's artillery and that of the enemy couldn't be distinguished, one bolt of lightning striking so near the regi-

ment as to knock down and partly stun many of the men, it may have been twenty or thirty, it may have been a hundred or more. The situation was intense; standing in line waiting the order "forward" every man was very willing to touch the elbow of his comrade. In our imagination we could see and hear the enemy coming down upon us out from the darkness by regiments, possibly brigades, but there was no attack. Our line was maintained for I do not know how long. Orders finally came for us to retire, and we moved back.

The following day we moved to the left about two miles, and occupied buildings upon the Grimball plantation, not far from the Stono river. Within two or three days our entire brigade had received tents and camp equipage and went into camp. In our front earthworks were in process of construction, the men of our regiment doing their share of the digging. In our rear, lying in the river were several gunboats. Thus we were establishing a base of operations to move upon the enemy. Rations had been accumulated here, forage for horses of the artillery and cavalry had also been landed and was lying in immense piles on the river bank. I now recall a large pile of hard-tack in boxes, its proportions struck me at the time as something great, being fully the size and height of a two-story dwelling house.

The usual picket line was maintained along our whole front, and quite a large picket detail was made from our regiment daily. Shots were exchanged between the enemy's pickets and our own, and men wounded came in and were brought in occasionally from the picket line.

The picket guard is often the most dangerous, arduous and nerve-wearing work of the soldier's duties, often under fire for all of the twenty-four hours that he is on duty, the picket guard as well as all other guards being relieved every twenty-four hours. Frequently the picket

of the enemy is within a stone's throw and always within rifle range; the utmost caution is always necessary. At night no fires must be lighted, the striking of a match was often followed by a shot from the enemy. At times the nights were long and most tedious, we would sometimes catch fire-flies, put them into a small bottle, and from this light we could see by our watches the time of night.

CORP. ALFRED P. HAYDEN.

With all the hardships of the army life there was much pleasure also. It could not be imagined with so large a number of men and boys together that there would not be sport of all kinds, usually among boys under any circumstances. The Army was largely made up of boys, the average age was something like twenty-four years a large proportion being under twenty-one. When in camp the fun was only restricted by discipline; in the evening large numbers not upon duty would gather around the campfire for stories, songs and dancing. The star jig dancer in our regiment was Alf Hayden of Company F, my old company. He was not only the star dancer, but the fun-maker of the company, and the life of the boys under many adverse conditions, and a brave soldier, always ready for duty. Alf is still on earth, and very much so. He is the same optimistic, lively boy at 66 years of age that he was at 20, he is one of our letter carriers at

this writing, in Nashua, walking from 15 to 20 miles a day, apparently with ease. At the camp-fires of the Grand Army he is often the center of fun, and dances the same old jig that he danced in the days of the war.

In every company there were musicians, and in the evening when the lights began to glimmer, from all over

SKULKING.

the camp could be heard singing, and occasionally, the notes of a violin, and more frequently, the harmonica. When not in active campaigning music was made much of in camp, quartets were formed of really fine voices. All this was most enjoyable in relieving the monotony of camp life. Then we would go into a hard, hot campaign and the tragedy would come, and many of these voices would be no longer heard.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE.

My First Battle and its Sensations.

THE lines of the enemy and our own were getting dangerously near. Firing along the picket line was getting to be almost continuous; rebel shells ocasionally reached our camp, our gunboats in the river, immediately in our rear, returning the compliment.

The thunder of the heavy guns and the banging of the rifles along the picket line with the zip, zip and ping of the minnieball had now become familiar sounds. The listlessness of routine camp duty had given way to an alertness that was new to us all. There was a marked difference in the atmosphere of the whole camp—every man upon a nervous tension. We were under fire of the enemy's guns, and expecting daily, almost hourly, to make an attack upon their works. The intense excitement, as well as the horrors of war, that we were now facing, brought to every man sensations he had never before experienced. With this change it was noticed that some of the men who had been spoiling for a fight were now attending the surgeon's call in the morning. The weeding out process had begun; two or three of our officers—and I wish to make note that it was but two or three—resigned their commissions, and left the dangers of the soldier's life and returned to their homes.

On the evening of June 15 orders were given for an early movement on the following morning. Ammunition

was issued, every man filling his cartridge box with 40 rounds and 10 extra for his pockets. Cooks were ordered to prepare rations for two days; it was evident that a general movement was to be made, and the attack upon the enemy's works was sure to come. Before going to sleep that night many a farewell letter was written, and

COOK HOUSE.

When stationed long enough in any one place Cook Houses were built with the best material obtainable.

a farewell letter indeed it proved to be for a large number of the boys who were buried the next day under the soil of the enemy's country.

Before daylight the troops were in line—I want to stop right here and tell something of the character of our Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, who was then in command of the regiment, Colonel Fellows having resigned some

weeks before. Col. John H. Jackson was a martinet; he had seen service in the Mexican War, he was, in fact, a military man from instinct; he believed in the enforcement of strict discipline to the limit, and in his case I thought at that time, unreasonably so, regardless of the personal feeling or comfort of those under his command. I do not think he was intentionally harsh, but he was so, nevertheless. I suppose not an officer in our regiment that had not come under his displeasure and reprimand. I had escaped anything very severe, until the morning of this 15th day of June, when in the exercise of my duties as sergeant-major, in helping to form the line, I upon the left of the regiment, Colonel Jackson in a loud tone to be heard by the whole regiment, called me by name, reprimanding me severely for something I had done or had not done, I think it was the posting of a guide, as he thought, out of alignment. I was very sensitive to censure; I had thought I had reason to be proud of my success so far, and in the way that I had done my duty. Under these conditions I felt crushed and humiliated, but of course I accepted the censure without a word, and continued in my work.

The line was formed, and every man who was fit for duty was in line and in fighting trim, with his 50 rounds of ammunition; no knapsacks, nor blankets, nor overcoats. The Hospital corps was in position with stretchers on which to carry off the wounded—this surely looked like grim, serious business. The musicians, including the drummer boys, were ordered out for duty with the ambulance corps. This also included our regimental band. The boys of the band thought this was a different proposition, to go up to the front under fire; the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery was quite another kind of music than that they had furnished on dress parade and in evening concerts at headquarters, yet to the best of my recollection they responded cheerfully and bravely.

John C. Linehan, one of the best known of New Hampshire's soldiers, was a member of our band, and although he "phistled in the band," showed his bravery on this occasion. Our Chaplain Hill was a hero, too. Although he was not ordered to the front, he was often under fire, doing heroic work in the care of the wounded.

Our brigade was upon the left, and our regiment upon the extreme left of the line. The order came about daylight, and the order given—"By the Right Flank, Forward, March!" Out of camp we moved and in the direction of the enemy's works.

Through the woods, possibly a mile, into a field on the interior of our line of works we marched, and here the brigade was formed in column of masses, with the left in front, bringing our regiment to the front and nearest to the enemy. Column of masses means regiments brought into line of battle, forming a brigade, one regiment in the rear of another.

This position had been taken on each side of the road. There had been firing on the picket line all the morning, and now a detail of skirmishers was sent forward, under the command of the proper officers, and had disappeared in the woods. The regiment was then ordered to "stack arms," and wait for further orders. Now was the test of our courage—waiting in line for the opening of the fight.

Upon breaking ranks, most of the men threw themselves to the ground. Firing was now heard from the skirmishers, with a ping, ping following the crack of the rifle, and at almost the same instant a shell exploded over our heads.

A feeling of horror, dread and fear came over me—I was faint, and only too glad to sit down and found a place against a tree. I questioned myself as to whether I was faint from fear, or from not having eaten anything so far that morning. I reached into my haversack, took a bis-

cuit, attempted to eat it, but could not swallow the first mouthful. I took a drink of water from my canteen—but to no purpose. Then the conviction came to me that surely I was a coward, and what was I to do? I shivered as with ague. I got onto my feet, but there was no escape—I must face the danger.

The firing was increasing upon the skirmish line; another shell from the rebel battery came screaming over our heads, and exploding beyond us, the rattle of musketry in the woods in our front increasing all the while.

Orders were given to "Fall in!" Every man was on his feet in an instant. A glance along the line satisfied me that I was not alone in my terror; many a face had a pale, livid expression of fear. A solid shot came bounding through the woods in front of us; several men were coming from the front, wounded. One man in the path of this shot or unexploded shell threw himself to the ground to escape, but was directly in the path of the shot, which struck the man, killing him instantly.

"Take arms!" was the order from Colonel Jackson, repeated by Acting Colonel Bedell on the right and Acting Major Plimpton upon the left, and by every company commander, each man taking his rifle from the stack.

I was able to keep on my feet, and pride coming to the rescue, I determined that if I was a coward, no one should know it. We knew that the time had come to move forward. The movement of the regiment was made left in front, along the road out through the breastworks, a belt of woods upon our left and an open field to the right; then, by the right flank, into the field along by a Virginia rail fence, and here we were halted to await orders.

As we approached the enemy I was getting command of myself, fear growing less and less. While waiting in line a little incident occured which I have never forgot-

ten. Our drum-major had volunteered to act as orderly for the brigade-commander. He came tearing over the field upon a horse that had been assigned to him, evidently with dispatches. Just before he reached the Colonel a shell from one of our gun boats back in the river exploded over our heads, the pieces flying savagely through the air. Instantly upon the explosion of the shell, the drum-major threw himself from the saddle and crawled under his horse, in a shorter time than it takes to tell it and quite as much in danger from the horse's feet as from the shells. Nearly the whole regiment witnessed the feat, and a shout went up from the boys. It was currently reported among the boys of the regiment that the drum-major had received from home, and was wearing, a bullet proof vest. There was no end to the guying that the drum-major suffered to the end of his service, which was not long after the Battle of Secessionville, having been discharged for disability.

The First Brigade on our right, under General Isaac I. Stevens, 3,000 strong, had been ordered to make the attack upon the left of the enemy's works, and the rattle of musketry could now be heard.

The excitement grew with intensity, as the command came for our advance. Moving forward, we soon came in sight of the enemy's works, and they had opened fire from the guns of their fort, the shells exploding in air. Our gun boats in the river continued their fire, and before the gunners had the range of the rebel works, many of their shells exploded among our own troops.

As we came nearer, a charge of the Second Brigade was made over an open field in front of the rebel fort. We had now reached a point 200 to 300 yards to the right of the rebel earthworks, where we halted. All fear was now gone; we were only anxious to be ordered to support the charge of the First Brigade, but the order did not come. There we stood in full sight of the charging

BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE.

column, moving rapidly forward, a wall of steel flashing in the rays of the morning sun, the enemy sending a terrible fire of shell and grape and cannister into their ranks; the line is broken and ragged as the men are mowed down with a hail of lead and iron, but closing up and moving on into the very ditch of the fort, some of them on to the works in a hand to hand fight.

Never before had we seen such a magnificent, fearful sight—it was the greatest of all dramas—a tragedy and a horror, indescribable.

At the moment General Stevens' men had reached the fort, an order came from the brigade commander to Colonel Jackson, to move his regiment to the left, and make a charge upon the enemy's right. Very little attention had been paid to us by the enemy up to this point.

My position being upon the left of the line, I was naturally at the very front, following closely the colonel and the major, as the regiment moved in column up through the wood road, the woods to the left, the opening to our right, into a field at the right of the rebel works, in sight of, and probably within 500 yards of the fort.

Here the order was given, "By the Right Flank, Charge Bayonets. Forward, Double Quick!" With a yell all along the line, the regiment moved upon the double quick toward the fort. Advancing to within 50 rods of the fort, we were suddenly held up by a creek and swamp; General Stevens' brigade, not having proper support, had finally fallen back, defeated and crushed by the terrible fire from the rebel infantry and grape and cannister from their artillery. Three times Stevens' brigade charged the works, and each time cut down, slaughtered and driven back, leaving more than 500 killed and wounded in front and in the ditch of the fort.

The full attention of the rebels in the fort was now turned upon our regiment. The order to commence firing had been given, and a deadly fire from the guns of

the Third New Hampshire swept the rebel infantry from their parapet, and silenced their guns in our front, but their fire was soon renewed and with deadly effect. At the same time, fire was opened upon us from a rebel battery from our rear, a battery concealed by the woods, and our men were falling upon my right and left, killed or wounded; sometimes throwing up their arms, with a fearful shriek, pitching forward to the earth, and some times dropping to the ground without a groan.

Upon coming into the field, we found the ground irregular, broken by clumps of bushes here and there, and the colonel finding the impossibility of making the charge, located the companies of the regiment in positions for the best possible advantage. In executing this order, the adjutant and myself conveyed the orders to the different company commanders, from the colonel.

I have a clear recollection of my movements and sensations during all that time. Returning to the colonel after delivering each order, and saluting with my sword, I reported with the same precision that I would have done upon carrying out the orders upon any ceremony. I do not think I should take any special credit to myself in this; I simply had no fear. The men falling, killed and wounded around me, and the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying made no impression. Is there a psychological explanation of this unnatural and practically inhuman mental condition ?

This was my experience throughout the War; it was the fear of what was coming—the knowledge of an impending battle always sent that thrill of fear and horror; but once fairly in the fight and under fire, all fear was gone. The struggle to overcome the first tremors of fear was sometimes greater than at other times, the physical condition probably had its influence, and this varied with the individual soldiers. I have seen men so overcome with fear when moving up to the front that they

fell out of the ranks, and in spite of orders and threats of their officers, laid themselves upon the ground in perfect helplessness. Later in the war in one of our battles in Virginia, we were moving up to make a charge, I was adjutant of the regiment at the time, one of our lieutenants skulked, setting an example which no officer worthy of his commission could do. Sword in hand, I rushed up to him and ordered him forward. He failed to move, and I struck him over the back with my sword, fiercely telling him to move on. Although he did move into his place, I always regretted the act.

Having apparently executed all of the colonel's orders, I said to him that if there were nothing more, I would go to work with the boys, and pickng up a rifle that had been dropped by a man who had been killed, while near by lying upon the ground was Orderly-Sergeant Joe Donohoe of Company C, brother of Captain Donohoe, I said, "Give me your cartridge box, Joe. Are you badly hurt ?"

"Yes, for God's sake help me out."

"I will," I said, "as soon as we get through with those devils over there," and I took a cartridge box and percussion cap box and put them on.

I soon found myself in Captain Donohoe's company, at work doing my best with my rifle and 40 rounds of ammuniton. There was quite a bank along the stream, and I had slid down to the water's edge, where some of the boys had taken position, while others were on the bank back of us. In the intense excitement the boys were none too careful in their aim and firing, and repeatedly, those of us who were in the front and next to the water, closely escaped being shot by the men in the rear, the bullets passing over our heads all too close, the powder burning into our necks and faces, and remonstrance seemed to have no effect. Zip, zip and ping, ping, the bullets sang about our ears, striking the dirt all around

us—striking the water in front of us—striking human flesh—boring holes through trees and men. Some of the men, with faces blackened by the powder from the tearing open of cartridges with the teeth in the act of loading their rifles, looked like demons rather than men, loading their guns and firing with a fearful, fiend-like intensity; some of the boys would load and fire with deliberation, while others, under an intense, insane excitement, would load and fire without aim. Some would fail to withdraw the ramrod, and discharge their gun, sending bullet and ramrod on their message of death; some of the guns becoming foul, would fail to go off, but in the noise and din of the battle the individual gun could not always be heard, and again the man would load and go through the motions of firing, until three or four and sometimes more cartridges were in his rifle before it was discovered that the gun was useless; throwing it aside frequently with an oath, another would be within easy reach lying upon the ground beside the body of the dead or wounded.

To the right of Company C was Company F, Captain Randlett coolly directing his men to do their best work. There was no braver man in our regiment than Captain Randlett, demonstrating here in his first battle his courage and ability as a military officer.

Lieutenant Henry A. Marsh was with Company F through the fight, receiving a wound which sent him home to New Hampshire, and out of the service a few months later.

We had nearly silenced the firing from our front, but were catching it hot and heavy from the rear, when to our left and along a turnpike, we saw a column of troops coming from the direction of Charleston, several stands of colors could be seen indicating as many regiments. We now turned our fire upon these approaching re-enforcements, but the fire from the rebel battery in the woods to the rear was making terrible havoc. About

this time an aide came riding up through the field, on the dead run, and up to Colonel Jackson with an order to retire his regiment and to do it rapidly. A large force was coming in to cut us off. Hurriedly taking as many of the wounded as possible, the regiment was moved back.

Within a space of less than two acres more than a hundred of the men of our regiment lay upon the field, dead or wounded.

Captain Carleton of Company I had been struck with a shell from the rebel battery, carrying away a portion of both hips. He was so near to me at the time that my clothing was spattered with blood.

Sergeant Moore of Company F was shot through the head, the bullet passing through the cheek, into the mouth, lodging in the throat. Many others were killed in a horrible way or fearfully wounded. Captain Carleton was taken on an old door that was found opportunely, and carried back as we hurried from the field.

Sergeant David Wadsworth, later Captain Wadsworth of Company F, was a tent mate and companion of Sergeant Moore. He found the sergeant in this terrible condition, lying upon the ground and nearly strangled from the blood in his throat. Relieving his condition as best he could for the time, with the help of Sergeant Nottage, they carried him off the field, and so as many as possible were brought back and placed in the hands of the surgeons. Some of the wounded were taken prisoners by the enemy, some whose wounds were not severe, including Joe Donahue, were able to escape without help.

We had retraced our way to the point where we had halted in the advance and there we found that the remainder of the brigade had been engaged with the enemy upon our right and rear. The Third Rhode Island had made a charge upon the enemy, who were advancing to cut our retreat, and at the same time Captain Hamilton's

battery, of the Regulars, had opened fire upon them with grape and cannister, thus giving us the opportunity to escape from what came very near being our death trap, as indeed it was literally to many a poor boy that was left on the field.

There were many heroes upon that battlefield—many whose names I fail to recall, but whose splendid courage is worthy a place in history. There were a few instances that stand out prominently in my recollection. Captain Donohoe, later in the war a colonel, then General Donohoe showed marked coolness and bravery in handling his company through the fight. Colonel Jackson, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel Bedell and Acting Major Plympton, as well as Adjutant Libbey, mounted upon their horses, were conspicuous marks for the enemy's bullets, but all escaped without a scratch. They acted with the coolness and courage that was noticed by the enemy and was commented upon in the Charleston papers in its account of the battle.

In Colonel Jackson's official report of this battle, he named as deserving special mention for conspicuous bravery, Adjutant Libbey, Captain Donohoe, Captain Randlett, Captain Wilbur, Lieutenant Cody, who was seriously wounded, Orderly-Sergeants Libby and Trickey and Sergeant-Major Copp. There were many others equally deserving of special mention. From that time on, Colonel Jackson treated me with the greatest consideration, twice recommending me for promotion. This statement is made as to myself as a sequel to the attitude held by Colonel Jackson toward me up to this time.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR RETREAT FROM SECESSIONVILLE.

Capture of Company H Upon Pinckney Island—The Rebel General Lee—Forgotten Truths.

ON the afternoon of June 15th, following our defeat at Secessionville, under a flag of truce, a burial party was sent out to bury the dead in front of and around the rebel fort. A Confederate soldier laying upon the ground, apparently dead, some of the boys took the body and placed it in a hole in the ground, but before it could be buried, much to the consternation of the burying party the eyes opened, when of course he was taken out and a drink from one of the canteens was offered him. With a great deal of difficulty he spoke, and said to the man offering him water, "You drink first," explaining later when he had revived, that he had been told the Yanks would poison him sure, if he was wounded and fell into their hands. He was sent to the rear with the wounded, and his fate I never knew.

A story is told of General Wright, who was visiting the hospital, the day after the battle, that he came along to the cot of a wounded boy of 18 or 19 years of age, who was groaning loudly and crying. The general asked him how badly he was hurt; with another terrible groan he pointed to where his foot had been amputated. "Yes, my boy," the general said, "but you should not make such an outcry over that, why there are several outside there with their heads shot off who are not saying a word."

Our defeated forces had been withdrawn, the enemy had suffered to an extent that had prevented their following up our retreat, and the following day the entire force was withdrawn, and were back in our camp upon the banks of the Stono. Our first movement against Charleston had proved a dismal failure, and we waited orders for a further movement.

General Pemberton was in command of the rebel forces at the battle of Secessionville, but was succeeded shortly after by General Beauregard, who was assigned to the command of the army around Charleston.

In an article written by General Beauregard, upon the defences of Charleston, written subsequent to the advance upon Charleston by way of Morris Island, he says, "The advance of the Union forces by way of James Island was what I most feared; this was the most vulnerable point of attack from the enemy and had the movement in June, 1862, been made at a point further to the west of Secessionville, there was no adequate defence against the march of the Union troops into Charleston."

Looking back upon this campaign, it seems to those who were active participants, unaccountable that such a stupendous blunder could have been made in making a direct attack upon the strongest point of the whole line of defence, instead of under the ordinary rules of warfare, first determining the weakest point and there striking the enemy. Had the commander of the Union forces in the James Island campaign been a Grant or a Sherman or a Sheridan, a flank movement to the left would have been made, and we should have at that time captured Charleston; but this fatal mistake was not an exception in the movement of our armies throughout the war, it was all too frequent, as the student of history knows, and it is too true that many of our defeats were occasioned not always by the incompetency of the commanding general, but

CHARLESTON AND VICINITY.

frequently by the treachery of some of the subordinate commanders, jealous of their superiors.

The battle of Fredericksburg, Fort Wagner, the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, and many other battles would have been victories instead of defeats had the orders of the commanding generals been faithfully executed.

Early in July the entire force upon the James River was withdrawn and again rendezvoused at Port Royal.

It was on the evening of July 2d, that our regiment embarked on a steamer, and before dark on the same day, we landed at Hilton Head, and went into camp near the large General Hospital building that had been erected upon the bluff overlooking the sea. The first night it was a bivouac, the next day our camp equipage arrived. But sleeping under the stars of a SouthCarolina sky is quite different from that of Virginia on a winter's night.

At the roll call of the several companies on the morning after the battle, many failed to respond to their name, many were wounded and sick in the hospital, and the call of many names was followed by silence. "Dead," was written by the Orderly-Sergeant upon his record, and thus our numbers were being rapidly reduced. The campaign and Battle of Secessionville made a serious inroad upon our ranks.

Following this time, for several months the operations in our department were of no significance, the time was chiefly occupied in routine camp duties, drills, guard duty, picket duty, dress parades, Sunday morning inspections, all of interest and necessary to the discipline of the troops. Every Sunday morning the camp was inspected, followed by the inspection of the soldiers in line; in the afternoon was a dress parade and religious services. Our Chaplain Hill was a very zealous man, and there had been quite a religious revival in our regiment, the chaplain having special prayer meetings in the evening which were quite well atended.

Over in another camp was the Fourth N. H. regiment, commanded by Colonel Whipple. The colonel was a well known lawyer from Laconia, N. H., a very bright man, but somewhat addicted to the cup, and there was a keen rivalry between the Third N. H. and the Fourth N. H. regiments as to the merits of the two regiments. One day the news came to Colonel Whipple of a revival over in the Third N. H. camp. One of his officers had told him that twelve men of the Third N. H. regiment had experienced religion and been baptized. This was something new in the experience of the camp, and Colonel Whipple became very much interested, and calling the adjutant, he says, "Adjutant they tell me that twelve men of the Third N. H. regiment have been baptized. I want you, sir, to detail fifteen men at once and see that they are baptized. I'll be d——d if the Third N. H. shall get ahead of the Fourth regiment."

It is true that there was more drinking among the officers than good morals and good discipline would allow, especially when troops were in camp in one place for any length of time; it was natural that the spare time of the officers and men should be used socially, and it was also understood that the use of whiskey and quinine in

that malarious country was a necessity, therefore it was but natural that there should be drinking to excess.

Several of our companies had been placed at different strategic points some miles out from Port Royal. Company K was upon Pinckney Island, one of the most important of the outposts between Hilton Head Island and the mainland. Lieutenant Wiggin, a new officer, was in command, when one night the enemy surprised his camp and captured or killed the whole company. It appears that a few days before, three of the company had deserted and had given information to the enemy as to the location of our post.

The camp was completely surprised, the pickets having been captured, and without giving alarm to the camp, they rushed in and shot and bayoneted many of the men, including Lieutenant Wiggin. The survivors were marched off as prisoners, and taken to Charleston and thence to Columbia. Six of the company made their escape during the excitement, one drummer boy, young Gracy, who told me the story upon his arrival in our camp. He said he was asleep, as most of the men were in their tent, but he made a rush for the beach, with two or three of the Rebs after him. He thought they would get him sure, and as he arrived upon the bluff, in his imagination he saw help coming up the beach and he cried out, waving his hat, "Bully for Company H. Hurry up, hurry up." To his pursuers it was a veritable truth, that the relief was coming up the beach, and they stopped and ran back, and the little drummer boy escaped.

In 1881, the centennial of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, was celebrated by the thirteen original states, each state sending its quota of troops. I was in command of the New Hampshire National Guard, representing our state at this celebration.

We found ourselves in camp between the Virginia troops commanded by General Fitzhugh Lee, and the

South Carolina regiment. One day, sitting in my tent, the orderly announced Major Wright, who informed me that he was surgeon of the South Carolina troops. He said he was looking for some one who may have belonged to the Third N. H. Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion. I told him that I was a member of that regiment When he asked me if I knew about the capture of Company H, of the 3rd regiment, at Pinckney Island, I told him I had a very vivid recollection of that event. He said

CAMP AT HILTON HEAD, S. C.

he was one of the party who made the capture, belonging to the Beaufort Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers, and gave me the history of the occurrence from his side, asking me if the lieutenant (Wiggin) in command of the company captured, was living. He knew, he said, that he was wounded and left with the others when they took the prisoners away. I told him with some indignation, he was not only wounded, but he was murdered. The doctor had no apologies, he could have had none; it was one of the dark deeds of the infamous work of the war, as waged by the rebels in arms.

One of the blackest pages in the history of the world, is the massacre of a regiment of negro troops at Fort Pillow, by the Rebel General Forest. In General Forest's

own official report of his capture of Fort Pillow, he says that 20 of his own men and more than 600 of the negro troops were killed, that the river was red with the blood of the negroes. This slaughter included every man in the regiment.

The brutality of the South in their conduct of the war to destroy the government, seems to have been in-

THE MASSACRE OF A REGIMENT OF NEGRO TROOPS AT FORT PILLOW BY THE REBEL GENERAL FOREST.

stinctive and inborn, the whole fabric of their society was based upon an inhuman institution, their barbarism must have come down from the dark ages through the channel of human slavery—their slaves were but cattle; and the attitude of the average Southerner up to the time of and during the war, was merciless toward his enemy.

The treatment of the Union prisoners of war in Southern prison pens was barbaric, and a disgrace to the age in which we lived; thousands upon thousands of our soldiers in the hands of the enemy suffered the untold horrors of systematic starvation, either dying in the hands of the enemy, or living on for years suffering the result of such treatment, and whose lives were wrecked and cut short. Very, very few are living today who were victims of the rebel prison pen.

The records of the war in the Congressional Library at Washington are the unquestioned evidence of the truth of these statements. General Aaron F. Stevens, in whose memory every Nashua citizen takes pride, when a member of Congress soon after the war, was a chairman of the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the treatment of our prisoners in rebel prison pens. After an exhaustive investigation, the report was made, General Stevens was at home between the sessions of Congress, and came one day into my bookstore on the corner of Main and Water Streets. In talking of this matter, he told me that it was demonstrated beyond question before his committee that the starvation of our Union soldiers in the prison pens of the South was upon authority of the government at Richmond, the policy being to so reduce the physical condition of every Union prisoner that was captured that he could never again serve in the Union army.

I would not be one who would wish to revive animosities; it is the people of the South who are tearing open the wounds of sectionalism, by bringing from merited oblivion the leaders of the Rebellion in an attempt to make heroes of them, and when the sentiment of the North has reached the point of endorsing the act of placing a statue to the leader of that unholy war in the gigantic attempt to destroy our government, in the Hall of Fame in our capitol at Washington, I think it is time that the present generation be instructed in forgotten truths.

The character of Gen. Robert E. Lee has been placed upon a pedestal of straw; to the soldier of the Union army who followed closely his record, he failed to show the nobility of character with which he is credited. To those who faced his army in the field, he was neither the Napoleonic genius nor the Washingtonian character that is claimed for him by his admirers. There are instances of his brutality that place him on a level with the merciless tyrant.

I am not making statements upon my own authority, I will quote General Grant. In his Memoirs he gives in detail his attempt to succor the wounded who were lying between the lines, following the Battle of Cold Harbor, and of his failure to get the consent of General Lee to an armistice long enough to bring in the wounded. The very day of the battle he sent an officer under a flag of truce to General Lee, proposing an armistice that the thousands of wounded lying upon the field uncared for, could be brought into our lines. General Lee replied that if certain conditions would be complied with, he would consent. General Grant immediately sent a communication, complying with such conditions, urging the necessity of immediate action. General Lee again objected, upon further grounds, and nearly three days elapsed before General Grant could get the consent of General Lee to recognize a flag of truce, and when it was finally granted the wounded had all died.

The horrors of those three days upon the battlefield between the lines can never be told. The agonizing groans of the dying, and the heart-rending cries of the wounded, reaching the ears of their brave comrades in arms carried a thrill of unspeakable horror along the whole line.

The lingering, agonizing death of thousands who lay upon that field through the three days and nights, until death brought them relief, can never be known. This

brutality of General Lee was only paralleled by that of Wurz, the inhuman commander of the rebel prison pen at Andersonville, where 30,000 and more Union soldiers were confined in a stockade and where thousands were starved to death, or reduced to skeletons, to be finally exchanged and sent to their homes. At the close of the war the leaders of the Rebellion fully expected to meet the fate of traitors to their country, in all countries, in all times, for the penalty of treason was death.

The last struggle of the demon of rebellion was at Appomatox. Here the mighty forces of the Union Army had surrounded and crushed and brought to final defeat the rebel armies under Lee. Detachments had been captured before the final surrender; the 9th N. H. Regiment in the 9th Army Corps took an active part in the closing scenes. My brother, Captain C. D. Copp, tells the story of the prisoners who were being conducted to the rear; among them were numerous general officers. One whose name he does not recall, walking along with him side by side, crushed with humilation and forebodings of his fate said to Captain Copp, "I suppose there can be no other fate for many of us who were leaders in this war than death or banishment—if they will but spare my life they may have my property, all that I have, if they will but spare my life to my family."

Some adequate punishment for the crime of treason seemed but a just retribution, but the magnanimity of our government at Washington, endorsed by the people of the North, granted amnesty and pardon to our enemies, for humanity and a reunited country—now in this year 1909, what a spectacle for the loyal people of the North! A monument in honor of Wurz already erected by the people of the South, and it is now proposed to honor this arch-traitor and leader of the rebel army, General Lee, by placing his monument in the Hall of Fame in the capitol at Washington. To the Union

soldier, to whom the people of this country today owe all that they have, this is an indignity and a crime. To every American citizen whose patriotism is not paralyzed, the placing in the Hall of Fame in our capitol at Washington the statue of General Robert E. Lee, side by side with that of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant, of Sherman, is a travesty upon loyalty, incongruous and monstrous.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Day in Camp—On the Sea Island Plantations.

AD this reminiscence been written years ago much that has faded from memory would have added interest to the story. Every day was full of novel and interesting experiences, totally unlike anything in civil life.

In camp the day began with reveille from the drum-corps and fifers, usually about sunrise, the time varying according to conditions. Reveille was preceded by the drummer's call, beaten by the drummer at the guard house; all the drummers and fifers immediately assembled on the color line, where the reveille was sounded. All through the camps of the whole army, sometimes extending for many miles, the roll of the drum and the notes of the fife could be heard, a signal for the soldiers to "turn out." And a novel sight it was if you were in camp to witness it, when the boys crawled out from their tents, making a hurried toilet. Fortunate, indeed, were the joint owners of a tin wash basin, and into it water would be poured from the canteen, a piece of soap was a prize, and, well, we can't say much about towels—sometimes we had one—a pocket comb, frequently a little pocket mirror. The toilet is completed while standing around, most anywhere, the boys guying and joking each other all the while. If cool, a crowd was always around the cook's fire. "Fall in for roll-call!" calls out the orderly-sergeant. Then follows a hurry and rush into line in the company street. The orderly-sergeant then calls the roll of the company usually from memory, without a list of names.

In his morning report, which is made to the adjutant immediately following, every man in his company must be accounted for.

The adjutant, having received reports from all the companies, consolidates the same, submitting it to the colonel for his signature, forwarding the report by the orderly to brigade headquarters. From this report the adjutant is prepared to make up the daily details for guard and other duties, according to the strength of each company.

At 9 o'clock the drill call sounds for company drill; frequently there is company drill before breakfast; battalion drill in the afternoon. The mental picture of this drill at Hilton Head that remains the most vividly in my recollection—I see Colonel Fellows sitting superbly upon his horse and with that sonorous voice giving the orders for the several evolutions; the battalion in line, his order is "Change front, forward on first company; first company right wheel—March." This changes the line of battle to meet an attack upon the right flank. The first company on the right makes a wheel to the right, the command of the several captains down the line is "Company, right half wheel!" At this command, the left general guide, at that time Sergt. John M. Parker, starts upon the run to a point at right angles to the old line—I see Sergeant Parker so clearly in my recollection—why this is so, I suppose, is from the fact that all that Sergeant Parker did was done with efficiency. Through the whole service this proved true, always prompt and soldierly, receiving promotion won by his soldierly qualities and bravery in battle, returning with the regiment as captain of Company I.

I have digressed a little, and now we complete that evolution of the regiment:—The adjutant has moved forward on the right of the line, and the sergeant-major upon the left, in advance of the guides who precede their

CO. F 3RD N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

companies, one after the other being established by the adjutant upon the right and the sergeant-major upon the left, each sergeant arriving upon the line, inverts his rifle, that the alignment can be more readily made. The companies now quickly arrive upon the line established, and the captains of the companies dressing the men to the right, the evolution is completed, and the colonel giving the command. "Guides, post!" when the sergeants return to their places in line.

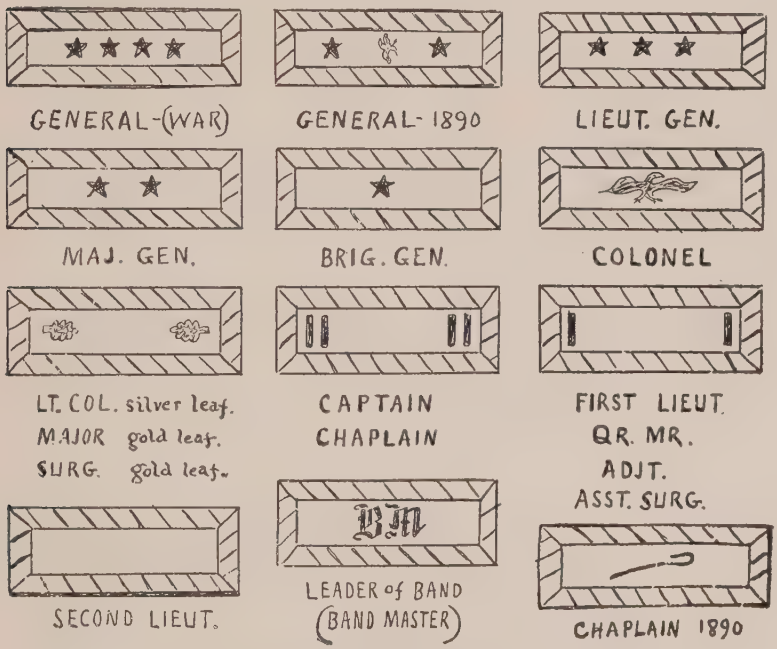
Details for guard duty and for fatigue duty and other details have been made by the adjutant from the several companies the night before.

Upon the first call for guard mounting beaten by the drummer at guard headquarters, or by the bugler, men who have been designated by the orderly-sergeant of each company for guard "fall in," in their company street, armed and equipped, and wait for the time to assemble upon the parade ground for guard mounting. At the first call, the regimental band, or if no band, the drum corps, is supposed to be ready for duty, and march out to the color line onto the parade ground and take their place, designated for the ceremony of guard mounting. The adjutant in the meantime, and also the sergeant-major, have put on their uniforms and swords, and move out in the direction of the parade ground. The officer of the day, too, who has been detailed by the adjutant, and usually it is one of the captains, has put on his dress uniform, and his red sash across the breast and over the right shoulder and around the body under his sword belt, indicating the office of Officer of the Day. He, too, moves out on to the parade ground, and takes his place some 100 yards in advance, and faces the camp and color line. Two lieutenants of the guard, who have been detailed, have prepared themselves for donning their uniforms, and move out to the parade ground. Upon the second call, at 8 o'clock or the time designated, upon a

signal from the adjutant, who has taken his place 50 yards in front of and facing the color line, the band or drum corps commences to play, and at the same instant all the details for guard from the several companies march out from the company streets, under command of a corporal or sergeant, and as they approach the line, halt long enough to move up in succession on to the line established by the sergeant-major, where the guard is formed by him, who having formed the guard, turns it over to the adjutant, and the adjutant in turn to the Officer of the Day. The ceremony never ceases to be interesting. Invariably quite a large number of the boys of the regiment go out to witness guard mounting, although they may have seen it many times. The guard having passed in review in front of the Officer of the Day, proceeds under command of the lieutenant to the guard house, where it relieves the old guard, which has been on duty for 24 hours.

The cohesion, strength and efficiency of the army depends upon its discipline, and the discipline is through punctilious ceremonies and strict obedience to orders. One of the most important ceremonies, or more strictly speaking, one of the courtesies that is insisted upon in the relations between the commissioned officer and the enlisted man, is the salute; whenever one meets or passes another, the enlisted man or officer who is a junior in rank, must always salute first by touching the vizor of his cap with the right hand, and extending and dropping his arm to the side. The officer saluted is strictly bound to return the salute by touching his hat or cap with his right hand. Whenever an enlisted man or a junior officer has occasion to go to the tent of a superior officer, upon entering the tent, it would be a violation of courtesy and discipline by not removing his hat. A mounted officer addressing his superior, who is not mounted, always dismounts, if conditions allow.

The position of the companies in line and of their tents in camp, is according to seniority, the ranking captain having the right of the line, the next in rank the left, and so on through the whole line, their rank being determined by the date of their commission. Promotions of officers from one rank to another is according to seniority, except for special reasons, sometimes an officer is "jumped" if he is considered inefficient; this is generally



SHOULDER-STRAP.

understood to be an invitation to the officer to get out. Promotions for special acts of bravery are made regardless of rank.

Every duty throughout the day by every officer and soldier in the regiment, is specifically directed by the colonel commanding or by his superior officer through gen-

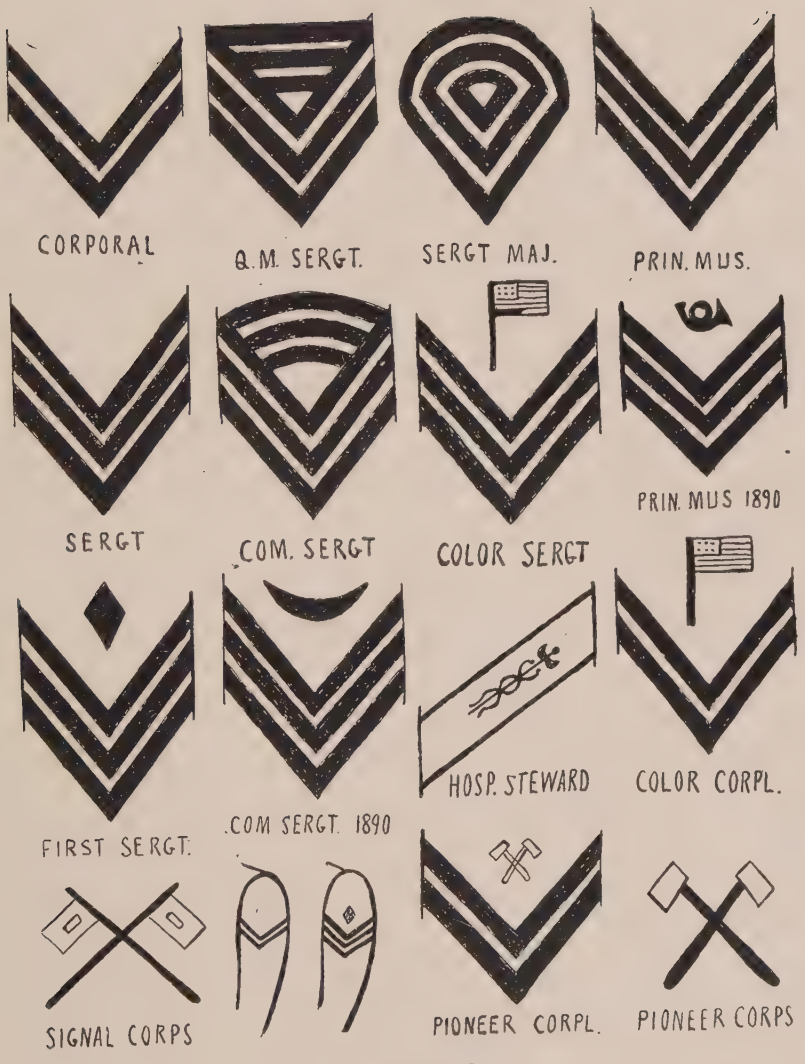
eral or special orders, written at the dictation of the commander by the assistant adjutant-general or adjutant of the regiment, and promulgated by him. Upon dress parade in the afternoon a part of the ceremony is the reading of all general orders by the adjutant, to the men in line.

The dress parade is also a most interesting ceremony, and the men in camp who are off duty from any cause, are usually found as spectators to the ceremony. This includes the men who come off guard in the morning and are relieved from duty until the following morning.

The hygiene of camp is always rigidly enforced; details of men every morning are made for what is known as fatigue duty, and under a commissioned officer go through the camp, thoroughly cleaning the grounds. Regular calls are made for breakfast, dinner and supper, by the drum or bugle, and the men fall in line, march up to the cook tent with plate and dipper and get their rations. At the same time the officers assemble in their mess tent for the several meals.

At sunset the tattoo is beaten by the drum corps, upon the color line, when all drills and ceremonies of the day are ended. The evening is spent by the officers and men in visiting throughout our own camp, and sometimes the camps of adjoining regiments, and in reading, writing letters, playing cards and other amusements. Lights were from candles furnished by the quartermaster; a bayonet stuck in the ground, sometimes in a potato was a favorite candlestick of the men. In the evening, groups gathered around the campfires for songs and stories.

The corn-cob pipe was much in use. In the swamps near the camp, upon Hilton Head, was found brier-wood; from its roots the boys made brier-wood pipes, and many were of unique and artistic designs, carved with the jack-knife.


CORPORAL
Q.M. SERGT.
SERGT MAJ.
PRIN. MUS.
SERGT
COM. SERGT
COLOR SERGT
PRIN. MUS 1890
FIRST SERGT.
COM SERGT. 1890
HOSP. STEWARD
COLOR CORPL.
SIGNAL CORPS
PIONEER CORPL.
PIONEER CORPS

CHEVRONS.

"Taps," sounded by the drummer or blown by the bugler, was a signal for all lights to be put out, and a quiet camp from that time on was insisted upon, and enforced by the officer of the day, and it was frequently found necessary, where men who had sometimes been drinking too much and were noisy, to enforce this order by arrests, the men being taken by a guard to the guard house. Arrests were frequently made for a violation of orders and summary punishment followed.

The excessive heat and malaria had now begun to tell upon the health of the men, a large percentage of our own, as well as of other regiments, were upon the sick list. The regimental hospital and the general hospital also, were crowded with patients. Yellow fever had made its appearance. On the 9th of July, for sanitary reasons, an order was issued assigning our regiment to the occupancy of numerous plantations upon the island; the headquarters of the regiment was stationed at Graham's plantation, some four or five miles from Port Royal. The colonel and staff occupied the mansion house; this including the non-commissioned staff. Company B was with us as headquarter's guard, the company having tents not far from the house.

There was something over 100 negroes left on this plantation who were cultivating land for their own support, raising some cotton, but more sweet potatoes and corn and peanuts, and selling their products to the soldiers, the corn and potatoes adding largely to the diet of army rations.

I have mentioned, I think, before, that the ex-slaves were of a religious turn of mind, although as a whole, very untrustworthy. We would occasionally attend one of their prayer meetings, but hardly to join in the service; their worship was certainly novel and amusing, if not instructive. Some of the older ones would conduct

the service, and in the excitement of their fervent worship, as they understood it to be, they would get into a frenzy of shouting and crying, some of them throwing themselves upon the floor, and rolling in their agony or ecstacy, shouting at the top of their voices, "Bress de Lawd," and other exclamations. At one of the meetings a white haired patriarch, rising by the help of his cane, with a trembling voice, said to the colored brethren and sisters, "I'se an ole man, an' I wants to gib you advice. I hab seen de wicked ways of de worl' an' when you bad niggers come up to de bar room of God, jes' like you come befo' General Hunter, all a tremblin, den you wish you had ben better niggers, den you wish you had put yo' candle up on de hill, an' not under a haf peck measure, whar dey couldn't see no light."

Here we saw the negro life much as it was when a short time before they were all slaves, except that no slave-driver's whip was over them now. They still occupied the same old cabins, and divided generally into families; the same little pickanninnies were near the cabin doors, rolling naked in the sand. In their freedom from enforced labor, a large majority of the negroes were enjoying a life of indolence, simply working for an existence, and their necessities were very limited—a little bacon from the razor back hog, many of which were running wild in the woods, corn and sweet potatoes, made up their diet, and it was sufficient.

It is not surprising that the negroes idea of freedom was freedom from work, they knew nothing in life but work; but the generation of negroes since the war are on a higher level, and have accomplished wonders throughout the whole South.

I have said something of the arrangement for rations for the men of the regiment, and also of the officers' mess. I was not quite satisfied to live upon the regular army

THE REBEL GEN. DRAYTON'S HOME, HILTON HEAD, S. C. A TYPICAL SOUTHERN MANSION HOUSE.

rations, and stretched a point in the matter of expense in messing with the officers. The pay of the officers took care of their part of the expense, but it was nothing less than extravagance for me to keep up my end with them, and several times I resolved to economize and live upon the army rations, only to give it up, and find myself back in the officers' mess. On one occasion I arranged with one of my friends, a member of the band, Karl Krebs, to have a little mess of our own. Karl was a happy-go-lucky German youth who played the clarinet in the band, always good natured and in for a good time; he was quite an adept in the imitation of the Scotch bag-pipe with his clarinet, assisted by the voices of the members of the band. We arranged to draw our rations regularly, and to add to it whatever extras we could get together, which meant sweet potatoes, an occasional chicken bought from the negroes, and whatever little cooking we might be able to do for ourselves. We started in with quite a little enthusiasm, counting up how much we could save in that way of living; but to get our ration it was necessary to fall in with the men of some one of the companies with our tin plates and dippers. This was quite a come-down for the dignity of my office, I thought, but we concluded to make a try at it. I told Karl one morning that I would be the cook for that day and would surprise him with something very fine. We had provided ourselves with a limited number of dishes and a fry pan. My first effort in the cooking line was in making what I understood to be fritters. At one of the negro cabins I found flour, corn meal and sour gum molasses. A little late in the morning the breakfast was ready, and standing up the board upon two barrels for our table, the breakfast was served—fried pork and the fritters, sweet potatoes, baked in the ashes, and the coffee. I rather prided myself on those fritters—I thought they looked fine, but when Karl had been served, he thought they were a little too stretchy,

said he didn't care much for fritters, anyhow—he preferred good fried hard-tack. On the whole, my cooking act proved a failure. After a few days of our struggle, we concluded that it didn't pay, and I was back again in the officers' mess and Karl with the band mess.

NEGRO HUT.

CHAPTER XIV.

Battle of Pocotaligo.—Epidemic of Yellow Fever.

GENERAL Ormsby Mitchell, who had attained no little fame as an astronomer, had entered the army, and had risen to the rank of major-general. In September he was assigned to the command of the Department of the South with headquarters at Port Royal, relieving Major-General Hunter.

Our regiment had been ordered from the outlying plantations and was again in camp upon our old camp grounds near the general hospital. An inspection of the whole command was ordered by General Mitchell; it was on the 19th of September and all the troops at Port Royal were assembled in their various camps for inspection, by the general commanding.

GEN. ORMSBY MITCHELL.

Our regiment had probably been in line for two hours, waiting the arrival of the inspection party; it was the same old wait that we had become quite accustomed to; the men had on their full dress uniforms, which were about as uncomfortable as anything could well be, the

arms had been stacked, the men were waiting under the command, "Rest;" this command permitted the men to leave their places in line and rest, lying down or in any way, in the immediate vicinity of their places in line, while the command "In Place, Rest," would mean every man must remain in his place at ease, but keeping one foot in position.

No little swearing was going on down the line, the wait was getting tedious, when the new general, whom very few of us had seen came riding into the camp ground followed by his staff, each one ablaze in a new and resplendent uniform. Upon his approach, the command was given by Colonel Jackson, "Attention!" and every man sprang into his place in line. "Take Arms!" "Carry Arms!", "Present Arms!", and every gun was brought by its holder, to the front and center of his body, and as General Mitchell neared the line, the band upon the right of the regiment struck up the old refrain, "Hail to the Chief," and the general and staff rode along the front of the line to the left, and up along the rear; then to the front again, when the colonel formed the regiment in "close column en masse." This evolution is executed by the companies upon the right of the right center company of the regiment facing to the left, and the companies on the left of the left center company facing to the right. At the command "March!" the head of each company on the right turns to the left and the companies on the left turning to the right, move company distance to the rear of the company preceding, so that the right and left companies meet in succession, forming divisions of two companies, each division in the rear of each other, company distance.

General Mitchell then addressed the troops in a grand eloquent speech. I remember very clearly the tenor of his speech, in which he said in substance, that the troops of the Department of the South had been al-

together too long inactive; that the capture of Port Royal was intended to be but the beginning of operations that should end in the capture of Charleston and Savannah; that now we should prepare ourselves to move upon the enemy's works. General Mitchell's speech was received with a great deal of satisfaction by all.

General Mitchell's first move against the enemy (and it proved to be his last) was against the Charleston and Savannah railroad for the purpose of cutting communications between those two cities. The object to be gained by such a movement, since no preparations were made to follow up the advance, appeared at the time to be very indefinite, and has always been in my memory, very hazy. The advance was made, however, on Oct. 21, by a division of two brigades under the command of General Brannon, the 3rd R. I. Artillery and a detachment of sailors from the gunboats with boat Howitzers, were added to the command. A boat Howitzer is a gun of small calibre, drawn by hand, and used by sailors when operating on land. Our regiment was in the Second Brigade, with the 7th Connecticut, the 97th and 76th Pennsylvania, and was commanded by General Alfred H. Terry, formerly colonel of the 76th Connecticut. General Terry was one of the greatest of our generals who went into the army from civil life. He won distinction on many battlefields, but his name became famous through his capture of Fort Fisher in January 1865. He rose to the rank of major-general in the regular army, and continued in the service until his death in December, 1890. The expedition was convoyed by several gunboats.

On the evening of the 21st the troops were embarked on steamers and the fleet sailed up Broad River. The 3rd New Hampshire was on the steamer Boston; General Terry had made his headquarters upon this boat. The boat was crowded to its limit; the few state rooms we had were more than full, and many of the officers laid up-

on mattresses upon the floor of the cabin. About midnight, General Terry called for a detail to make a landing at daylight, for the purpose of cutting off a rebel outpost. The officer detailed to command this squad of twelve men was Lieut. S. M. Smith of our regiment. Of Company A, Lieutenant Smith was an original character;

GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY.

although educated at Dartmouth college, the polish that is supposed to be taken on by a college graduate was not apparent; he preferred to wear the private's uniform, including the army brogan, which is short for shoes, made more for service than for ornament. He had not escaped several reprimands for his personal appearance, but he was a brave man, nevertheless. His name being sent to General Terry, the general came into the cabin and

called for Lieutenant Smith. He was lying upon a mattress upon the floor, and, as it happened, next to myself. The general came along with a map in his hand, and spread it upon the floor, pointing out to Lieutenant Smith the location of the optpost of the enemy that was to be captured, giving him detailed instructions as to where to land, and the road of approach. After the general had ninshed, Lieutenant Smith answered in his quaint and original way, "Yes, yes, General, I understand, I think—I am to land at this point," indicating it upon the map, "with my command. I am to take this road, follow it to this pont, when I shall be in the rear of the picket; but General, do you wish me to approach quietly, close in upon them gradually, and gobble them up, or do you want me to go in and raise hell and damnation ?"

The general replied that if he would gobble them up he might do it in his own way. The lieutenant succeeded in carrying out the general's orders, and when the troops landed from the steamer, Lieutenant Smith had his prisoners ready to turn over to the guard. Another detail from another regiment had been sent to capture another outpost and only succeeded in driving them back, thus giving information to the enemy of our approach.

The little village of Pocotaligo was on the Charleston & Savannah railroad; a railroad bridge across the river at this pont was to be burned, and to accomplish this small bundles of pitch pine were issued to the men of our regiment and to some of the other regiments. When the bridge was reached, the men were to light their fagots and throw them into or on to the bridge, and at the same time the railroad track was to be destroyed. The destroying of railroads had become quite an art in our army and was of almost every day occurrence. A regiment or a brigade of men, more or less, were marched up to the track, and along the whole line, sometimes extending for a mile or more. Each man would grasp the rail

and with their combined strength lifted the track upon one side, and all together, over the track would go, sleepers and all. Tearing the rails from the sleepers, a fire would be made with the sleepers piled up, and across this pile the iron rails were placed; the intense heat bending the rails and making them useless. But the bridge at Pocotaligo and the railroad were yet to be reached.

The troops were landed at McKay's Point on Broad River, at the intersection of Pocotaligo River. It was 8

ARTILLERY PRACTICE WITH THE DAHLGREN HOWITZER BOAT GUN—LOADING.

o'clock before our brigade had landed; the 1st brigade, with several pieces of artillery, under command of Colonel Chatfield, had already moved forward in the direction of Pocotaligo. General Terry now put his column in motion, and we had not marched more than two or three miles, when artillery was heard in our front. General Brannon, who was in command of the expedition, had now arrived, and gave direction to General Terry to deploy his brigade to the right and left of the road, and move up to the support of Colonel Chatfield's brigade, which had now become hotly engaged with the enemy's artillery and infantry. Our regiment soon found itself im-

mediately in the rear of our battery where we were ordered to lie down. This position was held for some time, the battery, in the meantime, giving the enemy grape and cannister over the heads of the 1st brigade in our front. The shot and shell from the enemy flying over our heads, we escaped with few casualties. The troops of the 1st brigade now made a charge upon the enemy's lines, followed by General Terry's brigade; the enemy were driven back quite a distance, I should say a mile or more, before making a stand. The screech of a locomotive could now be heard and the rumble of a railroad train, coming from the direction of Savannah, bringing reinforcements to the enemy. About this time the ammunition for the artillery had given out, and it being evident to General Brannon that an attempt to reach the railroad and burn the bridge would be useless, he ordered a retreat.

While supporting the battery before the last advance I found propped up against a stump, badly wounded in the breast, a man whom I recognized as Ryle Kimball, of the 4th New Hampshire. He had been hit by a piece of shell from the enemy's battery. Ryle was a Nashua boy. living on Pearl Street before the war in the house next west of the old brick school house, and was one of my schoolmates in my childhood. I gave him water from my canteen, just as the advance was ordered. Upon our retreat, when arriving at this point, I looked for him, intending to see him off the field, but he had already been taken care of and carried to the rear. He recovered from the wound and returned to Nashua.

In our retreat, although we were not harassed by the enemy to any extent, the march of ten miles or more was a hard one, from early morning through the whole day we had been moving, and much of the time under fire. It was a long, wearisome march, the night before we had but little sleep, and it was long after dark before we arrived at the landing place. I distinctly remember sev-

eral times while marching along, of falling asleep, to be awakened in the stumbling.

Arriving back at McKay's Point late in the night, a bivouac was ordered, and there were rumors that the attack would be repeated on the following day. Early in the morning, however, the troops were reembarked and returned to Port Royal.

The yellow fever, which had up to this time been kept in subjection, had now become epidemic and the hospitals were being filled with the cases. On the 29th of the month, within a week of the time of the move upon Pocotaligo, General Mitchell, Colonel Brown of the 3rd Rhode Island, and several other officers were stricken with the disease, and died within two days. This created almost a panic, adding to the violence of the epidemic. My recollection is that I did not fear the disease very much, being in good, vigorous health, I felt that I should be exempt. This was worse than actual battle, the attack of "Yellow Jack," so insidious, was far greater to be feared. The disease finally abated. The statistics of the losses by the disease, I have not at hand, and I do not remember.

Active operations having practically ceased, the war department ordered that 10,000 troops from our department be sent to Virginia. This order, however, was modified. In our regiment and in other regiments also, petitions were circulated and generally signed that we be sent North for active service. Notwithstanding the terrors and horrors of battle, the Army was never satisfied to remain idle; a large majority of the soldiers invariably were anxious to move against the enemy.

About this time I began to receive letters from my brother, Capt. C. D. Copp, from the Army in Virginia. He had enlisted a company at Nashua, or had helped in the enlistment, and had received a second lieutenant's commission, and was in the field with the 9th N. H. Regiment. In less than two weeks from the time his regi-

ment left New Hampshire it went through the terrible Battle of Antietam.

Lieut. C. D. Copp, by meritorious service and distinguished bravery, rose to the rank of captain, and had he been more aggressive his brilliant service throughout the war would have carried him to a much higher rank. For nearly four years he was in the 9th army corps which has a record in history for its long marches and hard fought battles. Captain Copp was awarded a medal of honor by the U. S. congress for distinguished bravery at the Battle of Fredericksburg, where, when the line was broken, the enemy coming down upon them, the color bearer having been shot down, he seized the flag calling upon his men to rally, and they did rally; forming a nucleus for nearly the whole regiment, and pouring volley after volley into the ranks of the enemy, checking for a time their advance. Captain Copp was in command of the color company, this being the company to which the color guard is attached, and the most exposed position in the whole regiment, the enemy usually concentrating their fire upon the flags; and what is more astounding, he escaped the shot and shell and bullets of the enemy, coming home without a scratch.

CAPT. C. D. COPP.

Letters from those in active service in the armies in Virginia and reading from the newspapers which reached

us from the North, of the movements of the Army of the Potomac, and the armies of the west, emphasized the feeling that we were not doing our part. The failure of the operations thus far against Charleston had a depressing effect upon the troops. Looking at the situation from this distance, it would appear that the operations against Charleston up to that time had been a failure from the incompetence of the commanding generals. It may be, however, that such a view is from the standpoint of "what might have been," and it is reasonable to say that the failures may have been due to the natural result of conconditions beyond control.

From our camp ground upon the bluff overlooking the ocean, we could catch first sight of the steamers coming from the North. First, the tiny cloud of smoke rising from the horizon, gradually increasing in volume, until the outlines of the steamer came into view. The first sight of the steamer was a signal for a hurrah from the boys all through the camps, "A steamer is coming, a steamer is coming." Each steamer always brought a large mail, express packages, and frequently boxes of eatables. In one of my letters from home I had been told to expect a box; I enjoyed the anticipation of it for two or three weeks, when it finally arrived. With the happiness of a child I opened the box, and I could have cried like a child, if I did not, when I found the contents consisting of mince pies, chiefly, were ruined, having been so long on the way. This was one of the great disappointments of my life.

CHAPTER XV.

Active Operations Against Charleston Begin.

THE steamer Arago had arrived from the North bringing the usual large mail, and especially important mail for me, for it brought my first commission as Second Lieutenant with quite a number of commissions for other officers receiving promotions. There were several who received commissions at this time who had served in the ranks either as privates or non-commissioned officers. These young men proved themselves to be made of the right stuff and their merits had been recognized. David Wadsworth, a Nashua boy, who was one of the sergeants of Company F, appointed by Captain Randlett, received his commission as Second Lieutenant. David Wadsworth was one of the men who as a soldier and officer could always be counted on. By his superior courage and ability, he rose through the various grades to the rank of Captain. He went through all the battles in which our regiment took part, but was one of the fortunate ones who escaped the casualities of battle. Captain Wadsworth was one of the best known

LIEUT. DAVID WADSWORTH.

citizens for some years after the War, removing to Manchaster some time in the 80's, giving faithful service to his county as jailer, and is at the present time a respected citizen of Manchester.

Sergeant D. J. Flanders, also one of Company F's original sergeants, familiarly known as Jack Flanders, who before had been appointed Second Lieutenant, now received his promotion to First Lieutenant. A good soldier and now one of Nashua's well known citizens.

George Stearns, another of Company F's original sergeants, brother of the late Henry Stearns of Nashua, received his commission as First Lieutenant. He was a brave soldier, returning to Nashua at the end of three years' service as captain of his company.

William Ladd Dodge, then a private of Company B, who had succeeded myself in the adjutant's office as clerk now succeeded me as Sergeant Major. Sergeant Major Dodge proved himself to be a good soldier and won his way to a captaincy before the close of the War. He is now one of the leading citizens of Brookline.

The promotion of enlisted men to officers and officers to a higher rank, was the occasion for a jollification in camp. Every individual officer promoted by the unwritten law of camp etiquette, must furnish entertainment to every other officer; the ammunition for these entertainments coming, not from the Ordnance Department, but from the Commissary, and this occasion was no exception. It is unnecessary for me to go into details of the festivities. Some things must be left to the imagination.

While the several regiments were in the regular U. S. service, commissions for officers were issued by the governors of the states, usually upon the recommendation of the colonel commanding. The commission having been received, the officer must appear before a commissioned officer of the regular army to be mustered into the United States service; this is done by the officer making

ADJUTANT E. J. COPP.

a formal oath to obey the laws of the United States and the orders of his superior officers, etc., etc.

My commission was a long looked for prize and was received with no little pride and elation; I was then 18 years of age, the youngest commissioned officer in the regiment, and it later proved that I was the youngest officer in the whole army so far as could be ascertained, who had risen from the rank of private. I do not know that there was any special honor in this, there were many officers less than 21 years of age, and I hope I shall not be holden responsible for it. I would have been born earlier if I could have had my way. I fully realized at the time that in the matter of promotion my age was against me.

By regimental orders read upon dress parade by the Adjutant that afternoon I was assigned to Company B. I should have chosen Company F, my old company, if there had been a vacancy, but it was not a matter of choice and I was ordered to report to the commanding officer of Company B for duty.

My promotion from a non-commissioned officer to a commissioned officed called for a radical change in uniform. This involved an expense of $75.00 to $100.00 for uniform, sword and equipments; these I immediately ordered; if my memory is correct, the uniform was made by William T. Parker, tailor, of Nashua, who at that time had his store in the old Exchange building on Main street, the building next north of the Goodrich block. Colonel Jackson very accommodatingly supplied the sword, belt and sash and shoulder-straps for a consideration. Until the arrival of my uniform I used my Sergeant-Major's uniform, having the shoulder-straps put on to indicate the rank.

The matter of rank with army officers and with ambitious men in the ranks is of supreme importance, to be fought for frequently not only in the face of the enemy but also through the channel of red tape and political in-

fluence. The rank of officers is indicated by the shoulder-straps, while the rank of non-commissioned officers is indicated by chevrons or stripes upon each arm of the coat sleeve. I have written of this before, but to make it more specific I will add in detail. The shoulder-strap of the Second-Lieutenant of infantry is a plain strap of blue cloth of about one and one-quarter inches by three and one-half inches, with a raised bullion edge of about one-quarter inch wide; that of First Lieutenant, the same with one bar across each end of the strap; that of Captain, two bars; of Major, a gold leaf at each end; of Lieutenant-Colonel, a raised bullion eagle in the centre; Lientenant-Colonel, a silver leaf on each end; of Colonel a raised bullion eagle in the center of the strap; of Brigadier-General, a gold star in the center of the strap; of Major General, a gold star at each end of the strap; of Lieutenant-General, three gold stars, one each end and one in the center. The different arms of the service is indicated by different color of the strap and chevron, except that the straps of general officers are always of dark blue; the Infantry is of blue; Artillery red; Cavalry yellow.

The non-commissioned officers are appointed by the Colonel from among the enlisted men of the regiment. Their rank is indicated by stripes upon the sleeves, the Sergeant-Major having three stripes, one within the other, in shape of the half diamond with an arch over each strap; the Quartermaster-Sergeant, same as Sergeant -Major, except with a straight bar, instead of the arch; the Hospital Steward, a stripe diagonally across the arm with a Caduceus in the centre. Non-commissioned officers of companies are appointed by the Captain commanding, and are a part of the rank and file so called. The first or Orderly-Sergeant has upon his sleeve three stripes in the shape of a half-diamond, one within the other, with a small full diamond in the opening of the stripes; the chevron of a Sergeant, the same as that of

ADJUTANT LIBBY'S QUARTERS, HILTON HEAD. S. C. Q. M. HINDS READING THE NEWSPAPER.

an Orderly-Sergeant, but without the diamond; that of Corporal, the same as a Sergeant with two stripes only.

The captain of Company B, Captain Wilbur, was under arrest at this time, for conduct "prejudicial to good order and military discipline." He was court-martialled a few weks later, and dishonorably discharged. Of courts-martial I shall have more to say at another time.

The First Lieutenant of Company B, to whom I reported, was detailed on that very day for detached service, leaving the command of the company to me the first day after I received my commission. In the routine duty of camp, the company must be drilled for two hours in the morning—here was a problem. I had seen no service whatever in any company, and was not up on company drill; the men of the company understood the situation as well as I did, so far as my experience was concerned, and it was currently reported that they would have some fun with the little Lieutenant on company drill the next morning. Fortunately I proved equal to the situation. I knew that the company had been given very little skirmish drill. Nearly all that night before, I studied my tactics, particularly skirmish drill, until I had a fair understanding of it, and had made myself familiar with some of the movements. The time for drill came—the drill call sounded, I put on my uniform and sword, walked down into the company street, where the company had been formed by the Orderly-Sergeant. When he formally turned the company over to me, I thought I understood the smile that went along the line. I gave the command, and out we marched on to the drill ground. For two hours I put the company through the skirmish drill, and with many reprimands for their mistakes. As some of the boys remarked later, it was the hottest kind of a drill they had ever been put through. I evidently established myself with the company on this my first day with them and had no trouble from that time on.

It was now January, 1863, and getting quite cold. We were surprised one morning to find the ground white with snow, and snow-balling was indulged in by the boys, something of very rare occurrence in South Carolina.

On the 31st of January, a fleet of transports sailed up into Port Royal Harbor with 10,000 troops on board, under command of General John G. Foster, (our Nashua General Foster) having been sent from North Carolina by the War Department to reinforce the army of General Hunter. Upon the decease of General Mitchell General Hunter had been again assigned to the command of the Department of the South.

GEN. JOHN G. FOSTER.

Soon after the arrival of General Foster with his troops, an issue arose between the two commanding generals, General Hunter and General Foster, as to seniority of rank, General Hunter ordering the corps, General Foster, insisting upon retaining the identity of his, the 18th army corps, and preparations for a forward movement came to a standstill, General Foster proceeding to Washington to have the matter settled by the War Department.

Up to this time the negro ex-slaves had only been useful as helpers and workers on the entrenchments, and in the quartermaster's department handling stores, also as servants to officers, but now they were to be organized as soldiers, and the first regiment of negro troops that was ever enlisted was organized here at Port Royal as the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, ten companies of eighty men in each company, and officered wholly by white men, non-commissioned officers of the different regiments in the department, sergeants and corporals being commissioned as captains and lieutenants of the colored troops, the field officers, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors being commissioned from the commissioned officers of the various regiments who were deserving and willing to take such a command. This was wholly an experiment, but proved to be surprisingly successful.

The negroes and ex-slaves were naturally under a rigid discipline and they surprised the white troops by their courage in the face of the enemy. Other colored regiments were formed, not only in the South as Union troops, but in the North as well, and as a rule they gave a good account of themselves. The 54th Massachusetts regiment was a colored regiment organized in Boston, under the command of Colonel Shaw, and distinguished itself at Fort Wagner, but of this I shall have more to say later.

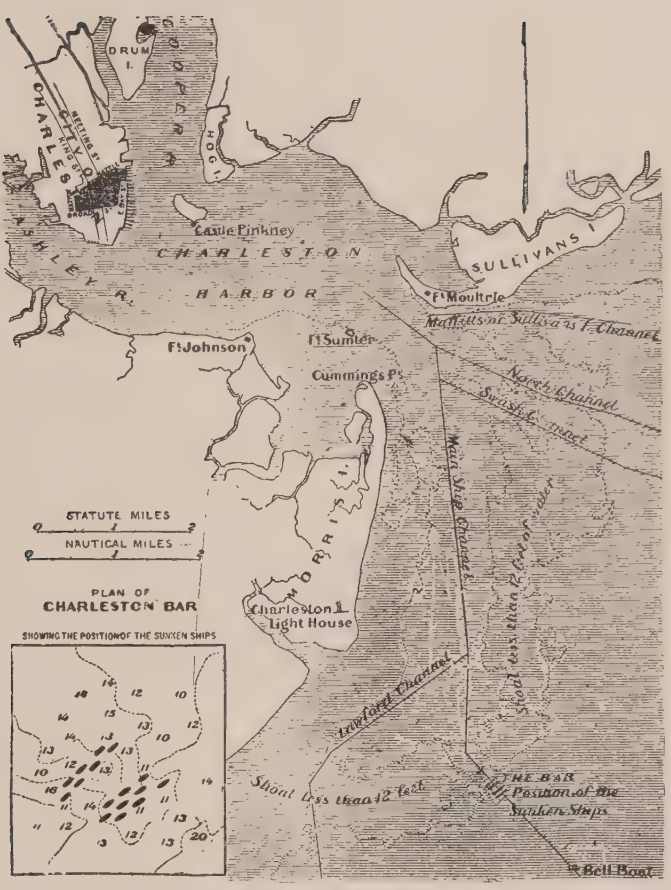
Some time in February there came into our camp five white women, wives of officers of our regiment, Mrs. Plimpton, wife of Colonel Plimpton; Mrs. Randlett, wife of Captain Randlett; Mrs. D. J. Flanders, wife of Lieutenant Flanders; Mrs. Clark, wife of Captain Clark; and Mrs. Libby, wife of Adjutant Libby, these officers having returned from the North on a leave of absence, bringing their wives with them for a visit. These ladies were the first white women that we had seen since leaving Fortress Monroe on the Sherman expedition in 1861.

The women of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, who through the War were such a blessing to the soldier in the field, had not made their appearance in our department, the armies in Virginia and in the West demanding all of their attention up to this time.

From the beginning of the War, there was an intense feeling throughout the North against Charleston, South Carolina; here secession had its inception, it was here that the first gun was fired upon our flag, and it was determined to capture this "hot bed of secession." As it has been before stated, this was one of the objects of the Port Royal expedition, but so far, no great progress had been made, each commanding general believing that his forces were insufficient, and the reply of the government at Washington to his application for more troops was that they could not be taken from the armies of Virginia, the real seat of war.

A revolution had taken place in naval warfare and the construction of war vessels; the iron-clad Monitor, invented by Ericson, had fought its first battle in Hampton Roads, sinking the rebel ram Merrimack. Following this, other war vessels of the monitor type were pushed forward to completion, and sent to Port Royal, to co-operate with the army in the capture of Charleston. It was believed that these little but formidable warships were invincible, that they could silence the guns of Fort Sumter and other defences of Charleston and sail up to the wharves of the city. The whole North believed this and looked hopefully for its consumation.

These vessels had begun to arrive and anchor in Port Royal harbor and had created a great sensation. I went on board of one—the boys called them a raft with a cheese box, having as much that appearance as anything, a more uncomfortable vessel for officers and sailors could not be well imagined; the quarters for both officers and men being cramped, dark and dingy. Everything was be-



MAP OF THE HARBOR AND CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

low the water line except the flat iron clad deck, a few inches above the water and the turret with the guns, two guns in each turret; the guns were monstrous, carrying a shell 15 inches in diameter, and it surely appeared that nothing could stand against them.

The weak points in the construction of the Monitor type of war-ships was demonstrated in the attack upon

LOSS OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

This wonderful little war ship went down in a terrific storm off Hatteras, Dec. 31, 1862, carrying down with it nearly all of the brave officers and crew, who fought the world famous battle with the Rebel Ram Merrimac in Hampton Roads but a few months before.

the rebel forts in Charleston harbor, April 7, 1863, and the whole country greatly disappointed in the results. Through all the years since the war, the monitors have been considered as obsolete, and those used at Charleston, long since went into the scrap heap; yet, strangely enough, in the evolution of the battleship, the engineers and builders of war vessels are now turning their atten-

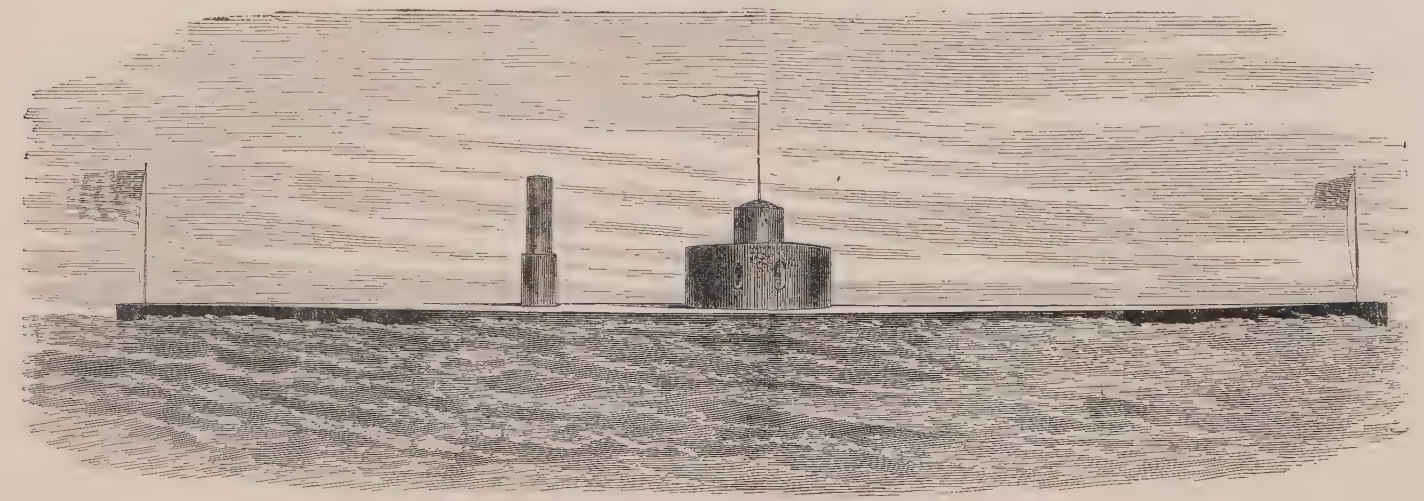
tion to a modified and improved type of the monitor. Rear Admiral G. F. F. Wilde of our navy who commanded the "Kathadin" during the war with Spain, declares that the semi-submarine is the coming type of battleship; this would be a modified monitor, the "Kathadin" being a combination of the submarine and torpedo boat.

The man-of-war of the new British navy has the hull of our old monitor, improved by being more heavily armored, and having turrets at bow and stern, and whereas the decks of the old Monitor were flat the decks of the new English warship are curved, and pierced for small guns to repel torpedo boats.

Early in April, and this was in 1863, Folly island at the entrance to Charleston harbor was seized by our troops and fortified. This was done without opposition, no works of the enemy having been encountered upon this island. On April 6, the navy had rendezvoused and anchored at the entrance to the harbor, out of range of the guns of Sumter, Fort Moultrie and other rebel works of defence.

Sixteen thousand troops were now assembled on Folly island, and upon transports anchored in the Stono river and in the immediate vicinity. Our regiment, the 3rd New Hampshire, was upon two schooners, one of which was an unseaworthy hulk, springing a leak on the way up and lively work had to be done to keep it from going to the bottom. The plan was for a combined attack by the army and navy, our warships were to silence the guns upon Morris island and other rebel works in the harbor, the troops to immediately follow up this advantage.

It was on the morning of the 7th of April. Anchored at the entrance of Charleston harbor, well out of range of the enemy's guns lay the new fleet of iron-clads. The new Ironsides, the flagship of the fleet, not of the Monitor pattern nor of the old type man-of-war, but iron-clad with fourteen 11-inch guns, and two 150-pounder rifle guns.



THE "WEEHAWKEN."

Iron-clad, 2 guns, 844 tons. Built by Secor & Co., Jersey City, 1862. Sunk in Charleston harbor, December 6, 1863. Nine vessels of this class, of which the "Passaic" is one

The monitors Montauk, Passaic, Weehawken, Patapsco, Catskill, Nantucket, Nahant and Keokuk, with their tremendous 15-inch guns were waiting like the bull dogs of war that they were, tugging at their chains, the order to move upon the enemy. From our position we could also see further out to the outer entrance to the harbor, the mass of sunken vessels known as the Stone fleet, a large number of old vessels of all descriptions that had been bought by our government, filled with stones, sent here and sunk in the channel to obstruct the way of blockade runners. There also lay, here and there, the ships of the blockading fleet, with steam up, ready to move upon the instant to seize any lurking British blockade runner.

Yet the sunken vessels of the Stono fleet and the greatest vigilance of our blockading vessels, failed to prevent all blockade runners from entering Charleston and through the war the enemy was supplied with war material largely by British blockade runners getting into this port.

In the direction of Charleston we could see Morris Island, next to Folly Island, bristling with the guns of the enemy. Further on some miles away, Fort Sumter loomed up in the center of the harbor; across northward was Fort Moultrie, and to the southward was James island, all fortified with the enemy's guns, and with the Stars and Bars, otherwise known as the rebel flag, floating over their works. A beautiful morning this 7th of April, and the eyes of the whole country were looking to Charleston.

CHAPTER XVI.

Naval Attack Upon Charleston—Our Camp at Botany Bay Island.

ONE of the most notable battles in history was the attack by our navy upon the forts in Charleston harbor. Our whole country and the whole world were looking on. It was the first battle of iron-clad ships with forts and land batteries, and the first great test of the force of the rifled gun versus resistance of the armor plate, and this great contest has been going on from that day to this, in the construction of guns of heavy calibre and of iron clad ships of war. The vulnerability of the armor plates of the warships had kept pace with the increasing force of the heaviest projectiles, until now the victory is with the modern 12-inch rifle gun, whose 1000-pound shot pierces the heaviest armor plate.

Admiral Dupont with his fleet of iron-clads was now ready for the attack. On the afternoon of the 7th of April the order was given by signal flags displayed upon the flagship, the new Ironsides, for the fleet to move up to the attack. At 3 o'clock the first monitor moved up into the harbor, followed by the whole fleet, one after the other, the new Ironsides in the center.

When the leading monitor came within range of Fort Moultrie, the Confederate flag was seen to go up to the top of the flag staff on this fort, and a salute of thirteen guns, was fired from the rebel forts, with shotted guns, The fire was returned by our monitors, when the whole harbor blazed forth a gigantic hail of shot and shell, the

guns of the enemy concentrating their fire upon the monitors,at first without apparent effect. The turrets upon each of our monitors turning by their wonderful mechanism until their portholes gave range to their gunners, opened their fire one after another with 11-inch, 13-inch and 15-inch shells, directing their guns chiefly upon Fort Sumter; less frequently a shot would be fired at Moultrie to the north of Sumter, then Morris Island to the south. The huge 15-inch shells are not now used by modern guns; their size can be understood when it is known that one of them would fill a bushel basket. When one of these tremendous shots struck the brick walls of Sumter, the works would be seen to crumble, sending huge clouds of brick dust into the air. The smoke from the guns, both our own and that of the enemy, now settling down, now rising as from a huge volcano.

The enemy had placed mines and other obstructions in the harbor, or it was so believed by Commodore Dupont, although it is claimed that the mines were mythical, so far as the channel was concerned. Months before, the enemy had placed buoys in the harbor at different points of approach, and their gunners had had long practice, so that in this attack, when the monitors came within range of these buoys their perfect range told with fearful effect.

Some of the officers of the fleet in describing the battle, said that the shot and shells could be seen like footballs of the giants.

A large percent of the shot from the enemy's guns would be deflected, glancing off when striking the armor plates, but a large number striking point blank penetrated the decks of the monitors, some striking the plate closing the portholes of the turret, some with such tremendous force as to stop the working of the turret, while one, the Keokuk, a double turreted monitor, was penetrated below the water line, and sunk off Morris Island beach

where later, after our capture of Morris Island, we could see it every day at low tide.

After forty-five minutes of this terrible bombarding, Commodore Dupont seeing the impossibility of continuing the fight, signalled the commanders to withdraw their vessels. The new Ironsides during this time had anchored within range of the guns of Sumter, just off Morris Is-

FORT SUMTER IN 1861.

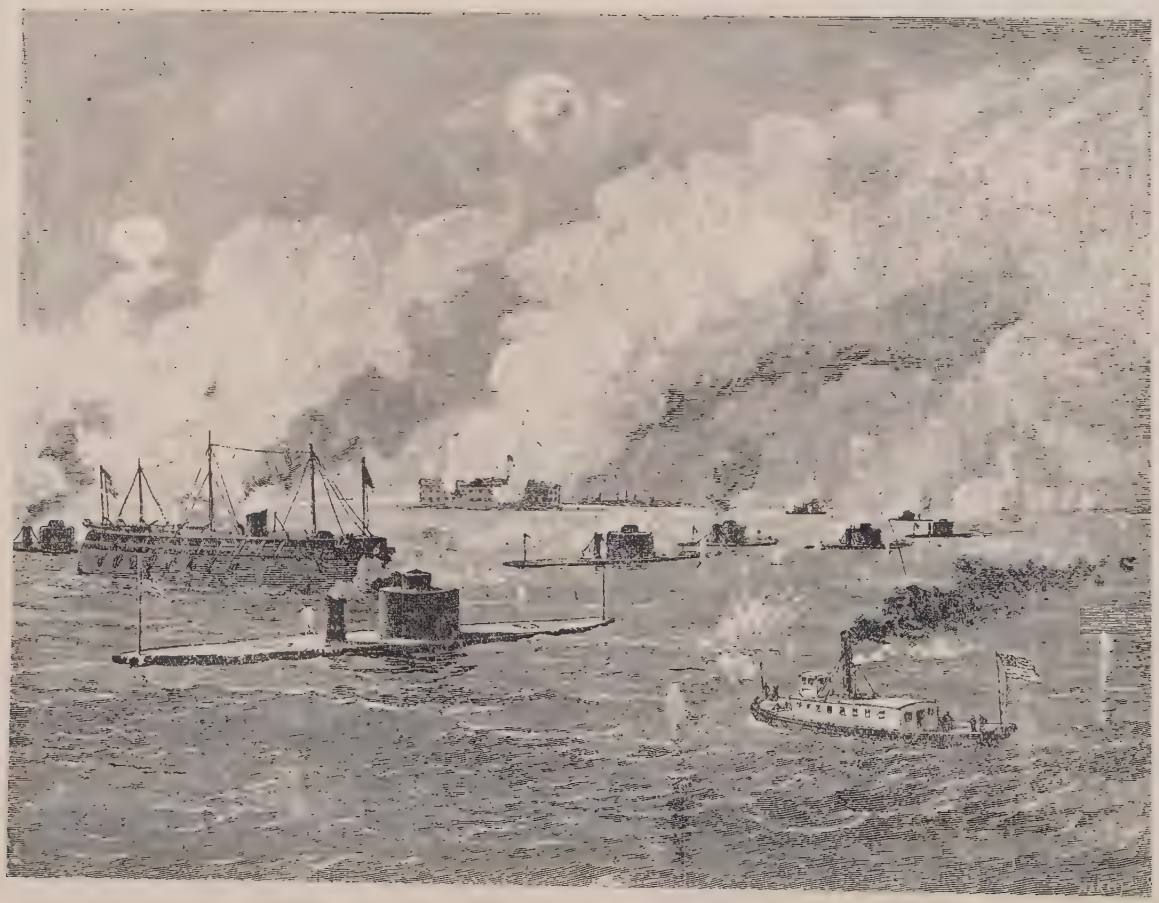
land, and by chance unwittingly dropped their anchor over a large mine, placed there by the enemy, but by some imperfection of the wires, the rebel officer in Fort Wagner who had charge of the works, found it impossible to explode the mine, thus saving the flagship and all its crew from being blown into eternity; their flagship weighing anchor, moved out with the monitors from under fire.

During the fight, the new Ironsides was struck ninety-five times, and without material damage. The Keokuk was struck ninety times, and all of the other monitors receiving the shock of from fifty to eighty projectiles. It was the intention of Admiral Dupont when he gave the order to withdraw, to renew the fight on the following day, but it was found that his vessels were so crippled he decided not to take the chance of turning a defeat into a disaster.

The total number of our guns upon the fleet was 33; the number of the enemy's guns was 74, of all calibres. Upon Fort Sumter, 33; Fort Moultrie, 21; Sullivan's Island, 10; Morris Island, 10. The whole number of shots fired by our fleet was 151; the whole number fired by the enemy, 2209, and of this number 520 struck our warships.

The importance of this battle was not gauged by its casualities, the loss of life was comparatively small upon our side. In the turret of the Nahant, the commander, John Downs, was in the pilot house with the pilot and quartermaster, when it was struck by a shot from Sumter, which killed the quartermaster, badly wounding the pilot, the commander escaping. In many instances the bolts of the armor plate flew savagely through the interior of the ships when the vessel was struck by the enemy's shot and shell, killing and wounding many through the fleet.

General Hunter urged upon Admiral Dupont to renew the attack upon the works upon Morris Island, and under the fire of his guns he would land his army and take possession, but this he claimed was impossible, that very morning having received from the secretary of war at Washington orders by a special messenger to proceed immediately following his attack upon Charleston, with all of his ships that were not disabled, to New Orleans. Quite a warm discussion between General Hunter and Admiral Dupont followed. To General Hunter the situation was clear that Admiral Dupont could act; his com-



Morris Island, left of picture

FORT SUMTER.
ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON APRIL 7. 1863.

Fort Moultrie

mand was ready and anxious to make the advance, but without the co-operation of the navy it was too hazardous a move to make. Following this, the naval vessels were withdrawn and the troops remained inactive for some days in their camps upon Folly Island and on board the transports; we of the 3rd regiment still upon the schooners in cramped and uncomfortable quarters.

ADMIRAL DUPONT'S MACHINE SHOP STATION CREEK, S. C

Repair shops for our war vessels had been established at Port Royal, and here the damaged monitors were sent for repairs. These repair shops were upon two vessels of the Stono Fleet that had been reserved for that purpose, and were anchored in Port Royal harbor, opposite Hilton Head. William H. Flynn of Nashua at one time was foreman of these shops. Mr. Flynn had come to Hilton Head as a clerk in the quartermaster or ordnance department as a civilian employe. His skill as a mechanic had become

known and he was transferred from a clerkship to the repair shop. Although not enlisted in the army or navy, he served his country and served it well in this capacity.

It appears that it was two old whaling vessels that had been diverted by the authorities from the hulks that were sunk at the entrance to Charleston harbor. These ships were brought to Port Royal, anchored, and lashed together with chains, roofed in, and in which a machine shop, blacksmith shop, tin shop, pattern shop, boiler shop, and a brass foundry were established. The workmen in these shops slept in hammocks swung under the roof; the cooking was done in the galleys of the old whaler.

Following the naval attack, the troops were sent to different points in the department; our regiment being first sent to Hilton Head, then upon the last of the month we were ordered to Botany Bay Island, upon the Edisto River. My memory of Botany Bay Island is chiefly of the discomforts of our camp in the way of insect pests—woodticks, snakes, huge spiders and unnamable crawling things, and the difficulties of making our camp, the uneven ground, in part being the remains of an old rebel fort, stumps, dead trees and underbrush, all together making it a most forbidding place. There was, however, upon the island quite an extensive growth of hard pine, live oak, cypress, palmetto and magnolia trees.

With all of our services up to this time, except our James Island campaign, we had experienced but little of the hardships of the soldier's life; the real campaigning was yet to come. Here upon Botany Bay we had for some weeks the usual camp duties.

I remember Botany Bay also from the fact of my being detailed for the first time by the colonel as acting adjutant of the regiment, Adjutant Libby being detailed as acting assistant adjutant general, upon Colonel Jackson's staff, who was in command of the post, Lieutenant Colonel Bedel being in command of the regiment.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S FLOATING BATTERY, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

It was here, too, that a court-martial was convened to try one of our captains, who had been placed under arrest under the charge of sleeping upon his post when in command of the picket-guard. I was detailed upon the court-martial and as judge advocate. It was a new and untried duty for me, and from subsequent knowledge of something of the importance of such a position, it appears in my reminiscence of the conditions, that I was eminently unfitted for such a position, and the strange part of it would appear to be, that Colonel Jackson, who convened the court, should not have selected one older and of more experience.

It so happened that Colonel Bedel who had proved himself most friendly and ready to stand by me in all my difficulties, was a lawyer by profession and by his help I sustained myself upon this occasion, he helping me through the proceedings of the court and in making up my report.

The captain on trial was found guilty, but with extenuating circumstances, the court recommending a temporary arrest and reprimand. This captain, whom it is unnecesary to name, though I may say that he was not a Nashua man, proved himself to be one of the bravest officers in our regiment; twice wounded, and finally killed at Drury's Bluff.

A court-martial as its name indicates is a court for the enforcement of discipline in the army, for the trial of cases of violation of military law exclusively, and may be convened by the President, who is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, commanding generals, and by colonels of regiments in cases affecting their commands only. Courts-martial are made up of officers detailed for the purpose, the number being four or more, according to the cases for trial; a president of the court who presides, a judge-advocate who presents the cases, and is also the recorder of proceedings; a drum-head court-martial is

called in emergencies requiring immediate action; it gets its name from the supposed use of a drum as a court table upon which to do the business. We had a drum-head court-martial in our regiment when in Florida, for the trial of a deserter. Recruits had been sent to us from the north, and there were always more or less bounty jumpers, called so from having received a large bounty to enlist, then took the first opportunity to desert, finding their way to the North to again enlist, to receive an-

NEW IRONSIDES AND MONITOR.

other bounty. We had numerous desertions of this kind: Colonel Plimpton was in command of the regiment, and was the kind of an officer who could not be trifled with. He determined to put a stop to desertions. One night he secretly placed the second picket line outside of the first. During the night, a recruit escaped from camp, found his way through the first picket line, and approached a post of the second or outside picket line, supposing it to be that of the enemy. When challenged he replied "Halloa, Johnnies, I am a Yank and am coming over to your

side." "All right" the sentinel said, "come on," falling easily into the trap. He was immediately taken into camp, and to Colonel Plimpton's tent.

The colonel was awakened, the officer making his report of the capture of the deserter. The colonel immediately ordered a court-martial; it was then about midnight. The officers detailed organized the court and the prisoner was brought before them. Short work was made of the trial, the evidence was direct and there was no defence.

The prisoner was declared guilty of desertion, and under the rules of war and military law, he was sentenced to be shot. The report was made within an hour to Colonel Plimpton, when he ordered that he should be shot at sunrise, and in the presence of the whole command, the sentence was executed; the man was shot and buried within less than six hours from the time he left camp. Colonel Plimpton then made a full report of the affair to the department commander, asking that the proceedings of the court-martial and the sentence be approved. We had no more desertions in our regiment for many months.

Leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted men were granted from time to time for various causes, usually on account of continued ill health, when they would go home to New Hampshire for a short stay, and frequently officers would be sent home upon recruiting service, so that officers and men were going and coming continually. There was also a continual call for passes from the colonel commanding for limited absence from hours to several days. Officers and men were also detailed from the regiment for special duty apart from the regiment, some times at the brigade or division headquarters, officers were also detailed as aides on the staff of some one of the commanding generals, men were also detailed from the ranks as clerks and orderlies at the different headquarters.

There were also men detailed for cooks and their assistants for the different companies and at regimental, brigade and division headquarters. These details were frequently so large and the number of men who were unfit for duty from sickness and from wounds, in camp and in hospitals, that the fighting force in the ranks would be reduced to perhaps 50 percent of the aggregate number upon the roll.

While in camp for any length of time, bunks would be built in the tents, if lumber could be found, and this was the case at Botany Bay, and for officers' tents floors would be laid and a framework constructed, over which the wall tent would be drawn making it more substantial; in the construction of the framework, not forgetting a shelf to run around the interior. Frequently a limited number of pieces of furniture, chairs and wash stands, etc., would be found at abandoned plantations and brought into camp. Here at Botany Bay frequent raids were made upon adjacent islands, and the spoils brought back to camp. Wild game was found occasionally, deer, gray squirrels, plover, which added materially to our rations.

Every steamer from the North brought more or less civilians, visitors to the different camps, sutlers, government agents, men of the sanitary commission and others. While at Hilton Head our camp was visited by Dr. Locke, one of Nashua's most patriotic citizens, who through the War did all in his power to support the soldier in the field. He was most welcome in our regiment, and was given a hearty welcome.

George E. Wheat of Nashua also came to Port Royal; he was my personal friend and old-time schoolmate; a most welcome visitor. It was his purpose to enlist in Captain Randlett's company at the beginning of the war, but parental authority was too much for him, although he did go into camp at Concord and was for a time clerk in Captain Randlett's quarters. His patriotic

instincts were strong, and that he did not serve his country through the war as a soldier, was no fault of his. A Mr. Moore, of Concord, a photographer, came to our camp at Hilton Head and took many photographs, several of which appear in this volume.

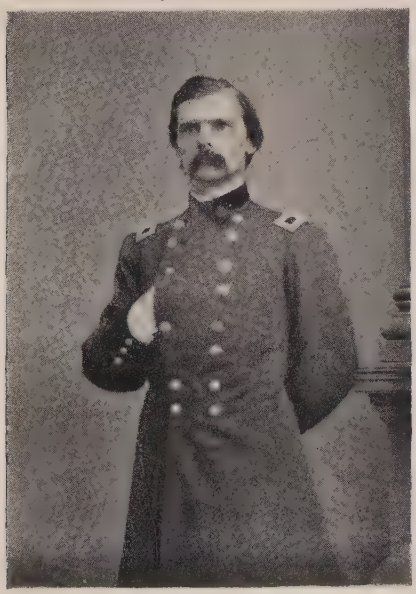
In the group of Company F, our Nashua company, the faces of the boys now grown old and grizzled, may be seen, few of whom are still living

SHRAPNEL SHELL

CHAPTER XVII.

The Capture of Morris Island.

ST. HELENA Island was the new headquarters for the department of the South. A larger part of the army was here concentrated, and with the understanding that a new movement against Charleston was soon to be made. The several weeks in camp here was quite a part of the sunny side of the soldiers' life. The duties of camp were all of a pleasant kind, the rations were of the best, and something unusual, extensive bakeries had been established at Hilton Head, a few miles away and were now supplying the army with fresh soft bread.



GEN. GEORGE E. STRONG.

The soil of this island is alluvial, fresh vegetables and fruits quite abundant, raised by the negroes. Although the weather was exceedingly hot, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 110, it was relieved by the sea breeze, our camp being so situated that we received the full benefit of

it. In the reorganization of the 10th army corps, the troops in this department being so designated, General George C. Strong was assigned to the command of our brigade. General Strong was a model soldier, a good disciplinarian, and here under his command we had brigade drills.

At this time General Quincy A. Gilmore, who had been chief engineer of the department and who had wonderful skill, reduced the rebel fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River, from guns erected upon Tybee Island, two miles away. General Gilmore was now assigned to the command of the department relieving General Hunter.

The penalty of defeat with the generals of our war was not always disgrace, nor often dismissal, but the failure to meet with success in one field meant the transfer to another command. General Hunter was now relieved from a department in which he had not met with success expected of him, and was transferred to Virginia. In the army of the Potomac, General Hunter was more successful, and proved himself to be one of our able major-generals in the operations under General Grant. On the 14th of the month, General Hunter and his staff left for the North on the steamer Arago, and on the same steamer was Lieutenant Smith of our regiment, who had resigned his commission because, as he thought, he had not been recognized in the way of promotion, and there was also on the same ship, Captain Wilbur of Company B, who had been court-martialed and dishonorably discharged from the service.

It was now the 16th of June, 1863, the anniversary of the battle of James Island, and on this day, the 16th, the Rebel Ram Fingal was captured in the Savannah river, and was towed the next day to our harbor and anchored directly opposite our camp. It was a great curiosity to the crowd of soldiers who gathered on the wharf and

along the bank of the river; it was built in the shape of a turtle, with four heavy guns and a crew of 160 men, each man before the capture being armed with a rifle, revolver and cutlass. The 15 or 20 men who had been wounded in the fight were immediately transferred to our hospital ship Vermont, that was lying in the river and the prisoners were put on board the Wabash.

ON THE DECK OF A MONITOR.

The commander of the Monitor which made the capture was Commodore John Rogers, one of the most gallant of our naval commanders; he was our guest at the officers mess the day after the capture and entertained us with the story of the fight and the capture. I remember it in part: the Ram had been built at Savannah and from the proceeds of the sale of the jewels of the women of that city. There was great interest among the citizens of Savannah in the building of this warship; the progress of the building of the ship was watched from day to day

by the people of this city. It was finally completed, and the day fixed for clearing the Savannah river of the Yankees and the re-capture of Fort Pulaski. Two steamer loads of the people of the city went down the river, following the ram, to see the discomfiture of the hated Yankees and the capture of the fort. "I had been waiting," the Commodore said, "when the Fingal made its appearance steaming slowly down the river, followed by the two steamer loads of sightseers. The first shot from the Monitor, a 13-inch shell, was sent flying over the Rebel Ram, and exploding beyond. This was quite enough for the pleasure party, the two boats turning and disappearing in the direction of Savannah. The Fingal returned the fire, but with very little effect. Moving up to close range, our Monitor made short work in disabling the ram, the capture soon following."

On the 3d day we embarked with other troops and once more the army was headed for Charleston. The occupation of Folly Island, which has before been described as being at the entrance of Charleston harbor, had been maintained by our troops and in the attack about to be made this was the base of operations.

It will be remembered by the older generation that intense interest centered upon Charleston and our ironclad fleet that was so easily to sail up into Charleston harbor, and capture this "hot-bed of secession." So great was the disappointment at the failure of the navy to capture Charleston in the attack of April 7th, that it was determined to make an immediate and combined attack by the army and navy.

It is a matter of history that in the operations following the army under General Quincy A. Gilmore, with the navy co-operating, known as "the Siege of Charleston" there was some of the hardest experiences ever known in siege operations. Some of the most desperate fighting of the war, notably the capture of Morris Island

from open boats, and at Fort Wagner, and also the greatest of heavy artillery firing and the most audacious of military engineering in the world's history. The plan of the attack was to capture Morris Island, reduce Fort Sumter by the combined attack of heavy siege guns and the ironclad navy, and the fall of Charleston would follow.

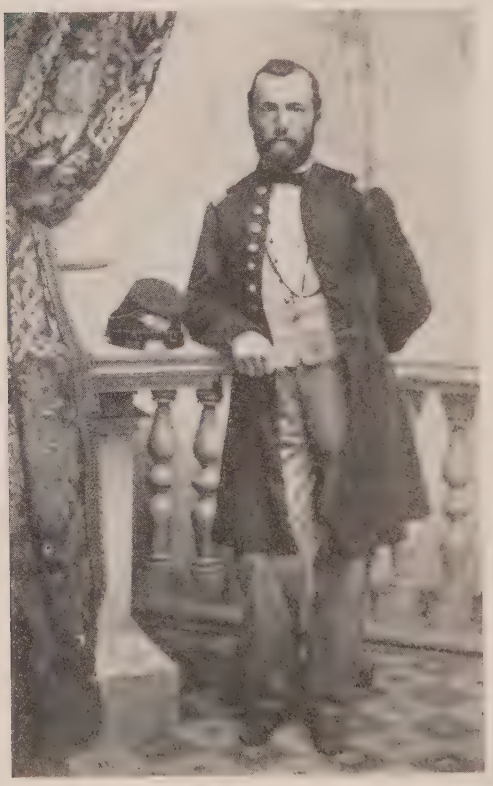
Looking back over the space of forty-five years, memory does not permit of giving very much in detail the history of this wonderful siege, but something of its history, "all of which I saw, a part of which I was," I will attempt. I was acting adjutant of my regiment, taking the place of Adjutant Libby, who was then serving upon the staff of General George C. Strong.

We were upon Folly Island, having secured a foothold here, making it the base of operations. Ten thousand troops under General Quincy A. Gilmore had been concentrated.

In the afternoon of July 9, Adjutant Libby came into my tent and told me of the plan for the capture of Morris Island. Our brigade, he said, had been selected as the assaulting column. We were to make the attack in open boats; he seemed very much elated at the prospect of the glorious part we were to take as the "Forlorn Hope." I can't say that I shared his enthusiasm, on the contrary, to the best of my recollection, the cold shivers ran down my back, well knowing something of the horrors of facing a combined artillery and musketry fire under the most favorable circumstances, but to advance in open boats against the hail of grape and cannister, and a whirlwind of lead and exploding shell, called for the courage born either of a reckless disregard of life or a martyr's duty to his God and country.

Libby was a model soldier, courageous and true. He was spared in the slaughter in the boat attack but was killed a few days later on the slopes of Fort Wagner in that terrible charge of July 18th.

About 9 o'clock in the evening of the 9th of July, our brigade under General George C. Strong, moved out of camp with two days' rations of hard-tack and coffee, marched across to the westerly side of the island, and quietly embarked in boats that lay waiting for us in the creek. Slowly and quietly we moved up the stream with oars muffled, and every voice hushed, that the enemy's pickets should not discover our approach.



ADJT. ALVIN A. LIBBY.

Arriving at the mouth of Light House inlet, a halt was ordered, and under the cover of the tall marsh grasses along the shore, we waited the dawn of day. Scarcely had the first rays of daybreak begun to show itself in the east when we heard to our right upon the extreme northerly end of Folly Island, in the direction of our masked batteries, the sound of axes in the chopping of trees to uncover our batteries.

We wait with intense interest, for we know this to be the prelude to the signal gun that will announce the open-

ing of our batteries. The iron-clad fleet has crossed the bar and is moving up into position.

The enemy, all unconscious, are still sleeping in their camps on Morris island, less than a half mile away. The forest in front of our batteries falls as if by magic.

The signal gun booms out over the water, echoing and re-echoing from the waters to the clouds above. Then fifty guns and mortars shake the islands and pour a deadly shower of missiles into the camps of the enemy.

The guns of our ironclads in the harbor add to the din. The huge 15-inch shells from our monitor guns go crocheting over the water, striking the sand lands of the batteries upon the island, throwing cart loads high into the air, exploding with deadly effect and with the rumblings and vibrations of an earthquake.

The enemy although taken by surprise soon man their guns and heroically serve them with unerring aim; for two hours an incessant bombardment between our batteries and our warships in the harbor and the rebel guns upon Morris island is kept up. A signal has been given to General Strong to move his brigade up and assault the works.

The order is given to pull out and on we move, out into the stream in full view of the rebel batteries. As we approach, the guns of our fleet in the harbor slacken their fire for fear of damage to our forces, and the enemy divide their attention between our batteries and our boats.

On we pull, preserving our formation as best we can, three thousand bayonets flashing in the rays of the rising sun, three thousand men facing death. A shell from the rebel batteries comes screaming over our heads, and explodes beyond without damage, another and another in quick succession explode over our boats; several are killed and wounded by the flying fragments.

No order is given to fire from the boats. "Forward," shouts General Strong from the leading boat. "Forward! Pull, you oarsmen, pull for your lives!"

The boats are now fairly flying through the water. The rebel infantry are plainly seen upon the line or rifle pits upon the shore, and have opened fire. "Down, down men, and get what protection you can! Pull pull harder!" The zip and ping of the rebel bullets now sing about our ears, striking our boats, sometimes striking men.

Nearer and nearer we approached the shore. The leaden hail and exploding shell are increasing and are thinning our ranks but serves not to check the advance. Grimly the oarsmen pull at their oars, and with blanched faces, but firm set mouths, like statues, our men stand with rifles firmly grasped, ready for the command of their gallant leader.

Most of the men were standing facing the storm; Colonel Jackson, he who was called a martinet, is now in his element, standing in the very bow of one of the leading boats. Major Plimpton, the true soldier that he was, and the second in command of the regiment, was near. Captain Randlett, his men around him, the exemplification of bravery, standing erect, facing the storm of lead and iron, with fifty or more of the men in the boat that I was in; in the next boat I see Lieutenants Trickey and Edgerly, Parker and Sergt. Eldridge of Co. K all young fellows under age coming up from the ranks and they knew not fear, or who knowing it, rose heroically above it; and there were many others, too, the little Irish Sergeant Donley, who not only proved a hero in this battle but through every fight in which the regiment took part he was conspicuous by his bravery, before the close of the war rising to the rank of captain; and among the boys of Company F, I see Wadsworth, then a Lieutenant, and Alf Hayden, and I have no doubt even here he saw

the ludicrous side of something, helping the boys to face the danger; and Charlie Hall, too, one of the bravest of the men behind the rifle, who served through the war courageously, returning to Nashua, living the quiet home life, and dying in the year 1909; and his brother, Horace Hall, one of the best and bravest of Nashua soldiers in the ranks, was there too, and many others of those whose names do not now come to me, but who equally deserve to be classed among the heroes.

The feeling of courage or of fear is contagious; there were stalwart men facing this carnival of death whose bravery was psychologicaly infused into the blood of the less brave, whose natural timidity would have overcome them and would have succumbed to fear and become helpless, but they stood here now together one solid, courageous unit. Never in War's experience, in the War of the Rebellion nor in the wars of any age, was there an instance calling for greater courage nor was there ever greater courage shown by soldiers of any age, than here at this moment in facing these terrific conditions

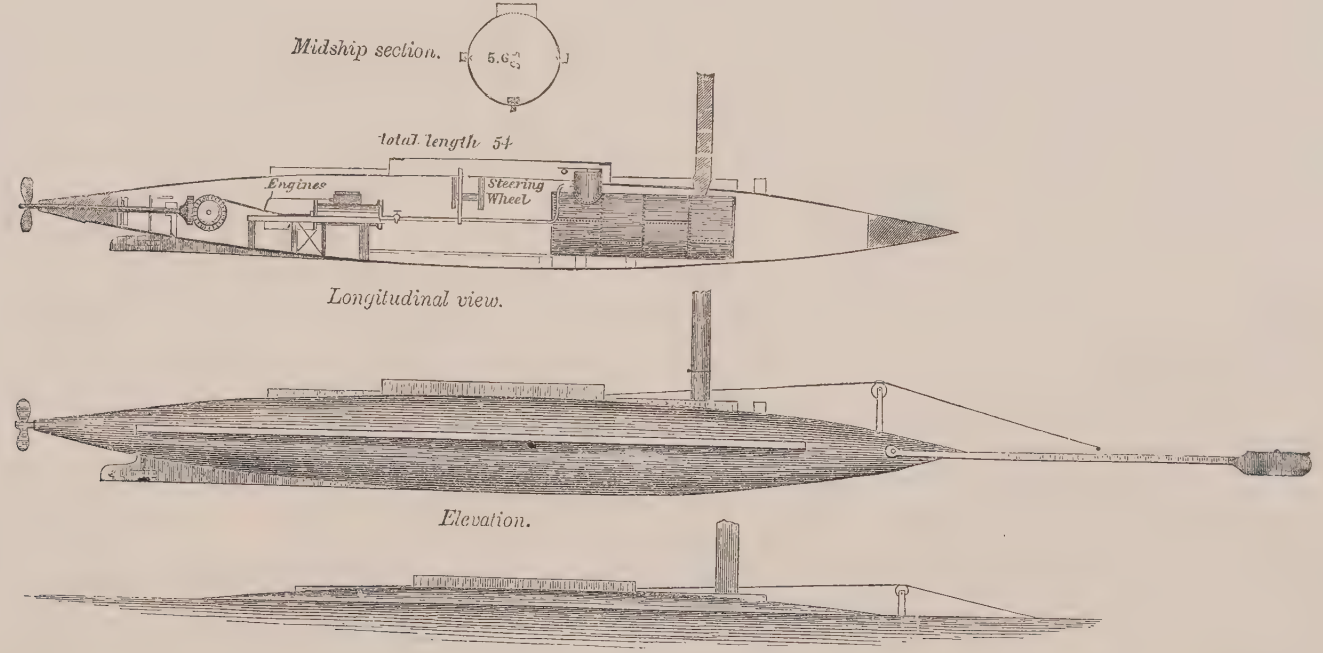
A shell explodes in the boat next to my own, killing and wounding many. The boat sinks, leaving a struggling mass of human forms in the water, reddened with the blood of the dead and wounded, but on, on we pull striking the beach, out jump the men, some in water waist deep. All hastily forming upon the shore under the excited commands given by the officers they move on in the face of a deadly fire of infantry and artillery. "Charge bayonets!" is the command. With a wild yell, all along the line the enemy are routed from their rifle pits and earthworks upon the shore, pushing on and over their works we move, leaving a trail of the dead and wounded behind us in our advance, driving them back from battery to battery, through their camps, over the sand hills, back to Fort Wagner.

From Charleston newspapers found in the captured camp, we first learned of the victory of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. As the troops were moving forward over the sands hills and up the beach of Morris Island, Lieutenant-Colonel Bedel, our gallant old fighting Bedel, came along with a rebel newspaper in one hand, his hat in the other, shouting at the top of his voice "Vicksburg captured! great victory at Gettysburg!" and in his wild enthusiasm, grasped me around the neck, lifting me from the ground in a way that, having escaped the shot and shell of the enemy, I was sure I was to die of strangulation.

Added to our own victory and in the act of following up a retreating enemy, the enthusiasm of the men knew no bounds, and with wild hurrahs and vociferous yells, we followed up the panic stricken forces of Beauregard, firing into them as opportunity offered, until they reached their stronghold—Fort Wagner. Here the advance was checked by a vigorous fire from their infantry and the guns of Wagner and Sumter—Wagner a mile or more and Sumter two or three miles away—and other rebel forts in the harbor, they having got range of our troops.

Upon the approach of our boats to the shore, many of our men jumped too quick. General Strong was among the first to jump, went into the water all over, lost his boots in the mud, his hat floating off with the tide, and when I saw the general he was leading his brigade in the advance up the beach, bootless and hatless, mounted upon a diminutive mule or jack, captured in the camp of the enemy.

It was now 9 o'clock. The torrid heat of the sun upon the glaring sands, with the intense excitement of the morning, had added greatly to the casualities of battle. Many of our men were lying dead and wounded in front of the rifle pits and all along the line of march many were prostrated by the intense heat. Pickets were thrown out



Longitudinal view.

Elevation.

View when immersed.

SUB-MARINE TORPEDO BOAT.

and the troops were glad to seek protection behind the sand hills of the islands and get needed rest and rations.

The firing from Wagner had now become continuous and occasional shots from Fort Sumter and from Fort Johnson on James Island came plowing along the broad beach and ricocheting over the sand hills down among our men. A group of officers, myself among the number, were sitting under the protection of one of those treacherous sand hills; a pail of butter, which had been found in a rebel tent was between us, and we were enjoying the luxury of hard-tack and butter, when a shell came plowing over the sands, bounding and striking within a few feet of us, nearly burying the whole party with dirt and demolishing our pail of butter, striking Colonel Bedel upon the leg as he sat upon the ground, wheeling him around and over and over like a tenpin.

LIEUT. J. HOMER EDGERLY.

The colonel was soon on his feet again, however, covered with dirt, his eyes, nose and mouth full of it, but yelling with a vigor characteristic of the man, and with language more forceful than elegant, "Where in H— is our butter?" "Where's our butter?" the next instant

picking up the shell a few rods away with the fuse still burning and throwing it down the beach into the water.

As the shot and shell from Sumter and Wagner came tearing down the beach over the sand, our men found sport in dodging the missiles; a dangerous, ghastly sport it proved in some cases. A Whitworth shot came from Sumter—a Whitworth shot, by the way, is of peculiar shape and proportions, being a hexagon or octagon, some 18 to 24 inches in length, by four to six inches in

REQUA BATTERY.

diameter. One of these shots from Sumter came whirling and shrieking through the air like a fiend incarnate, passed between Colonel Jackson and myself, standing within ten feet of each other, striking one of our men, severing his body like the stroke of a guillotine.

Another man, Corporal McCoy of Company F, had thrown himself to the earth to escape a shot or shell he saw coming, but he was directly in its path. The ball striking the ground, bounding a hundred feet or more, struck the corporal in the back, killing him instantly. That so-called spent shot that buried our party in sand and struck Colonel Bedel was not so far spent as to be harmless, for the blow upon Colonel Bedel's leg although

not thought to be serious at the time, caused a contusion of the flesh, followed by superation, keeping him in the hospital for two or three weeks.

This reminiscence of the boat attack and capture of the island will not be completed, so far as I am concerned individually, without telling the story of what some would call foolish recklessness. In advancing upon the rebel fortifications after the landing from the boats, a part of the brigade moved to the left and a part to the right; we were upon the extreme right swinging around the rebel fortifications, and upon reaching the works, away across the camp and fields to the extreme right of the rebel rifle pits, some quarter of a mile, troops were seen which we supposed to be the enemy, and a fire was opened upon them. It was discovered, however, that they were our own men that had been sent to make the attack upon the left. The order was immediately given to "cease firing," but no voice could be heard above the din and crash of musketry. Impulsively I jumped upon the works over which the men were firing, their rifles resting upon the the top of the breast works; I ran along the line, kicking their rifles right and left, brandishing my sword in their faces and hollering at the top of my voice, "Cease firing! Cease firing!" This did not fail to attract their attention and the firing ceased.

We had gained a foothold upon the island, but how long we could hold it, or what further advance could be made, was uncertain. Fort Wagner, the strongest earthwork upon the coast, stood between us and Charleston.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Battle of Fort Wagner—The Siege of Charleston Begins.

MORRIS Island was about three miles in length, from 300 to 400 yards in width; it was an island of sand, chiefly of beach and in part of sand hills of irregular size and formation, being blown up by the winds, some of them in time reaching up to the height of twenty feet or more, continually changing in its formation by the action of the winds and tides. On the interior, stretching toward James Island to the southwest was an extensive impassable morass interspersed by creeks. Fort Wagner was about two and one-half miles from the lower end of the island, with a front of something like 800 feet from the waters of the harbor across the island to the swamps.

The approach to Wagner was over a narrow strip of land less than 100 yards in width, and over which the waters flowed at high tide; farther on in the direction of Charleston at the northwesterly end of the island was Fort Gregg, less than a mile from Sumter. Fort Gregg was upon what was known as Cummings Point, and from this rebel battery the first gun of the war was fired upon Sumter.

The first night after the assault and capture of the island we bivouacked among the sand hills; not much sleep that night for we were told that at daylight we were to assault Fort Wagner. In the early dawn we were in line waiting the command

to move forward to the attack, but in this movement our regiment was to be in reserve and in support of the attacking party, the 2nd brigade having moved over from Folly Island during the day. It was confidently believed that an immediate attack upon Wagner before it could be reinforced would result in its capture, but not so, the attack was met with a terrific fire of infantry and artillery, driving our forces back in confusion before the reserve could come up to their support. It was clearly demonstrated that the fort was far more formidable than was

SIEGE GUN GOING TO THE FRONT.

supposed to be by the commanding general, and the whole force was withdrawn.

Upon retreating to the cover of the sand hills we found that our camp equipage had been brought up, but nothing like the semblance of a regular camp was possible. The location of our regiment was not far from the lookout upon one of the highest of the sand hills. Around and near this, among the many irregular and broken spaces the camp was pitched. The camps of other troops were pitched in a like manner all along the island down to Lighthouse Inlet.

Ten thousand troops were now upon the island, and the greatest activity prevailed. Siege guns and all kinds

of war material were being brought over from Folly Island.

The skill of the military engineer now came to the front. Immense details of troops were sent nightly, to use the shovel in erecting batteries preparatory to another assault to be made upon Fort Wagner. Something like forty seige guns and mortars were soon in position within easy range of Wagner.

This work was not done without opposition; a tremendous fire from Sumter, Wagner and the other forts in the harbor was opened upon our men in the trenches and kept up, killing and wounding many. The work was done chiefly in the night.

Preparations were now complete for another assault upon Wagner. Early on the morning of the 18th, the whole command was ordered into line, each man with one day's ration of hard tack and coffee. General Truman Seymour, under the command of General Gilmore, was in the immediate command of the assaulting column.

The command was made up of two brigades, the First brigade under General Strong was to lead the assault; in this brigade was the 3rd N. H., 54th Mass., Colored, the 6th Conn., 48th N. Y., 7th Conn., 9th Maine, and the 76th Penn. The 2nd brigade commanded by Colonel Putnam of the 7th N. H., was composed of his own regiment and the 100th N. Y., 62nd Ohio and 67th Ohio.

After rations were served in the early morning, the line was formed upon the beach and the column moved up in the direction of the enemy. Our navy had now moved up from their anchorage in the outer harbor, the monitors in the lead followed by the new Ironsides, then the wooden gunboats. The opening gun was from our battery, followed quickly by the monitors and a broadside from the new Ironsides. The roar of the artillery is indescribable. The heavens seemed to have been rent

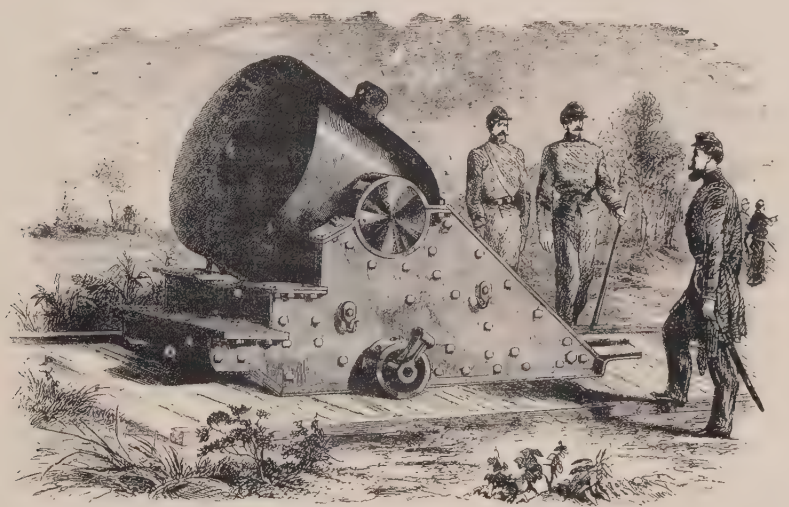
in twain and the very earth trembled under our feet. For hours and hours this cannonading went on all day long. We waited upon the sands of the beach and the sand hills well out of range of the enemy's guns watching this terrific bombardment, the huge shells from the monitors' guns striking and skimming over the surface of the water till they strike the slopes of the fort, then deflecting into the air and into the fort, exploding with the noise and vibrations of a crash of thunder, sending huge clouds of dirt mingled with smoke high into the air. Twice the flag of Fort Wagner was shot away, and when the flag first went down, cheer after cheer went up from our troops, we supposing the lowering of the flag meant the surrender of the fort, but each time it was replaced by a daring man who had emerged from the bomb-proof long enough to perform this heroic act.

General Gilmore was personally superintending the movement and had taken position with his staff upon one of the highest of the sand hills for observation. He directed that the assault should be delayed until nightfall, that the troops in their advance coud not be seen from the distant rebel forts.

As the evening approached the order was finally given to move forward to the attack. Out from behind the protection of the sand hills, through our breastworks, and up the beach, General Strong's brigade leading, the column moved forward. Contrary to the usual formation in line of battle, the swamps making it impossible to so advance, the forces moved to the attack in company front. The darkness of the night proved no protection, the enemy's guns bore upon the narrow approach to Fort Wagner with perfect range. The 54th Massachusetts colored troops, under command of the gallant Colonel Shaw, was assigned the post of honor to lead the assault, our own guns from the batteries and fleet keeping up their fire until the leading regiment had approached so

near Wagner that it was perilous to our own forces. Then the firing from our guns ceased.

Instantly the enemy swarmed from the bomb-proofs in Wagner, and a sheet of flame burst forth from the parapet of the fort. "Double quick, charge bayonets!" is the order given, and across this narrow neck of land, hardly distance for a company front, the troops crowded forward literally into the jaws of death. The concentrated hail of shot and shell from the distant batteries and now from Wagner itself swept this narrow passage-



MORTAR PRACTICE—13-INCH SHELL MORTAR, AS USED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—WEIGHT OF MORTAR 17,000 POUNDS

way with fearful and deadly effect. The only breastwork was that of the mass of human flesh of the troops in the front, while those in the rear pressing on and mounting over the dead bodies of the slain, in turn to be mowed down like the grass, in swaths; but pushing on till the ditch of the fort was reached, through the waters of the moat and tearing away the abatis of stakes and boarding pikes, up the slope, on to the parapet they climb in a hand to hand struggle for possession.

The dusky heroes of the 54th Massachusetts had planted their flag upon the works, followed by the 7th New Hampshire, then the 3rd New Hampshire, and other regiments in a confused and struggling mass.

The 6th Connecticut have pushed on up the beach and gained possession of the fort upon the right, but in the labyrinth of passageways incident to a fort of this character, they were unable to make further progress but for a time tenaciously held on to the advantage they had gained.

The negro troops had met with fearful slaughter, almost annihilated; in the very face of the flames of the musketry they had climbed the parapet, when a panic seized the survivors and they fled in confusion back over and through the ranks of the other troops.

The genius of Dante could but faintly portray the horrors of that hell of fire and sulphurous smoke—the crash and roar of artillery and musketry—the wild cheers of our men as they reached the parapet of the fort—the rebel yell in response—the agonizing shrieks of those wounded from the bayonet thrust, or pierced by the bullet of the rifle, or crushed by fragments of exploding shell, sinking to earth a mass of quivering flesh and blood in the agony of horrible death. The half can never be told—language is all too tame to convey the horrors and the meaning of it all.

By the orders given by General Strong, Colonel Jackson had been instructed to move his regiment to the left in the advance to the attack, but the order was evidently misunderstood by the Colonel, for instead of moving to the left and making the atack upon the enemy's right, he moved his command straight on to the works. Lieutenant-Colonel Bedel understanding the order as it was given, moved to the left, in advance of the regiment, expecting that his lead would be followed, and he pushed on and into the rebel fort, and where if the regiment had

obeyed its orders an entrance could have been made but in the darkness and confusion Colonel Bedel discovered his mistake too late, and was surrounded by the enemy and taken prisoner. Lieutenant Trickey then in command of Company pany H also understanding the order as it was given, moved to the left in advance of his company, bravely leading, and on to the works, looking and calling in vain for his company to follow; in the deafening roar of artillery and musketry and the darkness of the night there was little sense of the surroundings.

LIEUT. WILLIAM H. TRICKEY.

It was found impossible to hold the advantage gained and a retreat was finally ordered and back over that narrow stretch of land, still under a terrific fire from the enemy, leaving the dead and many of the wounded, the remnant of that valiant army fell back, running the gauntlet of the fire, a disorganized force.

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them—
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of Hell—
All that was left of them."

The casualities were something terrific; over 33 per cent of the numbers engaged were killed or wounded. Nearly one-half of the officers of the whole command were killed or wounded. The rebel general Beauregard said in his official report that the morning after the battle they buried eight hundred of our dead in front of the fort. More than one thousand of the wounded were brought to the rear.

In their intense hatred of the officers of the colored troops, the enemy buried the body of Colonel Robert Shaw under that of the negroes he had led into the battle, seeking petty revenge and thinking to disgrace his memory.

By all known rules of war the failure to capture Fort Wagner, would have ended the movement against Charleston by this line of operation but not so with General Gilmore.

It will be remembered that a few months previous to this time he had made a world-wide reputation as a most skillful engineer by the reduction and capture of Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah river with his siege guns and mortars upon Tybee Isands, more than a mile away. In the emergency that now confronted him the same strategy was at his command, and how skillfully made use of the world already knows.

The science of war is represented by the engineer corps of the army and the artillerist. The size or calibre of guns and projectiles necessary for use to accomplish the purposes of the work in hand is determined by the engineer and artillerist, the range of the guns of differ-

ent calibre being gauged and measured to a certainty by the engineer and artillerist. In the movements of armies in the field, maps of the country in which the army is operating are made by the engineer; all the roads and by-roads, streams and belts of woods and physical conditions generally are made known to the commanding general by his staff of engineers. The construction of pontoon bridges or the destruction of bridges to obstruct the passage of the army of the enemy was all in the hands of the engineer; he must be always ready to meet emergencies.

In our operations to the capture of Morris Island, there was an instance of the resources of the engineer. Across the creek through which our boats were to move in making the attack upon Morris Island, the enemy had driven huge logs of piling. General Gilmore ordered Colonel Serrell, chief engineer, to remove the obstruction, and the night before the attack was to be made, tools were shipped from Hilton Head for the purpose of clearing the creek for the passage of our boats, and in two hours from the time the engineers commenced the work, every log was cut off eight feet below the water.

The problem now confronting General Gilmore was something new in the annals of war; the books must be ignored, and therein lies the greatness of General Gilmore in establishing a new precedent in the science of war.

The construction of parallel lines in the operation of sapping and mining in an approach to the enemy's works is a hazardous operation under the most favorable conditions, but when it is known that for hundreds of yards the entire mass of sand and other material for the construction of the immense earthworks with their bomb-proof, was carried forward in sand bags upon the backs of men, and otherwise, the wonderful genius of Gilmore and the courage and endurance of our soldiers can be better understood, and this work accomplished, too, under a constant fire of the enemy. The alert sharpshooter was also

getting in his deadly work. The last parallel was run into the ditch of Fort Wagner, the enemy still holding the fort.

Fort Sumter lay two miles and more from our nearest guns on Morris Island, and the reduction of Sumter over the heads of the garrison and guns of Fort Wagner has not ceased to be a marvel. At the end of the bom-

FORT SUMTER IN RUINS.

bardment it lay a mass of rubbish, every gun dismounted, and ever after served only as a bomb-proof for its garrison. Why the navy did not sail up to the wharves of the city of Charleston after the capture of Morris Island and after the guns of Sumter were silenced, history does not tell us.

During the whole time of the siege the troops not on duty in the trenches or other duty were spectators of the grandest and most spectacular exhibition the world ever saw. The sand hills back and out of range of the guns of the enemy, although an occasional shot did reach us, were covered with men, watching the firing of our own guns and mortars, and those of the enemy. Hundreds of guns and mortars of all calibre, from thirty pounders to two

hundred pounders, were continually belching forth as from the depths of regions infernal, fire and destruction. The sight was grandeur in its highest exemplification, particularly at night; the air filled with shot and shell, decribing with their fuses trains of fire in all directions through the heavens, the trembling of the earth beneath us as by the Almighty's hand, with the deafening roar and thunder of the guns, vieing with and exceeding the most terrific of Heaven's artillery, was a fascination that held me spellbound, knowing with each explosion in the trenches of our works that lay before us life was the for-

SKIRMISHERS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—FEDERAL SHARPSHOOTERS APPROACHING FORT WAGNER BEFORE THE EVACUATION.

UNION SKIRMISHERS IN FRONT OF WAGNER.

feit, or the wounded body of some of our boys was the accomplished fiendish work.

Fort Wagner was one of the most terrific battles of the war; the numbers engaged were but a fraction of the numbers at Gettysburg and Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, but the fierce fighting and heroism at Wagner was not excelled upon any battlefield in the War of the Rebellion, nor that of any other war.

There were many instances of personal bravery here at Wagner. The brave and gallant General Strong leading his brigade up to the very ditch of the Fort fell

with a terrible shell wound in his hip from which he died a few days later.

Adjutant Libby, his chief of staff, my predecessor—our Adjutant Libby of the 3rd Regiment—one of the bravest of the brave, was killed in executing the commands of his chief.

Colonel Robert C. Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts colored troops, was killed at the head of his command in leading the assault.

Colonel Jackson of our regiment was hit in the breast and his coat nearly torn from him, although not proving a serious wound, the blow felled him to the earth with a terrible shock, but he soon recovered himself and refused to go to the rear, retaining command of his regiment.

Colonel Putnam of the 7th New Hampshire, in command of the 2nd brigade, while standing upon the bomb-proof of the Fort, with sword aloft, calling upon his men to follow, a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullet, was shot through the head and instantly killed. And the heroes in the ranks—they were all heroic, those who were shot down, killed, or wounded and those who escaped the slaughter were alike heroes in facing death.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIEGE OPERATIONS UPON MORRIS ISLAND.

The Swamp Angel Reaches Charleston with Greek Fire.

OUR experience upon Morris Island through the siege of Charleston was most intense and nerve wearing, although personally in my official duties as adjutant, I escaped much of the severest duties our regiment was called upon to perform. Whole regiments were detailed for duty in the trenches in the work of shovelling and building bomb-proofs and the mounting of siege guns, one night in every three, and under constant fire from the enemy's guns; sometimes the regiment was on guard duty at the front to protect the working party from a sortie by the enemy. Not a morning through the siege did our men return to camp in full numbers. Every man starting out at night for the front, felt the uncertainty of his living until the morning—it was a constant facing of death.

The digging of trenches means what it plainly indicates, and under scientific rules of engineering, in this case it was termed "sapping and mining." This is the term used in the construction of breastworks or intrenchments in zig-zag lines, parallels, so-called, approaching gradually by such lines, the enemy's; in these works our siege guns were established. The object of the zig-zag as can be seen is to protect the working party—the soldiers who are working in the trenches and our artillerists by keeping the breastworks at such an angle as to prevent the shot and shell of the enemy from entering.

This work was carried forward for more than one mile over the sands of the island; one quarter of a mile of this distance the sands were so shallow that in digging from one to two feet, water stopped the way, and the entire works were constructed over this space by carrying the sand in bags, and the timbers for the bomb-proofs, upon the backs of men; this too, under the fire and cross fire from rebel guns and mortars, the enemy's sharp-shooters all the while doing their deadly work from behind the ridges of the sand hills in front of Fort Wagner.

Not for days only but for weeks this heroic work went on under the crash and roar of artillery from our own guns and that of the enemy, shaking the ground we stood upon; at times for hours it seemed a continuous exploding of shells over the heads of the men in the trenches, tearing human flesh to shreds, the zip and hissing of the bullets of the sharp-shooters seeking out the heads of those who recklessly or carelessly stood above the line of protection.

Under these harrassing conditions, shovelling and digging and lifting of timbers all night long was going on, until beyond human endurance nature would give way and many a poor boy would be carried back to camp and to the hospital.

The energies of the whole army were taxed to the limit; added to the casualities of the killed and wounded, there was a frightful loss in the death of hundreds who had escaped the shot and shell caused from this terrific service in the trenches, and added to this was the malaria from the swamps which had now become prevalent; our fighting force had become reduced to alarming figures; by one of the morning reports eighty men only were reported for duty in the whole regiment of about seven hundred men.

The histories of war so far as I have read do not begin to tell the full story of the siege of Charleston; lan-

SECOND PARALLEL.

guage fails to convey the full meaning of the operations upon Morris Island—of the marvelous engineering skill of General Gilmore—of the reduction of Fort Sumter to a mass of rubbish over the heads of the garrison of Fort Wagner, and this too, with his siege guns two miles away, under a concentrated fire from the enemy, and of the almost superhuman work of pushing his parallels for over one mile, and into the very ditch of the enemy's works; against obstacles new in the history of siege operations, and upon a gigantic scale such as the world had never before seen, and has since had its counterpart only in the siege of Port Arthur in the war of Japan and Russia. Over 5000 shot, large and small, were fired from our guns at Fort Sumter alone, something more than fifty percent of this number striking the fort, and completing its destruction. What is even more wonderful was the patriotic spirit, courage and endurance of the officers and men in the ranks, who faced horrible death from the enemy's shot and shell, and disease brought on by a long continued and intense nervous strain of work in the trenches and at all times surrounded by malarious swamps.

The courage of the men in the ranks was superb, deserving of all praise, even more than that of the commissioned officer, whose courage was to an extent stimulated by the pride of his position and consciousness of his responsibilities.

The hot fire from our batteries over the heads of our own men at work in the trenches would for a time silence the enemy's guns, so that only an occasional shot would be fired; men were then stationed on the top of our works, more particularly at night, whose duty it was to watch out for the approaching shells as seen by the fuse of the shell fired from mortars.

The mortar is the most effective of engines of war for use in siege operations; their form of construction is entirely different from that of the ordinary gun. They are

made of such extraordinary thickness as to withstand the strain of firing at an extremely high elevation. The shells from the mortar mounting higher and higher into the air, reaching the extreme height, apparently stop for its downward plunge; slowly at first they descend, increasing in rapidity, sometimes exploding in air, but if the fuse is well timed, strikes within the fortifications, exploding with deadly effect. One of the enemy's shells striking in a group of men, killed or wounded seventeen of one company of our regiment. The Lookout upon the works when

BOMB PROOF.

a shell with its fuse was seen approaching, would cry out, "Cover" and the men would rush for the bomb-proof until the shell had exploded. These bomb-proofs were built in the progress of the work from point to point, made with heavy timbers, and covered so deep with sand that shot and shell could not penetrate.

It is difficult to describe the tremendous firing of our siege guns, and the effects of the combined fire of our own guns and that of the enemy. The very earth trembled with the continual roar and vibration of the artillery Such was the effect that many of our men in camp declared that if there was a lull in the firing during the night they could not sleep.

MORTAR FIRNG.

Many times I sat on the sand hills near the camp with hundreds of others, watching this spectacular work of the demon of war; the scene was weird and fascinating, the operations covering a distance of several miles; thousands of men at work in the trenches in our immediate front and hundreds of guns from our own and the enemy's works from many points, this spectacular view covers many miles in extent, extending from Sullivan's Island on the north side of the harbor across to Fort Sumter, and on to James Island at the north end of Morris Island, were the rebel forts, bristling with guns of all calibre. These with our own guns from the batteries erected by General Gilmore and the guns of our ironclads in the harbor fought daily and nightly duels.

In the latter part of the siege, "calcium lights" or what are now called "searchlights" were here used for the first time in war—the bright intense light searching out the enemy, leaving our own works in the darkness.

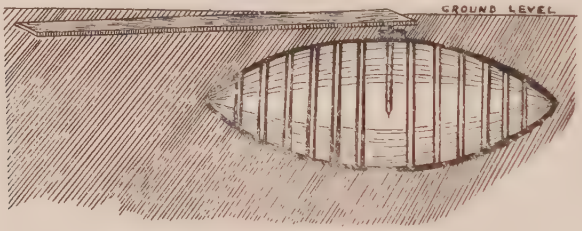
Magazine guns also were first used in the operations here upon Morris island. This gun was called the Requa battery. It consisted of 25 rifle barrels 28 inches long, arranged horizontally upon wheels of a gun carriage, all weighing about 1300 pounds, breech-loading, and could be fired seven times a minute, operated by three men.

A terrible feature of the siege was the exhuming of a large number of bodies of those who were killed at the battle of Fort Wagner. When our works were approaching this fort large numbers would be exhumed in a night. And Oh! the horrors of it all! The bodies were in such a condition and there was no place to re-bury, into the breastworks the bodies were placed, and became a part of the material of the parapets as the work progressed.

As we came nearer Wagner with our ditches, the grounds in front of the fort were found to be filled with torpedoes, when the diggers striking the percussion that led to the infernal machines, an explosion followed, fre-

quently killing one or more of the men. The cunning also of the enemy had arranged a percussion just underneath the surface of the ground, which upon the pressure of a foot-fall would explode the mine.

There were many incidents of daily occurrence that would be most interesting if I could but recall them. Very much that made up this intense life by the daily duties, incidents and accidents has passed from the memory, but I am surprising myself as I go along in these reminiscences, that so much is brought back to memory. I now recall the blowing up of Fort Moultrie, across the harbor, upon Sullivan's Island, by the explosion of their magazine.



TORPEDO - MORRIS ISLAND.

REBEL TORPEDOES FOUND IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER.

This was the effect of a shell from one of our guns. As it happened, I was looking in that direction from my tent just off the beach; before the sound reached me I saw across the waters a huge cloud of smoke go into the air from the fort, carrying with it the debris of timbers, guns and other material, high into the air, followed by other rumblings as of thunder.

One of the sergeants of our regiment who was stationed as one of the Lookouts upon the works as described after giving the word "Cover," instead of jumping himself as he should have done for his own protection, stood watching the approach of the shell with its fuse and in sight of the men near him and apparently without an ef-

fort to save himself. Notwithstanding the cry of the men, "Heigh, there, look out for yourself," he stood as though dazed or fascinated, until he was struck by the shell and torn to pieces.

This story was told to me at the time by one of the boys who was there, and who brought the remains of the sergeant's watch to my tent the next morning.

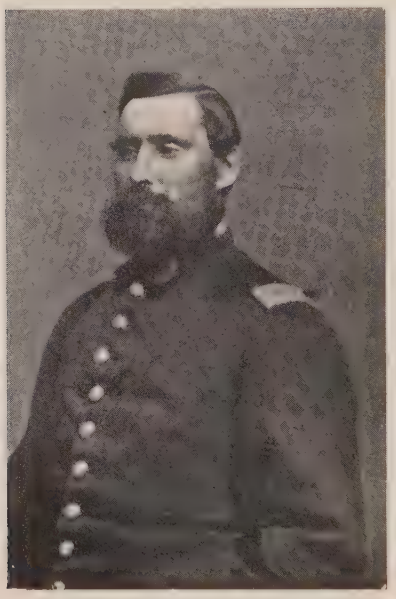
Adjutant Libby of our regiment who was on the staff of General Strong and killed in that terrible charge upon Wagner, had a magnificent saddle horse, a most intelligent animal. An hour or two after the battle, the horse found his way back to the rear, and came into our camp with a slight wound in his leg, evidently looking for some one to care for him. Many pathetic scenes of wounded horses followed every battle, but naturally the sufferings of the horses were lost sight of in the horrors and sufferings of the men.

Colonel Jackson, who had been wounded at Fort Wagner, was sent to New Hampshire upon recruiting service. While in Concord, he had recommended to the governor my name for a commission as Adjutant of the regiment, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Adjutant Libby. I had been filling the position of Acting Adjutant for several months, and had become familiar with the duties of the office, and naturally it was with a great deal of gratification that I received the commission, increasing my pay materially as well as my rank.

The horse that I had been using was not very satisfactory, and I was very glad to purchase the horse of Adjutant Libby's widow, who was at that time a resident of Manchester. "Don Pedro" was a horse of great spirit—a thoroughbred Morgan. We became great friends through the campaigns that followed, and I shall have more to say of him.

The absence of Colonel Jackson placed the regiment in command of Captain James F. Randlett, the senior

captain of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Bedel having been taken prisoner at Fort Wagner and Major Plimpton on the staff of General Seymour as Assistant Inpector-General. Captain Randlett proved himself to be, in ability, courage and experience well fitted for the command to which he succeeded. Captain Randlett's brilliant service through the War, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment, and his subsequent service in the regular army, places him among the very first of New Hampshire's soldiers, and in whom Nashua especially takes great pride. My relations with Colonel Randlett through the whole service were particularly personal and valuable, and I could not say too much in praise of his personal and official character.



LIEUT. ANDREW J. WADLIA.

One of the most interesting and exciting events of the siege was the firing upon the city of Charleston, five and one-half miles distant, from the gun named the Swamp Angel. It was a two hundred pounder Parrot gun erected in a swamp between Morris and James Islands. Lieut. Andrew Wadlia of our regiment was on duty with the engineer corps and had done heroic work in the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski. He was now assigned to the command of one of the fatigue parties un-

der the direction of the officers of the Engineer Corps for the mounting of this gun.

A story went the rounds of the camp at this time and in this connection, of an extraordinary requisition made by Colonel Serrell upon General Gilmore. Colonel Serrell had been ordered by General Gilmore to erect this battery upon the marshes. Colonel Serrell made a reconnoissance to find out the proper location, but failed to find a spot that he thought was feasible for such a work and so reported to the general commanding, General Gilmore replying that the battery must be erected, and to make requisition for anything that was necessary to accomplish the work. The requisition was formally made by Colonel Serrell as the story goes, calling for a detail of one hundred men fifty feet tall to erect a battery in a swamp forty feet deep.

Lieutenant Wadlia tells us the story of the mounting of the Swamp Angel and knows the truth of it in every detail.

"The location was on a wide extent of marsh covered with water at high tide, between James and Morris Islands on the banks of an unfordable creek, which gave protection from the enemy, and made it convenient to transport material in boats. The soft mud was first filled with poles or piling thrust down into it, then timbers laid parallel, then bags of sand filled until up even, then other timbers laid across with more bags of sand filled as before. A parapet eight feet thick at the bottom and six feet at the top and six feet high was thus built on three sides of a square with bags of sand; a platform of heavy planking then laid in the enclosure, upon which the guns were mounted, all the materials being brought from Morris Island, about six miles distant, by way of the creek. The gun weighing about 8,000 pounds, was loaded on to a surf boat about 20 feet long and 8 feet beam. It was then taken through the water courses to the battery, then rolled

upon heavy timbers from the boat and on to the platform in the battery. The character of this work can be better understood when it is known that in this construction it required the labor of nine days of over 1000 officers and men of the Engineer Corps, and thousands of soldiers from the Infantry regiments, also the use of 172 four horse teams and ninety-three boats with their crews."

At that time the firing of any projectile the distance of five miles was a thing unheard of. All was in readiness, and a message for the city of Charleston in the form of a shell of two hundred pounds, filled with a chemical known as Greek fire, was sent on its mission. The shell reached the city, exploding, scattering its contents like a whirlwind of flame, setting fire to the city.

The consternation in the city of Charleston when the shell exploded in their midst can better be imagined than described. A panic followed, the inhabitants fleeing from the city in terror.

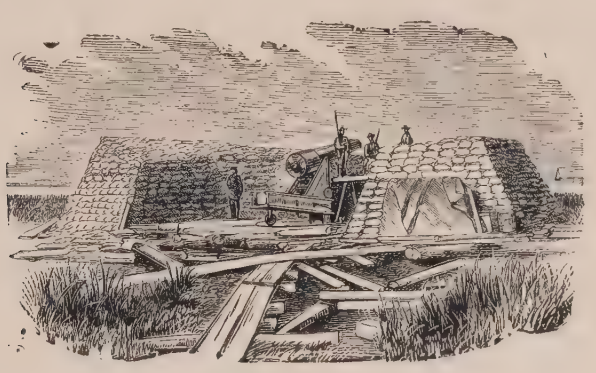
A lively correspondence between General Beauregard, commanding the rebel forces, and General Gilmore, immediately followed, General Beauregard protesting against what he termed "an outrageous violation of the rules of war and humanity," but as a matter of truth, General Gilmore notified General Beauregard three days in advance of the opening of the fire, that the non-combatants might be moved from the city. General Beauregard, however, always contended that no notice was given.

The spires of the churches of the city of Charleston could be plainly seen from the sand hills; with a glass, I many times read the time from the clock in one of the church spires. St. Michael's church was the most prominent of any and was a target for our guns. A portion of the city only was burned from the result of our firing.

The Greek fire was not altogether a success, very little of it as it proved, doing the work expected of it, and the limit of the range of our guns being determined and

the danger restricted to a certain locality. Charleston becoming more reassured, the citizens generally returned to the city.

Fort Wagner was now the objective point after the reduction of Fort Sumter, and thousands of shot and shell were rained upon this earthwork, until it became evident that each shot and shell that was imbedded in its works fairly strengthened its defense. And still the fort was held by its garrison, safely housed in the bomb-proofs, through which our shells could not penetrate.



SWAMP ANGEL.

During the siege, more than fifty of our siege guns exploded. The "Swamp Angel" after firing thirty-six rounds into the city also exploded. No attempt was made to replace this gun, but the firing was continued upon the city from Fort Gregg at the upper end of the island after its capture.

The gun "Swamp Angel" after the war, found its way into the scrap heap in Trenton, N. J. It was accidentally discovered, rescued and identified. It is now upon a pedestal in one of the city squares of Trenton, a monument to the most remarkable siege in history.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FORLORN HOPE

Capture of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg.

IT was now the 15th of September; the last parallel of the engineers ended in the trenches of Fort Wagner, not only this, but a "sap" was extended, enveloping the entire sea front, protected by the extraordinary strength of their bomb-proofs, which the furious cannonading from our batteries and war ships for weeks had failed to penetrate. So near were the enemy in their works, our men exchanged salutations with them, not only with their rifles and with hand grenades, but with sulphurous adjectives with long range that was now reinforced. The resources of the engineers seemed to have been exhausted, matters seemed to be at a standstill and a sense of despondency had settled down upon the whole command.

In this emergency, General Gilmore decided upon heroic measures and planned a simultaneous attack by the navy and army. The navy and our batteries were again to bombard the fort and this time with an increased number of mortars and more powerful rifle guns, with the expectations that the enemy's works would be so demolished and the bomb-proofs pierced that the enemy would surrender, but further, following the bombardment, an assault by the army was to be made.

Early in the evening of Sept. 6, an aide from headquarters came to my tent with despatches for Colonel

Randlett (at that time captain) commanding the regiment, which I immediately took to the Colonel's tent. It was a communication from General Gilmore ordering him to report at headquarters forthwith. Upon reaching the general's tent, where many other regimental commanders had already reported, Colonel Randlett was met outside by a staff officer, who said to him, that the general wished him to report later in the evening, fixing the hour at which he should return.

Promptly on the time, Colonel Randlett reported finding that the commanding officers of other regiments had gone, the general being alone with his staff in his tent. The interview between Colonel Randlett and General Gilmore was brief but most pointed.

"Colonel Randlett," the general said, "the conspicuous bravery and efficiency of the 3rd New Hampshire regiment is well known to me. I now have a duty to present that will test to the utmost the courage of yourself and that of your command—an attack upon the enemy's works will be made early tomorrow morning. and the 3rd New Hampshire regiment has been selected to lead the "Forlorn Hope." This is submitted to you and your command, not as an order, but for your consideration; it must be voluntary on your part and that of the regiment."

Colonel Randlett says he replied to the general not without emotion, "General Gilmore, I appreciate the honor which you have conferred upon my command. So far as I am concerned, I accept the responsibility and will submit the matter to the several companies in my regiment and will make report."

I was waiting in Colonel Randlett's tent his return. It was now nearly midnight. It was not wholly a surprise to me when the colonel directed that I should at once call a meeting of the company commanders at his quarters, Sergeant Major Dodge going through the left wing of the regiment and I the right wing. In a very short

THE LAST PARALLEL RUN INTO THE DITCH OF FORT WAGNER.
FIGHTING WITH HAND GRENADES.

time the officers had assembled. A "Forlorn Hope" is that body of troops which leads in the assault upon a strongly intrenched fortification, where the chances are greatly against the assaulting forces, and where a great slaughter is sure to follow whether in success or defeat. The construction or definition of "Forlorn Hope" as understood by those who know, is "resolved to die."

The echoes of that terrible charge and slaughter of July 18th where so many brave men met their death, still thrilled every man of the command. Now we were called upon to not only face like conditions, but to be the first to meet the murderous fire.

The officers had all assembled and the commanding officer most impressively stated the proposition and every man present knew too well its import. Concluding he said:

"Commanders of companies, call your men into line and state the situation to them. Tell them that every man is expected to do his duty as a soldier, but no man will be compelled to go to the front by force. Report to me the results of this order, and without delay."

Every company was called into line by its commander, and a statement of the situation made to them. Said one commander, "You know, my men, what this means. We are facing death in a duty which every true soldier should meet; it's a question of courage or cowardice. Now make your choice; every man who declines to go step to the front."

A similar statement was made to every company and in the whole regiment, not a man stepped to the front. Within thirty minutes the commander of each company had again reported at the commanding officer's tent, and all with the same report—"Every man volunteers to go."

It was always understood and it was the rule and order of commanding officers, that men who were excused from duty at surgeon's call in the morning were relieved

from duty for the next twenty-four hours. At this time an unusually large number of men had been attending surgeon's call, and necessarily so, from the terribly exhausting duties they had been subjected to for weeks, but notwithstanding this, more than fifty percent of those who had been so excused by the surgeon reported for duty in the ranks, to take their part in the "Forlorn Hope." Such heroism as this under such conditions is deserving of everlasting honor.

However much the people of this generation think they give credit to the soldier who fought the great battles of the war, saving this country to them and future generations, little they really know of the sacrifice of lives under the most harrowing of conditions, and the heroism of men many whose names are now in oblivion.

In giving his instructions, Colonel Randlett issued to each officer a quantity of barbed spikes, to be distributed among the officers and non-commissioned officers of the several companies, with specific instructions that when the parapet of the fort had been gained and it was found that we could not drive the enemy out, these spikes were to be used in spiking the guns, dropping them into the vent, and driving them home with the butt of the musket or anything at hand. One of these spikes that was issued to me for this use I now have in my collection of war relics.

Orders were given that the men should be furnished rations, and be ready with forty rounds of ammunition to fall in at 2.30 o'clock. The remainder of the night was spent in preparation.

I remember clearly the assembly of officers at our mess for that midnight supper; the solemnity that had prevailed at the meeting and had so depressed everybody, had passed. Apparently nearly every officer present had passed that nervous crisis when fear holds sway, the good spirits of every man present had asserted itself, and never

was a supper eaten at our mess with more jokes and laughter, than this, on the eve at what at that time, appeared to be almost certain death. I can even remember the hot biscuit that our cook baked for us that night in the oven that had been built with brick, under one of the sand hills, and after the supper my own careful preparations as to uniforms and equipments, deciding what boots to wear—surely I did not need my riding boots, my horse would not go with me. My colored boy was ordered to polish up the brasses of my sword scabbard and to black my boots; my 12½ inch paper collar was put on, with the tie properly adjusted; personally, I was finally ready.

Why these inconsequential details remain so clearly in my memory is one of the vagaries of human nature.

Colonel Randlett did not appear at the mess table; after the supper I found him alone in his tent. "Come in, Adjutant," he said, "be seated." We were both silent for minutes; finally the colonel said to me, "This is a fearful responsibility I am taking in leading these men to what for many of them is certain death. It is not of these brave boys alone I am thinking, but of the mothers and the fathers, sisters and brothers at home, who are watching and praying for their safe return; it's the great question of duty to my God and country I have been struggling to decide within myself."

Then suddenly turning to me he said, "See that this regiment is promptly in line at half past two." This order I immediately gave to the company commanders.

Later he told me that the great weight of responsibility so bore down upon him that feeling the need of God's help to meet it, he called into his tent our good Chaplain Hill, and there divine help was called for to win the victory.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, six thousand troops were in line upon the beach in front of the camps, with

the Third New Hampshire at the head of the line. One division of two brigades under command of General Alfred H. Terry made up the attacking party. The order had been given for the whole line to "stack arms" and "in place rest;" we had been waiting for, I should say an hour or more.

I was standing near my place in line at the right of the regiment, when up the beach in front of the troops a party of horsemen came along. It proved to be General Terry and his staff. They halted almost immediately in front of where Colonel Randlett and myself were standing. Everything was in readiness.

We were now waiting the dawn of day to make the attack while the crash and roar of the artillery from our siege guns and the warships shook the ground beneath out feet, every man waiting and watching under a most nervous tension of expectancy; in the dim distance in the direction of Fort Wagner, we see a squad of men approaching—a guard of two men and a corporal, conducting, as it proved a rebel prisoner. He was halted almost immediately in front of General Terry.

"Who have you here?" demanded the general.

"A prisoner from Fort Wagner," the corporal replied, "who came into our lines and says the fort is evacuated." The General questioned the prisoner sharply.

"Now, sir, do you tell me that Fort Wagner is evacuated?"

"Yes, sir," the prisoner replied," the fort is evacuated." His statement was not believed. It was thought to be a ruse of the enemy to get our troops to approach unguardedly, that we might be surprised and annihilated.

The general again questioned the man. "I will give you one more chance to tell the truth. If we find that the fort is not evacuated, the first gun from the fort will be the signal for your death. Now, sir, is the fort evacuated?"

"The fort is evacuated," replied the prisoner.

The order was soon given to move forward, and at the head of the column, the 3rd New Hampshire regiment moved in the direction of Fort Wagner. When within perhaps 200 yards of the fort, the regiment was brought left front into line, the right extending down the beach. Skirmishers were sent forward, and we advance upon Wagner.

The artillery firing has now ceased; it is growing lighter; up the slopes we see the skirmishers climb onto the parapet of the fort; it must be true that the fort is evacuated; we follow quickly over the sands made red with the blood of hundreds killed and wounded but a few days before; we are soon in the moat of the fort; here we find surrounding it a chevreaux-de-frize of spears or boarding pikes, pointing outward, making it necessary to break them down before we can enter the fort. Inside the fort we quickly see leading into the magazine, the remains of a burned fuse, lighted by the enemy and timed to blow up the fort when we had entered; even at this instant it was probably approaching the tons of powder, which unless immediately extinguished, would blow us all to atoms. Who was to enter the magazine to investigate? It was quickly answered by Lieutenant Trickey, commanding Company H, who without hesitation, follows the trace of the burned fuse, finding that it had gone out.

The fort was surely evacuated—but of all horrors that met our eyes, the conditions here were most horrible! During the bombardment from our guns, night and day, the fire had been so hot and continuous that it gave the garrison no time to bury their dead. The bodies of the killed had been hastily thrown over the parapet, and rolled down into the ditch on the outside, where they were lying literally in piles, the limbs and bodies swollen beyond the semblance of human form, with eyes protrud-

ing, faces distorted into an expression of fiends, the decomposition filling the air with stench intolerable, and beyond endurance—we seemed to have entered the very gates of hell—language fails to convey the horrors of the conditions. I was filled with a sickening sensation that was overcoming. But "On to Fort Gregg" is the order.

Through the fort and on to Fort Gregg we moved, it being the extreme north of the island, and within easy range of Sumter. All along the roadway between Wagner and Gregg were similar conditions to those in and around Wagner; dead mules and horses, dead men, the ruins of army and ammunition wagons which had been destroyed by our guns in the attempt of the enemy to supply the garrison besieged in Fort Wagner. We arrived at Fort Gregg to find it also evacuated, and here, too, a fuse had been laid and lighted to explode the magazine. Fortunately we arrived in time to extinguish it. The last boat load of the retreating rebel forces was still in sight and one boat load of the troops was soon under our fire, and was forced to return and come into our hands as prisoners. We are now in full possession of Morris Island, the city of Charleston plainly in sight, "so near and yet so far," as it proved to be; Fort Sumter just across the water within three-quarters of a mile, but without a gun to molest us yet held by the enemy in their bomb-proofs. The work of turning the captured guns upon the city was soon accomplished by the engineers.

CHAPTER XXI.

Firing Upon Charleston Continued from Cummings Point. A Visit to Charleston in 1905—The Col. Shaw Memorial School.—Boat Attack Upon Fort Sumter.

AFTER the capture of Fort Gregg, lively work had to be done in turning the points of resistance toward the enemy, and the building of bomb-proofs. The fort was practically rebuilt, facing Charleston and the rebel batteries on Sullivan and James Islands. This having been accomplished, Parrot guns were mounted, and firing upon the city was resumed. A vigorous protest against the firing upon "British subjects" from the British consul in Charleston was sent to General Gilmore. The general commanding the Union forces thought this was far fetched, and no attention was given to it.

In retaliation, General Beauregard ordered that fifty Union officers, who were in the rebel prison at Columbia, should be placed under fire of our guns, and were brought there and put in the Preble house, an old Colonial mansion, not far from the battery that runs along the water front of the city. Col. Walter C. Harriman of the 11th N. H. regiment and later governor of New Hampshire, was one of the fifty prisoners. Providentially, or otherwise, not one of our shots struck the Preble house during all the bombarding.

In the fall of 1905 I visited the city of Charleston, and an intensely interesting visit it was. The part of the

city that was burned from the effects of our shells fired from the Swamp Angel, had many years before been rebuilt, but there were many marks of our bombarding upon the buildings nearest the water front. I went into the St. Michael's church that was hit many times by our shells, the janitor pointing out to me the pulpit and the pews that had replaced those that were destroyed; numerous holes in the walls of the church that had been filled the marks plainly to be seen

CHARLESTON IN RUINS.

both outside and in; numerous pieces of the very shells that had come from our guns, large and small, were shown me; I also visited Fort Sumter, this fort having been reconstructed into a modern battery, with 12-inch breech loading rifle guns. I also visited the Preble house, where our officers as prisoners were held under fire from our guns.

Some years after the close of the War, the negroes of the South had collected a fund to build a monument to Colonel Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, who led the brave colored troops in the terrible charge upon Fort Wagner during the siege of the city. Instead of erecting a monument of stone and bronze, it was decided to build a more fitting and practical memorial in establishing a school for colored children in the City of Charleston. It was upon this trip that I visited this school.

Starting out one morning from the hotel to see the points of interest I made inquiry of a young colored letter carrier as to where the Shaw school was located. A brighter boy of his age, some twenty years old, is not often met; he was immediately interested, saying "Why! I graduated at the Shaw school, and we are not far from it now." And walking along we soon came to an open square; across the square, or park, was a long range of buildings which our guide told us was the South Carolina Military Institution. In the centre of the square was a monument with a statue in bronze.

"And who is this?" I asked the boy.

"That, sir, is Calhoun, the greatest of South Carolinians."

I was very glad to see the statue, as well as the Military Institute. I had read much of both.

Calhoun, the heroic—from a Southern standpoint, the great statesman who sowed the first seed of secession, and who would have precipitated the Southern Rebellion that came years after his death, but whom President Jackson, (Old Hickory) had laid a heavy hand upon, and crushed out an incipient rebellion.

Our colored boy pointing out the way, we proceeded, and soon found the large three story building in which was the Shaw memorial school. We met the janitor outside of the building, who informed us that it was not

visiting day, but he would take my card to the principal, and we were seated in the reception room. He returned presently saying the principal would meet us in his office. The principal of the school was a gentleman something over sixty years of age, and to my surprise, he said he was a South Carolinian. I was surprised because of the fact of understanding the antipathy of Southerners generally to

Our Guns Upon Cummings Point, Morris Island, Firing Upon Charleston With Shells of Greek Fire.

the education of the blacks. I told him that I was from New Hampshire, and was interested in knowing more of his school. We were very pleasantly received, and although it was not visiting day, the Prof. said he would be glad to show us through the school.

We first went into the primary room where some fifty or more little niggers, as they were called, were

struggling with the A. B. C.'s and the "B-O-Y." A most interesting group it was.

In the next room was the grammar grade, the Principal being a bright mulatto young lady. It was a great surprise to us to here see the exhibition of intelligence of the boys and girls of ten to twelve years of age. Under the direction of the teacher, one of the scholars would be given an example in arithmetic to be written upon the blackboard, and to some of the older ones, examples in algebra, which were worked out and explained with wonderful intelligence.

The Professor then said that he would assemble the school in the hall above where we would have some music. The hall was in the top of the building, where we were conducted by the Professor, and were seated upon the platform. The Assistant Professor was a young man from Boston, to whom we were introduced. He came there to the city he said, as a pupil in the Military school, and after graduating had taken the position as Assistant in the Shaw School; during the exercises he played the piano accompaniment to the singing of the school. Soon after we were seated, the scholars marched up from the rooms below and took seats in the hall—nearly one thousand in all, from the little tots of five or six, to boys and girls of sixteen and of all shades of color, from the African jet black to young ladies as white and fair as any of the white race.

I noticed among the white girls, several with blonde hair, but here they were all known as niggers, not negroes but niggers; the taint of the African blood to the remotest generation ostracizes all such from the society of the white race.

We were here entertained for nearly an hour with the really beautiful music, from these children of the slave race. It was a novel and most interesting experience. Hundreds have gone out from this school well equipped

for the duties of life, and many into higher institutions for a more complete education.

Upon this visit I met several ex-Confederate officers and soldiers, and found them invariably courteous and interesting. At the South Carolina Military academy I met Colonel Symes, then the commander of that institution. He told me that he was in command of the Confederate guns in Fort Johnson on Morris Island during the siege of Charleston.

INTERIOR OF FORT PUTNAM, FORMERLY FORT GREGG.

I told Col. Symes that his battery was one of the most troublesome of all the forts in the harbor during our siege operations.

Col. Symes was a typical soldier and gentleman—a most intelligent military officer, and his courtesy to us on this visit will long be remembered.

The one most important object of my visit was to see Fort Sumter. I was armed with letters of introduction from Senator Gallinger to the commandant of the military post, Colonel Carziac. I was informed by the clerk of the hotel that Col. Carziac's headquarters were on Sullivan's Island, and learing the time of the departure of the boat we went to the wharf and took the regular boat across the harbor to the upper end of Sullivan's Island, where an antiquated horse car was in waiting to take passengers. The Island having become quite a summer resort this car line had been established to accommodate the summer visitors chiefly, as well as the garrison of Fort Moultrie. A two mile ride, passing Fort Moultrie and on, brought us to the military headquarters.

The buildings to accommodate the garrison were of a substantial kind, although of ordinary architecture. I soon found the headquarters of the Colonel commanding, but was informed by the adjutant that the Colonel was at his private residence, a short walk from the headquarters building. As we approached the house an officer in uniform descended the steps. The eagle upon his shoulder straps gave evidence of his rank, and the Loyal Legion button upon his coat quickly satisfied me that it was Col. Carziac. He evidently saw the same insignia in the buttonhole of my own coat, for the salute was simultaneous.

"Colonel Carziac," I said, at the same time handing him Senator Gallinger's letter, which made special request that I be permitted to visit Fort Sumter. Upon reading the same and handing it back, he said, "I am very glad to meet you, but am sorry to say that I cannot grant the permit to visit Fort Sumter; the orders of the War Department prohibiting all visits to any fort upon our coast without special permit from the Secretary of War. If the Governor of South Carolina should make the request of me I should be obliged to refuse it, adding that

he would be pleased to have us go to his headquarters. I thanked him for his courtesy, but if I could not visit the Fort I thought we would return to Charleston. Taking the next car back to the boat landing we returned to the city and to our hotel. The failure to visit Fort Sumter would be too much of a disappointment not to make further effort to accomplish it. I therefore went to the office of the Western Union and sent the following telegram: "To the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

Colonel. Carziac refuses Senator Gallinger's request for my visit to Fort Sumter. I was through the War of the Rebellion, and upon Morris Island during the Siege of Charleston. I came here for the purpose of visiting Fort Sumter. Will you instruct Colonel Carziac?"

In due course I received a reply from the Secretary of War, stating that Colonel Carziac had been instructed to allow me to visit Fort Sumter. Before leaving Charleston we went again to Sullivan's Island and to Colonel Carziac's headquarters, where we met a young lieutenant of artillery who informed us that he had been detailed to conduct us to Fort Sumter, and if we would come with him to the dock the government launch would take us to the Fort.

My anticipations were realized, and I had the satisfaction after more than forty years, of standing upon the walls of Sumter. Looking across the waters to the islands upon which the memorable struggle was made for the capture of Charleston the scenes of the siege all came back to me so vividly.

Sumter had been reconstructed into a modern fort of 12-inch disappearing guns. Our guide, the young lieutenant, a most intelligent and agreeable officer, gave us full information as to the working of the guns. He said that upon receiving his instructions to conduct us to the Fort he had just returned from artillery practice. I asked

him if they used the monster 1000-pound expensive shot in their practice?

Oh, no," he said, "even the United States government could not afford that; we have for this use an inner tube to the large guns which carries a fifty pound shot, and by which we can get the same effect in the matter of gun practice."

I asked him as to the accuracy of their firing, and he replied, "We can average four hits out of six shots at a target the size of a ship four miles away."

We were now on the return to the city direct, upon the government launch. I said to the lieutenant, " I suppose you have time to enjoy the social life of Charleston?"

Oh, yes, we have time,' he said, " but the officers of the United States Army are not received nor rcognized by Charleston society.

"Why," I replied, "I do not understand that."

"Yes,' he says, "I am called a damned Yankee because of the fact that I wear the United States Government uniform, and I am a Virginian myself, and my grandfather and three uncles were killed in the Confederate service during the War, yet I am ostracized by the society people of Charleston because I wear the United States uniform."

My only reply was "The shades of Washington defend us! can this be possible in this year 1905?"

The lieutenant added, " This feeling is largely confined to the women of the South, and the young men of the second and third generation."

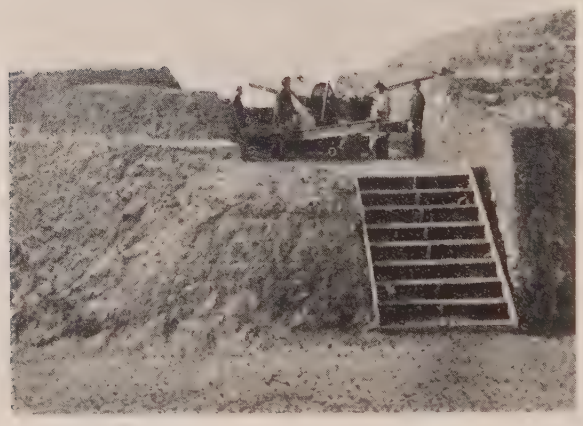
I found that the best reconstructed people of the South and the most loyal to the old flag are the surviving officers and soldiers of the Southern army.

And now to return to the story of the siege.

The firing upon Fort Sumter was continued at intervals from our siege guns to prevent any work of re-

pairs or remounting of guns; the firing from the enemy's guns was also continued from Fort Moultrie and Fort Johnson, directed more especially upon our new position at Fort Gregg.

The rebel garrison was still holding Fort Sumter, protected by the bomb-proofs of the fort which had not yet been penetrated. The honor of actual possession of



INTERIOR OF FORT WAGNER.

Fort Sumter after our long and bloody contest for its reduction was something worth one last effort; a plan for an assault from open boats was made by Admiral Dahlgren, who had succeeded Admiral Dupont in the command of the naval forces, and by a remarkable coincidence, General Gilmore also ordered an assault from open boats, and without co-operation the movement was made upon the same night.

The assault was made upon the night of Sept. 8th, and met with repulse and disaster. Details from the 3rd and 4th N. H. regiments, and I think from several other different regiments, proceeded in boats up the creeks on the interior of the island to the upper end of Morris Island and into the harbor. The boats of the navy however, had an earlier start, and had already made the attack. I was not in this attacking party, but here is the story as told by Lieutenant Commander Stevens, who was in command of the naval forces:

As the boats were pulling away from the ships on the start, Admiral Dahlgren said to me, "You have only to go and take possession—you will find nothing but a corporal's guard to oppose you."

We finally shoved off and moved slowly on our way to the fort. It was a calm, clear, starlight night. The only sound was the steady thumping of the tug's propeller and nothing was seen ahead but the grim, half defined outline of the fort. When the master of the tug reported that he could go no farther, the boats were cast off, the divisions were formed, and Higginson, an officer of courage and judgment, was directed to carry out the instructions previously given him. He accordingly moved off to do so, and most of the division commanders dashed off also, under the impression that his movements was a general one, and that the order to advance had been given. Efforts to recall them were made, but in vain. Nothing remained to do but to give the order for the remaining boats to make the best of their way to the fort.

As we neared Sumter, we were hailed loudly by the enemy, but no answer was returned. Simultaneously a rocket was sent up from the fort, and almost as it exploded the air was filled with hissing, shrieking missiles from the James and Sullivan Island batteries, which seemed alive with fire, while an iron-clad was pouring grape and cannister into the boats and sweeping the approaches

to the gorge. The parapets and crown of Sumter were filled with men pouring a murderous fire down on our defenseless party, and heavy missiles and hand grenades helped on the work of destruction. Before this fire had fully developed, two boats from the Powhattan and others had effected a landing. As was subsequently learned, their crews and officers were driven to shelter and taken prisoners.

All these things were evidences of the enemy's foreknowledge of our purpose and complete preparations to frustrate it. The corporal's guard that we were to have encountered proved to exceed our own numbers. Under these conditions but one expedient was left—to effect an early withdrawal. The order to return was accordingly given through Lieutenant Forrest and was several times repeated.

Admiral Dahlgren, who was watching the operations from a boat in the distance, says in his journal, "Moultrie fired like a devil, the shells breaking around me and screaming in chorus." What must have been the impression in the midst of the cyclone, when the air was blazing with bursting shells and the ear was deafened with the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the whistling of grape and the explosion of hand-grenades.

Withdrawing in the barge from the vortex of the fire, we remained near the fort to afford assistance to any disabled comrades, and about 4 o'clock, as day broke, we pulled to the flagship to report the results of the assault and determine the extent of our loss. We found this amounted to 124 killed, wounded and missing out of 400 men who had taken part in the assault.

CHAPTER XXII.

Continuation of the Siege of Charleston. Execution of Private Kendall for Desertion.

IN my descriptions in these reminiscences, I have possibly taken it too much as a matter of course that military terms would be understood. The important and interesting work of a "flying sap" during this siege has been mentioned from time to

CAPTAIN MULLER'S BATTERY COMPANY OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT MAKING FASCINES AND GABIONS FOR BREASTWORKS.

time. In commencing siege operations against a fortification, the first parallel is established at a comparatively safe distance from the enemy. The approach and second parallel is made by the "flying sap," which is done in this way: Each man takes two gabions—a gabion is practi-

cally a large bottomless basket, 30 inches in diameter by five feet in height, made by the engineers who had been taught the art, made of small saplings or brush, cut wherever it can be found, from the size of the little finger to an inch in diameter—each man with two gabions, a shovel and a pick-axe, moves forward the distance required and plants the gabions in line. When the command is given, each man fills with earth the two gabions in front of him, which occupy a space of about six feet. When the gabions are filled, a sufficient amount of earth is thrown over them to form a natural slope from the top to the level of the earth in front. Sometimes this advance work is thrown up hastily without the use of the gabion. This precedes the construction of each parallel, and is usually done under protection of the darkness of the night.

Notwithstanding the practical closing of the siege operations, each army was upon the alert. The word "alertness" was of the greatest importance in all military operations, each side taking advantage of any weak points developed by the other.

Besides the regular camp and picket guard constantly maintained, a detail was sent every night in boats for guard and patrol duty along the numerous creeks between the islands.

This duty was hazardous and of the greatest importance. It was the natural and only approach the enemy had in any attack they might make upon our forces upon Morris Island.

The details of this duty were selected from the best material in each regiment, our own regiment furnishing its quota and was on duty one night in every three. Lieutenant J. Homer Edgerly, one of the youngest of our officers, and who had already won the confidence of his commanding officers for his courage, skill and discretion, was in command of the detail from the 3rd N. H. Our

patrol boats would sometimes approach too near to the enemy for safety. One night, one of the boats in command of Captain Wadsworth barely escaped capture after quite a scrimmage in which bullets flew thick and fast, but without damage.

On this same night, one of the patrol boats with a detail from the 4th and 7th N. H. regiments, approaching too near James Island, had a very narrow escape from capture, and a sorry day it would have been for one, at least, of the occupants of that boat, had they fallen into the hands of the Confederates. John L. Thompson, whose military service was a romantic experience, would undoubtedly have ended his earthly career in the hands of the enemy from whom he had deserted.

When the 4th Regiment was in Florida a few months before. Sergeant Thompson came into our lines, declaring that his loyalty to the old flag was too great to allow him to serve longer with the rebels in arms against our government, although he himself was a Southerner. Enlisting in the 4th N. H. Regiment he served through the War, doing his part faithfully in fighting for the old flag in the suppression of the Rebellion. Sergeant Thompson is well and favorably known in Nashua, having made his home here since the War.

In that boat also was Captain James A. Cobb, then a second lieutenant of the 7th N. H. Vols., one of Nashua's well known veterans, who served through the War, bravely facing all the dangers of the battles in which his regiment took part.

In the same detail was Albert N. Flinn, also of Nashua, although conspicuous by his bravery in many engagements he always refused promotion, prefering to serve with his rifle in the ranks with the boys. Twice hit by rebel missiles, once by a bullet and once by a grape shot and by a most remarkable circumstance in

both instances his life was saved by his cartridge box at his side.

There were other private soldiers in the ranks, fighting the battles of the war, doing valiant and conspicuous service, who also refused promotion. Private Martin Haines, who after the War became Congressman from the second district of New Hampshire, a newspaper editor and an influential politician, and among the leaders of the

INTERIOR OF FORT STRONG, FORMERLY FORT WAGNER.

G. A. R. of our state, was a marked instance of those who refused to wear the shoulder strap.

Our regiment had been so depleted in numbers by losses from death and discharge for disability, that reinforcements were necessary. Recruiting had been going on throughout the North, and up to this time no force had been used in the way of a draft of men for the army by our government; large bounties had been offered and

paid for men to enlist, ranging from one hundred dollars to I think as high as fifteen hundred.

Our colonel commanding had been informed that 250 recruits were on the way to join our regiment and one night early in October it was announced that they had arrived on one of the steamers from the North at Port Royal. A few days later, there came marching up from the beach, with Colonel Michael T. Donohoe in command, the 250 recruits for our regiment.

Colonel Donohoe had been sent by the govenor of New Hamphire with the recruits. Colonel Donohoe was our Captain Donohoe of the 3rd Regiment, one of the original officers who had served with us up to the time of and through the battle of James Island; soon after this he was commissioned as Colonel of the 10th N. H. Regiment, and had seen service in Virginia during the past year. Being somewhat out of health he had been in New Hampshire upon recruiting service. Our regiment being very short of officers, the colonel being in New Hampshire on a leave of absence, the lieutenant-colonel in a rebel prison-pen, and the major on detail as provo-marshal, General Gilmore ordered Colonel Donohoe to take command of the regiment and was retained in command for several weeks, until the return of Colonel Jackson from his leave of absence. He was one of the brightest and bravest of New Hampshire's soldiers; he was made brigadier-general by Brevet before the close of the war. Mike Donohoe, as he was familiarly called, was one of the most witty, jovial and companionable of men during his stay with us at Morris Island, he enthused new life into the whole camp. A good story is told of Colonel Donohoe. After the war, he was located in Boston and some of his friends joined in having his portrait painted for some Hibernian or other public hall. It was in the artist's studio; the artist meeting on the street an Irishman, who he happened to know was a mem-

ber of Colonel Donohoe's regiment in the war, called him into his studio, saying he wanted to show him a picture of his old Colonel. It was upon the easel and still unfinished. The Irishman gazed with admiration upon the picture and approaching it was about to place his hand upon it when the artist says, "Stop, stop, it is not dry!" "Not dry," the Irishman repeated, "not dry," then it surely can't be Mike Donohoe."

GEN. M. T. DONOHOE.

Another story characteristic of the quick wit of Colonel Donohoe, is too good to be lost. Colonel Donohoe was in the field at the head of his command in active operations in Virginia. His wife at that time was living in Lowell. An important event with Mrs. Donohoe was expected daily, when one day the Colonel received a telegram from Lowell stating that his wife had to present to him a new recruit for the 10th New Hampshire. Upon reading the message the colonel immediately replied, "Muster him in and set him to work at the breastworks."

FORT SUMTER: View of the South-western Angle and the Gorge, February, 1865.
(The shoal in the foreground is covered at high water.)

At the close of the war and the return home of the New Hampshire troops, General Donohoe was in command of two of the returning regiments. Upon invitation of the Mayor of Nashua, his command stopped over for a reception and collation; for the benefit of the citizens a dress parade was given by the troops upon Main Stret.

At the close of the ceremony the collation was held, and, as I understand, upon Abbott Square. The officers dismounting, several small boys who were ever ready for such business, took the horses to care for during the collation. It so happened that Charlie Williams, son of Ex-Mayor Williams, then a boy of some ten or twelve years of age, had charge of General Donohoe's horse. When the horses were again wanted, young Williams was on hand with the General's horse, who mounting, rode away, his mind being preoccupied with his duties. He said nothing to the boy, but as he rode away young Williams called after him: "General! General! The General stopped, turned to the boy: "Well, what is it young boy?" "Oh, nothing, nothing," said Charlie. "Only I thought I would say that if you missed your pocketbook, I wanted you to know that you did not take it out here."

The next morning after the arrival of the recruits they were lined up in front of my tent, to be assigned to the different companies of the regiment in proportion to the strength of the companies. One incident occurs to me at this time which may not be worth the telling but was amusing to me at the time. As I threw the flap of my tent back and stepped out, a smile went along the line, and quite a little nudging of elbows and uncalled for remarks. One within my hearing was "Look at the boy." I also remember that I had my own convictions as to the situation, mentally making note that a few weeks of discipline would teach them respect for the shoulder straps, if not for the individual.

Many of these recruits proved to be good soldiers, while many were bounty jumpers, and needed the most vigorous discipline. Several were deserters, and desertions commenced soon after they joined the regiment.

In our department, the deserters necessarily went over to the enemy, there being no avenue to the north except by our steamships. One who had made the at-

INTERIOR OF FORT MOULTRIE.

tempt was found in the bottom of the creek, stuck fast in the mud, and dead, with no less than fifty canteens tied around him as a life preserver that did not work. Another deserter, John Kendall by name, of Company G, in attempting to get across the marshes, became stuck in the mud and was captured. A court-martial immediately followed and the sentence of death was imposed. The day was fixed for his execution, "to be shot to death with musketry."

EXECUTION OF PRIVATE KENDALL FOR DESERTION

In time of war desertion is considered the most heinous of all crimes. A soldier in deserting to the enemy may carry information that possibly endangers the safety of the army and the sacrifice of the lives of thousands.

The ceremony of an execution for desertion is always in the presence of all troops within the command and in a manner to give the most profound impression. The whole army was ordered out to witness this execution, some eight to ten thousand troops in line along the beach, extending for a mile or more. Colonel Randlett of our regiment, was at this time provo-martial and the execution was under his direction, with Lieutenant David Wadsworth in command of the guard and firing party. The prisoner was taken from the guard house, handcuffed with hands behind him, and shackled, put into an open army wagon, and made to sit upon his coffin and there to ride along the whole front of the line. In front was a drum corps with muffled drums, playing the dead march. A platoon of soldiers with arms reversed immediately in front of the wagon, and in the rear, another platoon of soldiers with arms reversed. This was the usual formation for military funerals.

In marching past our regiment Kendall recognizing some of the men of his company, cried out to them, in reckless bravado; his shouts were received in grim silence. Having passed the whole length of the line the march was then retraced to the center and front, and down the broad beach to the water's edge. The Army was then massed in three sides of a hollow square; the coffin then placed at the opening of the square next to the water; the prisoner's coat and cap removed, then blindfolded and made to kneel upon his coffin, facing inward, he keeping up the same indifference to his fate to the last.

A detail of twelve men had been made for the firing party; nine of the rifles had been loaded with ball cart-

ridges and three with blank cartridges, no man of the twelve knowing to a certainty that his rifle was one of the nine by which the life of the man would be taken.

Practically the whole army upon Morris Island is massed for the ceremony, in spectacular array. General Terry in command of the forces for this occasion, and his staff, all in full resplendent dress uniforms, mounted upon their horses, which also are in resplendent trappings, and in the rear of that part of the line facing the opening of the hollow square, and the waters of the harbor. Generals of brigades with their staffs, presenting a like appearance, are in the rear of their brigades. Colonels of regiments with their field and staff officers in their places in the rear of their several regiments. I was in my place mounted, in rear of the right of my regiment and quite near the prisoner. Company commanders and their lieutenants in the rear of their companies. The men in line in full dress uniform are standing at parade rest. The colors of each regiment, the Stars and Stripes, and the standard of the state of each regiment, held by their color bearers, are floating slowly and solemnly in the breeze. The only sound is that of the surf upon the beach and the boom of the siege guns at long intervals. The firing party has moved up to their place twenty paces in front of the condemned soldier. Now all is in readiness; in the silence of death and with bated breath 10,000 troops are looking upon the scene. The orders to the firing party are given by signals—Lieutenant Wadsworth raises his sword; the arms of the men come to a "ready"—another signal of the sword and the rifles are brought to an aim; the sword of the Lieutenant then descends, quickly followed by the sharp report of the rifles, the man pitches forward over his coffin in instant death.

The whole army was then marched past the body where it lay upon the beach as it fell, and back to their several camps.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARMY RED TAPE.

Leave of Absence and Trip to Florida—Incidents of Camp Life.

FORTUNATE in escaping the shot and shell of the enemy, I did not escape the malaria so prevalent in the whole army of the south. An excessive use of quinine had caused temporary deafness, and the remedy gave no relief. Although not sick enough to be sent to the hospital, I was unfitted for duty much of the time for several weeks. I continued to fight against it, however, until early in October, I applied for a leave of absence.

Orders had been issued prohibiting leaves of absence beyond the limits of the department except in cases where it was necessary, in the language of the order, "to save life or prevent permanent disability." Large numbers of the sick and wounded were sent to the general hospital at Hilton Head. I preferred to remain with my regiment, having comfortable quarters in a tent by myself, and with an attendant I got along very well.

Now, for the first time, the pangs of homesickness came, and with a determination to take a leave of absence, if possible, and go home for a visit. I therefore applied in a formal way for a leave of absence for thirty days. The red tape of military business is unlimited, and is as positive as the movements of complicated machinery—every part is adjusted to its place by arbitrary and des-

potic law, and it is enforced by all the power of military authority, in every instance where the commanding officer is competent to command.

My application for leave of absence was written upon a half sheet regulation size of letter paper—first it was presented to the colonel commanding the regiment, and by him endorsed, "approved and respectfully forwarded." Having received the approval of the colonel, I then sent my application by an orderly to brigade headquarters, the brigade commander then approved and gave his signature personally to the endorsement; then the paper was taken by a mounted orderly to the division commander, who personally wrote upon the folded document "approved and respectfully forwarded;" then the application was forwarded to department headquarters at Hilton Head with other official papers, by steamer, for the approval of the general commanding the department. At these headquarters the paper is received by the assistant adjutant general, the executive of the general commanding, and upon the application he wrote, "Adjutant Copp is ordered to appear before the medical examining board at Morris Island for examination." Then the paper was returned through the same channel that it came, but at each headquarters, the document going from a higher to a lower in rank and signed by the assistant adjutant-general of each commander, "By order of the general commanding."

This rule applies in all official communications. Any one of the commanding officers could have disapproved of my application for reasons of his own and returned the same endorsed "Disapproved and respectfully forwarded" and from this there was no appeal.

Another instance now occurs to me of army "red tape". I wished to go to Folly Island to visit friends in camp there and made application in writing to do so. Folly Island, it will be remembered, was next south of

SEIGE OF CHARLESTON. ORDNANCE DEPOT, FOLLY ISLAND.

Morris Island, across Lighthouse inlet, and was still occupied by our troops, boats and barges going and coming between the islands. My application was at once approved by the colonel commanding and forwarded through the regular channel above described to department headquarters at Port Royal, and returned with all the endorsements of the different headquarters, permission being granted by General Quincy A. Gilmore, commanding the department of the south. It was several days before the application as approved reached me, then I rode down to the wharf, left my horse with an orderly, crossed over on one of the boats and returned within half an hour from the time of leaving camp.

I had enlisted the surgeon of my regiment in my behalf, Dr. Buzzell, who was a good friend of mine, a good friend of every man in the regiment; as it happened, he was on the medical examining board before whom I must appear for examination.

Dr. Buzzell was a Christian gentleman—a man of high ideals—a good physician, faithful to his trust—he gave his life to his country, dying while in the discharge of his duties, soon after being appointed surgeon of the hospital ship at the battle of Fort Fisher in January, 1865.

The day came for my examination; it was necessary for me to go to division headquarters, a mile or more away, and Dr. Buzzell came for me with an ambulance. After the examination, he remained with the board for a consultation, I returning in the ambulance to my headquarters. I waited for several hours to know my fate, with intense interest, for whatever disease there may have been there was no question as to a genuine case of homesickness—the first time I had been attacked by this malady since leaving home for the war. My tent was near the beach, and my whole attention was given to watching for the appearance of Dr. Buzzell. Finally, I saw him coming up the

beach and before he reached my tent, with an ominous shake of his head, my hopes were dashed. He told me that the board had recommended a leave of absence within the department; that they could not certify that it was necessary, in my case, "to save life or prevent permanent disability" for me to go north.

I made the best of the situation and accepted a leave of absence for thirty days within the department, with the purpose of going to Florida, which was understood to be a more healthful place, free from malaria.

A steamer was leaving for St. Augustine, with a regiment of troops, the 24th Massachusetts. I engaged passage and a berth, and sailed within a few days for Florida. After a very pleasant passage, first landing at Fernandina, where the Massachusetts troops disembarked, we reached St. Augustine early on the evening of the second day of October.

At that time St. Augustine had no modern improvements, no new buildings; but was the old, old town built of the lime rock, quarried near the town. This lime rock, so called, is of shell formation and unlike anything I had ever seen, the material being so coarse that the fossil and almost microscopic shell could be plainly seen with the naked eye. Nearly all of St. Augustine was built of this material, many of the buildings in all stages of dilapidation.

It is the oldest town in the country, settled long before the founding of Jamestown, Virginia. The old Spanish Fort Marion was built of the same lime rock material, a fort that modern guns would quickly destroy. This fort was and is an object of great interest.

I seemed to be in a foreign town, so unlike any northern town or city, many of the streets so narrow and the buildings so constructed that many of the houses nearly met at the top over the center of the street. My

recollection is that the streets were not many of them over 10 to 12 feet wide.

I found very comfortable quarters at the only hotel in town, the Planter House, a two-story wooden building not far from the old town gate at the north end of the town. This old town gate, one of the relics of the Spanish rule, I understand is still one of the attractions of the old city.

During my stay in St. Augustine, I occupied my time chiefly in wandering about the streets, also visiting the plantations of some of the residences. I remember with pleasure the acquaintance made of an old-time Southern gentleman, Mr. Dumas, who owned one of the finest residences in town, with large grounds with fruit and ornamental trees; I especially remember his orange and guava trees, from which he liberally supplied me from time to time. I was particularly fond of the guava, a fruit that it is impossible to market, quickly maturing and decaying after it is picked from the tree.

One building of great interest was the old Spanish Catholic cathedral—this I was told was more than 250 years old at that time. In this building, embellished with the usual Catholic emblems, "the dim religious light" had been continually burning through all those years.

Under this radical change of conditions, I improved rapidly, and was quite ready to return to my regiment at the end of my leave of absence. Upon rejoining my regiment at Morris Island, I found much the same conditions that I had left nearly four weeks before. Colonel Jackson had returned from the North and assumed command of the regiment and to him I reported for duty.

Our advance toward Charleston evidently had come to a halt. Morris Island had been captured and Fort Sumter reduced to a pile of ruins, and yet Charleston was beyond our reach.

There appeared to be no plan for a further advance. Occasionally shots were being sent against Fort Sumter, and for a time the firing upon the city from Fort Gregg continued. A portion of the troops had been sent for operations in Florida, but our regiment still remained on Morris Island.

The days and the weeks went by, the time being occupied in routine duties and drills upon the broad, hard beach. It was found necessary to move our camp back further from the beach, the tides encroaching upon our grounds, my tent upon the side hill on the same line with that of the colonel, lieutenant-colonel and major, Chaplain Hill also having a tent near that of my own, which was also the regimental postoffice, the chaplain making himself useful as postmaster in addition to his other duties. In some way, I do not remember from just where it came, I had secured lumber enough for a floor and frame to my tents. At this time I had two wall tents, the front tent for my office, the rear tent for my private use.

When any carpenter work was to be done, it was only necessary to send to one or more of the companies, a detail for the work, and as a rule, the men always responded cheerfully; and now I have a little story in this connection to tell, of an exception where the man detailed for work upon my tent in building the frame and laying the floor, did the work under protest.

I should not tell the story if I thought it was anything detrimental to the man. While he could not refuse to obey the order, he protested in a mild way, upon the ground that he enlisted to fight for his country, and that this kind of work should be provided for in some other way. This man was a recruit, and proved to be a good soldier; he was one of the oldest men in the regiment and a Nashua man, and is now one of our very oldest and most respected citizens. It is to his credit that he did the

work of laying the floor of the tent and building the frame in a very workmanlike manner. I suppose the old gentleman, for he was really old to me at that time, being about forty or more years of age, knowing me at home as a boy, and not having been in the service long enough to recognize the great difference between civil and military life, rather resented the order.

All official business of the regiment passes through the adjutant's office; all orders given by the colonel commanding are put in writing and promulgated by the adjutant; copies of the same kept for the files, and are also recorded. I had in my office an office desk, not a roll top desk, for this was a thing unknown at that time and would have been much too cumbersome to transport—my desk, was little more than a box, with pigeon holes. This with several camp chairs was carried along through our whole service. I had for assistants at my tent the sergeant-major, a clerk and an orderly, frequently I would detail a drummer boy to act as orderly. One of the boys I remember as especially bright, prompt and soldierly—we called him "Spider" for short; I do not recall his name, I think it was Gracie.

Many years after the war, probably twenty to twenty-five, I was in Boston and in the lobby of the Parker House, when a well dressed, fine appearing man approached me, asking if my name was not Copp—Adjutant Copp of the old 3rd New Hampshire. I said he was correct in his supposition. He then asked me if I remembered one of my drummer boys "Spider." I said I did very well, but I thought he could not be the same. He said it was true that his name was Gracie, "Spider," the drummer boy. Of course an interesting talk followed in which he said he had been remarkably fortunate in life and had retired from business, that if I had the time he would be glad to take me around to New York in his

yacht that was lying at anchor in the harbor. The truth of his statement I have no reason to doubt.

As the season advanced the nights became cool. I think it was about the first of December, I called upon Quartermaster Hinds to see if he could furnish me a quantity of brick, with which to build a furnace under the floor of my tent. I knew that the quartermaster had found brick for an oven in which the bread was being baked for our regiment. He told me that the brick for this purpose came from the ruined chimney of the old Beacon house, the only building on the island and was not sure that he could get more. The next morning, however, I found a load of brick in front of my tent; the next thing was a mason to do the work—that I found one is very certain, for I have a distinct recollection that the furnace was built and with the chimney on the outside, and that it was a success. Although fuel was a scarce commodity upon the island, I found enough for my use through the winter. The days were comfortable, the evenings and nights quite cold; one morning I found ice in my wash basin the thickness of ordinary window glass.

There was no growth of wood upon Morris Island, and the supply for our camps came from adjacent islands where men were sent in details by companies for this purpose. Three companies of our own regiment were detailed and ordered into camp upon one of the islands, whose whole duty was to cut wood, and boat it up the creeks to Morris Island. One morning after quite a heavy storm, we found the beach strewn with logs, many of them chained together in sections, and at the time it was said to be the remains of old floating batteries used by Beauregard in the upper harbors; these logs were quite an addition to our fuel supply. They were of South Carolina pine; quite a percentage of the logs were cut into canes for souvenirs, one of which I sent home to my father.

The government was now making strenuous efforts to keep up the strength of the army by new enlistments, and had now as an inducement for the old soldiers to re-enlist, offered quite a bounty and a furlough of 30 days; the amount of the bounty does not occur to me at this time, not having had the benefit of it myself. Something like two hundred of our men had re-enlisted; and on the 23d of February, and this was in 1864, Col. Aaron F. Stevens of the 13th New Hampshire regiment, had been sent by the governor of New Hampshire to take command of the re-enlisted New Hampshire veterans who were going home on furloughs.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Stevens, interest centered upon the preparations for the furloughs for the re-enlisted men and the leaves of absence for a certain number of officers who were to be detailed to take command of these troops. I thought here was my opportunity, and I made application accordingly, and was one of the fortunate ones selected for this duty.

Col. Aaron F. Stevens was Nashua's leading lawyer, who had left his books and briefs early in the war, and had taken up the sword and spurs he was so well fitted by nature to wear. We were personally good friends then, but later experiences brought us together under extraordinary conditions, both seriously wounded and carried to the same hospital and there in our convalescence were ties of friendship formed, as between many soldiers of the war under like conditions, that are beyond the ordinary, and that no subsequent experience can ever break. Later in the campaign of 1864 in Virginia, in the hot, hard fighting in front of Richmond, Colonel Stevens for distinguished services won the star of a brigadier-general.

General Stevens was with us before our departure for the North about two weeks, and during his stay was entertained by the officers of our regiment. While with us we frequently visited the north end of the island, Bat-

tery Gregg, from which point the firing was still going on upon Charleston. A horse was furnished Colonel Stevens for his use during his stay with us. On one occasion a number of mounted officers, including General Stevens and myself, had ridden up to the "front," as the line nearest the enemy is always called, and riding back down the broad beach, some two or three miles to our camp, without prearrangement we tried the speed of our horses. "Don," the horse I had purchased from the heirs of Adjutant Libby, had proved a thoroughbred. I was proud of his qualities, but here another phase of his character developed, showing his mettle and testing my own. In this race I won by a long distance, but that is not the whole story; I soon found myself leaving the other officers in the rear as we flew down the beach, and turning to them, I waved good-bye, and then gave attention to my horse, which was fairly flying through the air, and for two miles or more without lessening his speed, but rather increasing it, we sped along the hard sands of the beach.

In approaching the camp, I pulled upon the reins, but made no impression upon the speed of my horse—but faster and faster I seemed to go. Passing our own camp and on with increased speed, as it seemed to me, I could not make any impression upon the bit; the beast evidently had it between his teeth. Pulling upon the reins having no effect, my own mettle began to be stirred, and I put my spurs into the sides of the runaway, to give him, as I told him I would if he did not let up, all he wanted; but on we flew into and through the camp of one of the New York regiments, knocking down one of their tents in the wild course. The men, surprised and angry, of course, I could hear swearing about the damned drunken officer riding through their camp, who would kill someone before he knew it, not knowing the fact that it was an involuntary ride on my part. My horse finally, in the soft

THE ADJUTANT AND DON READY FOR DUTY.

sands, became winded and concluded to let me have my way, and I rode back to our camp.

We missed our major, John Bedel, who was captured at the Battle of Fort Wagner, and was now in a rebel prison at Columbia, South Carolina, as we had heard through rebel sources. Major Bedel was an able, courageous and valuable officer, the most energetic officer in our camp, ever at work for the interest of the officers and men of our regiment. By his confinement in a rebel prison pen for eighteen months, it is undoubtedly true that he lost opportunities that would have placed him high in rank in the Union Army. Although he was in the service but a short time after his release, he was made Brevet-Brigadier-General. General Bedel was a man of unusual abilities—by profession a lawyer—instinctively a military man—he had experience in the Mexican War. After the war and his return to New Hampshire, he was a frequent visitor at Nashua, his wife being a Nashua lady, the sister of Col. George Bowers, whose old home was the Lovell House, so called, at the Harbor, on the site that is now occupied by the Shearer company.

When in Nashua General Bedel came into my store, the old book store, from time to time, and he told me much of his experience as a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, and of the horrors of his treatment; he told me of his visit to President Lincoln as soon as he was exchanged. In the rags with which he was clad he went to Washington and sought an interview with the President. It is not known that President Lincoln ever refused an audience with a Union soldier. The major says he was at once admitted to the President's private office, and there he told him the story of the horrors that he had suffered, and of the thousands of our men who then in the hands of the enemy were suffering the tortures of systematic starvation, and he appealed to President Lincoln to do something for their release. The President was much

affected, the general said, by the story, although he already knew it too well.

The President said in reply, "What can we do, what can we do?" "I told him," said General Bedel, "expressing the depths of the indignation that was within me, with all the fierceness that language could express, 'Retaliate! Retaliate! Mr. President!'"

When Lincoln replied, slowly and solemnly, "Major Bedel, because they are barbarians we cannot be heathens."

"I could say no more—Lincoln in the greatness of his soul could see far beyond my vision."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RE-ENLISTED VETERANS ON A FURLOUGH.

The Young Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society—Copperheadism In Nashua.

THE time was approaching for our departure for home, and a happier crowd of boys was never known. There was no end to the letters and messages from those left behind to friends at home.

At about this time an order had been issued for changing the 3rd N. H. Regt. from Infantry to Mounted Infantry, and the regiment was ordered to Hilton Head where the horses were in waiting, and where the regiment was to be drilled in the cavalry drill. I had no part in this, for the veterans who had re-enlisted sailed for the North March 2nd on the steamer Verona, the total from the New Hampshire regiments making up something like six hundred to eight hundred men, veterans of three years of service who had determined to see the war through to the end.

It proved that Governor Gilmore's object in sending Colonel Stevens, by permission of the war department, to take command of the troops was to hurry them home in time to vote at the coming election, which was considered to be a most important one. It was a critical period in the history of this country. The tide of battle had ebbed and flowed, the victory first with one side, and then with the other. The Union cause at times seemed almost hope-

less, and now the tide of battle was with the enemy. Abraham Lincoln was again to be the candidate of the Republican party for President; the Democratic party, dominated by the Copperheads of the North, was in open sympathy with the South and opposing the prosecution of the war; the fate of the country seemed trembling in the balance. The Democratic party in convention at Chicago had passed resolutions declaring the war a failure, and that it should cease. The great issue now was the salvation of the country by the re-election of President Lincoln and the prosecution of the war to the end.

Tuesday, March 8th, was the day of election, not only in New Hampshire, but in many other northern states, and it was felt that this election would express the sentiment of the North as to the loyalty of the people, and was of supreme importance.

The captain of the steamer Verona was a loyal man; he entered into the spirit of the effort to reach New York on Monday, the 5th, that the troops might take cars to New Hampshire to arrive home in time to vote. Night and day the smokestack of the steamer was too hot to come in contact with, the steam was carried to the highest safety point, and as we ploughed through the water, everybody was interested in the speed we were making—the number of knots per hour—and the repeated question was, "Captain, how many more miles to New York?"

The steamer was carrying the fishbone in its mouth, its timbers creaking and groaning, responding to the tremendous pressure of its powerful engines. We had a remarkably smooth passage and all went well.

Some time in the night of the 5th we entered New York harbor and came to anchor. I had slept through the night and was awakened in the early morning by the most delightful music, I thought, that had ever come to my ears. It was the chimes of Trinity church. For three years I had not heard the sound of church bells, and the

effect of these beautiful tones coming to me in my half awakened condition was something difficult to describe. In my imagination it came to me as music from the celestial spheres; I was awakened from my ecstacy by the tramping of feet overhead, the clanking of chains in the weighing anchor and the shouting of orders for the docking of the ship. Soon all was bustle and confusion in the preparations for disembarking; the vessel finally moved from its anchorage to the wharf. After some hours of delay in crossing the city, we were at length on board the cars for New Hampshire, reaching the state in time for all to get to their homes to vote on Tuesday—I said all, but not so— I found myself the exception. I was not allowed to vote, although I had served my country nearly three years, I was not yet in the list of voters.

Well ! home again in the same old Nashua, at last; and yet, not the same; I looked out upon the world from a new standpoint; although yet a boy in years, I felt that I had taken on many years of experience. I found that the old home was gone, my people having moved on to Walnut Street; here I found my father, mother and sister to welcome me home; my brother Charles was gone, but this did not seem so strange for I had been in frequent communication with him during the past nearly two years that he had been at the front with the 9th New Hampshire; he knew of my coming home and had made an application for, and had secured, a leave of absence, that we might be at home at the same time. This, however, proved a failure. I had started on my return about the same time that he left his regiment in the field for home and we passed each other on the way.

The following morning I started out from my home, walked down Walnut to Factory Street, passing the oval; Factory Street, the same old fashioned street with the little old buildings on either side, the primitive old buildings that had never changed; the only brick building on

the street was the same little two-story building on the corner of Washington Street, now known as the Lakeman block, and they all now seemed to me to be smaller and older than I had known them before I had gone away from home. On down to Main Street; the old wooden Beasom building on the corner, with its long, old-fashioned roof sloping to the street—passing the familiar old stores to the left, the clothing store of George and Charles Moore on the corner, then next the furniture store of Fletcher & Brown, the Washburn Boot and Shoe store, the Marshall Millinery store, the Ridgway Jewelry store, meeting and stopping from time to time to greet old friends who all gave me so hearty a welcome home—on down the street:—there had been little or no change—here was the Goddard Jewelry store, the Wheat Dry Goods store, James H. Blake's store, and next was the H. H. Eaton Jewelry store; all the same old wooden buildings of different sizes and proportions—plank walks in front, with wooden awnings overhead. I think, however, on the west side of the street, the exception was a brick building known as the Fisher building as it now stands, the dwelling of Josephus Baldwin was still there, next south of the Fisher block, back twenty to thirty feet from the sidewalk, and in front and in the south corner was the little law office of Aaron F. Stevens—on down to the old corner bookstore where I had spent many boyhood days; the store still owned by my brother, Capt. C. D. Copp, and during his absence was under the management of my older brother, the Rev. H. B. Copp, coming to Nashua from time to time from his ministerial work.

The old bookstore was in a wooden building ending on Main Street, with its front on Water Street, the owner, Reuben Goodrich, living in the west end of the same; next north, on Main Street, were "ten footers," three in number, two occupied by Reuben Goodrich as a stove and tinware store, the next a paper hanging store; then next

north was the Merchants' Exchange building, so called, in which was the tailoring store of William T. Parker; this building also, I think, was the same as today; up stairs over the tailor store was the Nashua Savings bank, Aaron P. Hughes president of the bank; George F. Andrews, treasurer.

When I went away to the war the teller of this bank was my friend and chum, Ed. Emerson, son of Col. E. P. Emerson, who then lived on Park street. We were much together as boys and both determined to go to the war; I went first, he following nearly a year later with a commission as 2d lieutenant in the 6th N. H. regiment. With unusual abilities, his success was assured from the start; he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and during the occupation of New Orleans by General Butler, he was at one time chief commissary of the Department of the Gulf. He was one of the ablest young men that ever went from Nashua, but unfortunately like many another young man, he could not stand prosperity, and died before reaching his possibilities, at the age of twenty-one. The story of his life is a tragedy.

I continued my walk over the bridge, first passing the two story wooden building next north of Greene's book-store. in this building was Wetherbee's saloon. Next to the bridge was the jewelry store of G. E. Richardson. Across the bridge was the same old Railroad Square, an amphitheater of inferior buildings and drinking places and the scene of many disturbances; a few exceptions, however; the Baptist church was there as it now stands—the Greeley home on the west and this was the home of Eben Gay, a West Point graduate, the Greeley block facing Main street, now the public library site, and the same railroad station, also the old church on the corner of Orange street, converted into the grain store of Solomon Spalding.

On the south side was the Gilman C. Shattuck grain store.

The same old buildings next south of the bridge on the east side that were built before my recollection standing then, and are standing today—the post-office was in the building on the corner of Pearson Avenue, now the Woodward harness shop; the "old chocolate church" next south, and under the church were the stores of Coggin and Pierce, furniture and crockery, and Nelson Tuttle's clothing store—the famous Nelson Tuttle whose habit was to sit on a dry goods box in front of his store, whistling for customers, and stopping all the runaway horses that went through Main street. A curious fact concerning this property is that the ownership is divided, one party owning from the ground up to the height of twelve feet from the level of Main street, the other party owning the remainder of the distance into the air. Next was the wooden building owned by Oliver Phillips, occupied by himself as a saloon upon the first floor, a billiard room on the second floor, a belt shop upon

COL. E. M. EMERSON.

the third floor. This building and the church were destroyed by fire about the year 1872.

The Nutt building had been built during my absence. Next south was the little cottage owned and occupied by Jacob Hall with his sons, Luke and John—next was the residence of Aaron Sawyer, with the little office building between that and the City Hall building. Next south of the City Hall was a two-story dwelling house, one tenement being occupied by James H. Blake, and as that picture presents itself, also comes the memory of the little boy "Jimmie," with his long curls, standing in the front yard of his home. Next was the Dr. Colburn residence on the corner of Temple street; on the south corner was the Gay homestead, now standing in the rear of the Telegraph block on Temple street. The only other changes upon the east side of Main street that have been made since those days have been the building of the Methodist church, the Masonic and the Episcopal chapel.

Upon going through the town and returning to the old store, it all seemed so strange; everything so familiar, yet an unfamiliar atmosphere was in and around everything, my memory carrying me back over the experience of the past three years—was it really my own experience or the story of the experience of some one else—it was all so dreamy, so like a long wonderful dream, and I was awakening to my real self.

It was something of a revelation to us all upon reaching home to find the intense feeling of patriotism and interest expressed in many ways for the welfare of the soldiers at the front. Through letters from home we had heard something of these conditions, but the half was not known to us, of the love and devotion of the fathers and mothers, the wives and children, to the soldiers in the field fighting the battles of our country. We better realized that the suffering was not all with the soldiers upon

the battle field and in the hospital, that day by day the intense, anxious interest with which every word of news from the front was looked for, the terrible agony of those whose loved ones were reported in the columns of the newspapers as among the dead or wounded or missing, with them there was no cessation of the anxious hours and days, and never at rest as to their uncertainty as to our fate, while we at the front expecting and meeting danger from time to time—those of us who survived the casualities of war—were enjoying many days of camp life.

Active work was being done among the people of Nashua, and especially by the young ladies of the city, in systematic work for the relief and comfort of the soldiers in the field. "The Young Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society" of Nashua had been formed, under the leadership of the Misses Thayer, and had frequent meetings at the homes of the different members, for the purpose of raising funds and providing for the making of articles of clothing and sending supplies of various kinds to the boys at the front, carrying comfort and cheer to many a soldier. Their loyalty and patriotic work was a bright page in the history of Nashua during the war, and their names should never be forgotten. Many of them are well known by the people of today; some of them are still with us. Some have gone from Nashua, while others have passed over to the great beyond.

I give here the names of the members of that organization, for I am sure it will be of interest, more particularly to the older people now and formerly of Nashua.

Directresses: Miss Lucy F. Thayer, Miss Julia Gilman, Miss Laura M. Bowers, Miss Lucy J. Beard, Miss Mary Crombie, Miss Atelia Slader; secretary and treasurer, Mary A. Baldwin. Members: Miss Mary Hunt, Miss Mary Merrill, Miss Sarah Kendall, Miss Harriet Crombie, Miss Mary E. Richards, Miss Lucy A. Baldwin, Miss Laura M. Bowers, Miss Clara Bowers, Miss Julia

Tilden, Miss Julia Gilman, Miss Mary A. Baldwin, Miss Mary M. Gillis, Miss Lucy F. Thayer, Miss Louisa Duncklee, Miss Mudgett, Miss Lucy J. Beard, Miss Eliza Foster, Miss Asenath Kendrick, Miss A. Slader, Miss Richardson, Miss S. Pearson, Miss Katharine M. Thayer, Miss Mary A. Law, Miss Henrietta Prescott, Miss Maria Laton, Miss Abba Mitchell, Miss Mary E. Shepherd, Miss Myra A. Gay, Miss Anna Wilson, Miss Lucy A. Courser, Miss Hannah Crosby, Miss Ann Gray, Miss Mary Leland, Miss Sarah Stone, Miss Mary Fiske, Miss Ambrose, Miss Jennie Stiles, Miss Mary F. Taylor, Miss Anna Clark, Miss Helen Sawyer, Miss Kate Nutt, Miss Dorchester, Miss Clara Blake, Miss Lizzie Nutt, Miss Harriet Richardson, Miss Huntress, Miss Hannah Worcester, Miss Josephine Hobson, Miss Martha Warner, Miss Mary Crombie.

The great work of the United States Sanitary commission was supplemented and supported largely by just such organizations throughout the country as the Young Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society of Nashua.

We also found that Nashua had among her citizens many men, and some women, too, known and classed as "Copperheads," sympathizing with the traitors in arms, too cowardly to take the field, but had opened fire from the rear,doing all in their power to discourage those who were manfully fighting to save our country from destruction. We had heard of them, and hated them with intensity; we were now to meet them face to face. Their names are a blot upon the pages of history, and are well known, but to make their names public today would do an injustice to their descendants, who do not deserve the reproach that it would bring; they were loud mouthed and venomous, rejoicing over the defeats of the Union army, glorifying in the victories of the enemies of our country. The talk and demonstration of the rebel allies was met with indignation and vigorous protest from the loyal

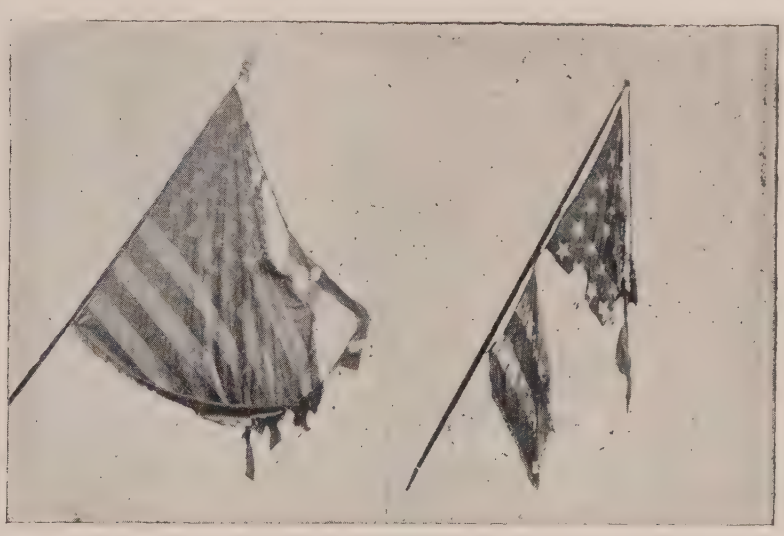
people or Nashua; the loyal and stalwart Hiram T. Morrill, the war mayor of Nashua, was on the alert to guard against a possible outbreak and violence from the "Copperhead" element. Extraordinary precautions were taken by him in organizing a home guard, and to have in readiness arms and ammunition which he had concealed in the old City Hall building. It was understood that 100 muskets and 2000 rounds of ball cartridges were sent to Mayor Morrill upon his requisition, and were ready for use. We were told of several instances where loyalty asserted itself and defeated the enemy.

After one of our great battles, and the Union army had met with defeat, several Copperheads met on the sidewalk in front of what is now Arthur Gay's store, near the south end of the bridge; they were making loud talk and hurrahing over the victory of the rebels, attracting quite a crowd. Nothing had been said to suppress their demonstration, when C. E. Richardson, who kept a jewelry store, a courageous and loyal man, stirred to the highest pitch of indignation, seized his revolver, ran across the street, and ordered the Copperhead crowd to shut up and disperse, or he would shoot. The leader of this Copperhead demonstration was a well known banker—he returned to his bank, and his friends departed.

They told us, too, of a certain church whose membership was divided between loyal members and Copperheads; several of the leaders of the church were violent Copperheads, and this feeling became so intense that the meetings were finally suspended. On one Sunday the pastor had made a prayer in which God was invoked to help the Union cause and at the close of the prayer one of the members arose and said in a loud and passionate voice,"I call upon the choir to sing 'Dixie.'" The meeting was broken up and soon after the church was closed.

Crowds of loyal men and boys would organize and go to the homes of the most violent of the Copperheads, and demand that they throw out an American flag or cheer for the Union army and the old flag made its appearance every time.

A large crowd which soon took on the aspect of a mob, appeared early one evening at the corner of Main and Factory streets, in front of the Gazette office, the office being over the drug store upon the corner, and in the upper part of the building. The Nashua Gazette was



BATTLE FLAGS OF 3RD N. H. VOLS.

one of the most bitter Copperhead sheets in the whole North; with surprising boldness the editor of that paper followed up, week after week, his tirade of abuse of the Union soldiers, belittleing the skill of the Union Generals, giving all praise to General Lee and other leaders of the rebel army and glorifying in the defeat of the Union cause and the success of the Confederate forces; the pa-

triotic people of Nashua read these utterances with intense indignation and impatince, until vengeance broke its bounds; a few leaders organized, and with a crowd of followers, descended upon the office of that paper. The crowd appeared as if it sprang from the ground: hundreds soon multiplied into thousands: and the crowd surged around the building upon both Main and Factory streets, crying out, "Tear down the building!" "Bring out the editor and we'll hang him." "Down with the Gazette!" "Spill his type into the streets!"—thousands of men and boys yelling at the top of their voices, the excitement growing in intensity. A rush was made for the entrance to the building, with the intent to carry the threats into execution, when a window in the second story opened, and, not the editor, but Gen. Israel Hunt, the owner of the building appeared, and waved his hat to get the attention of the crowd, asking to be allowed to speak. The crowd listened while he begged them to spare his property, and pledged his word that there should be no further cause for offense, when the cry arose, "Put out the American flag!" "Where's the editor? Make him put out the flag!"

This was repeated by hundreds of voices, until after a time the editor appeared, put out the Stars and Stripes and fastened it to the building. The crowd was appeased, and cheer after cheer was given for the Union army and the flag, the crowd dispersing.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Third New Hampshire Regiment in Virginia.

Mobilizing of the Army of the James—We Move Against Richmond

ON April 11th, under orders from the war department, all the re-enlisted veterans of the several New Hampshire regiments, then on furlough, were ordered to rendezvous at Nashua under command of Capt. James. F. Randlett, and then to report in Washington. The old Franklin Hall, now the Franklin Opera House, was the place of rendezvous, and from here on the afternoon of April 11th, we marched to the Main Street station of the Worcester railroad, and took cars for New York.

Arriving in New York City on the morning of April 12th, we marched to City Hall Park and to the soldiers' barracks built upon the site of the present Postoffice building. Here we were given a substantial breakfast. We remained in the city for some hours, during which time we were visited by many New Hampshire people, who were then residents of New York. I remember but few —among the number were the two Goddard boys, Charles and George, both of whom had been quite successful in business in New York. It was understood that they continued to "make hay while the sun shines" throughout the war, and became quite wealthy, and this is a fact lost sight of by most people, that while the war furnished opportunity for the stay-at-homes to lay the foundation

for wealth, the soldier boys in fighting to save their country lay the foundation for ill health and poverty.

There was no abatement of the enthusiasm of the people in every city and town through which we passed—there were always crowds at the depots, cheering and waving flags as we went through; every window in the train of cars was filled with the boys, leaning out returning the hurrah; ooccasionally stops were made at the depots, and always in the crowd were young ladies taking part in the demonstration, frequently bringing into the train food of all kinds, fruit, coffee, flowers, doing and saying every possible thing to cheer the boys on.

On the afternoon of the 12th, the battalion was reformed and marched through Broadway, down Courtland street to the wharf, the crowd cheering, clapping hands and waving flags along the whole route, and it was the same with every regiment throughout the war, in passing to and from the front. Of course a great many of these people were more willing to sacrifice their own relations, and as Artemas Ward used to say, sacrifice their wives' relation rather than to go to the war themselves; yet their enthusiasm and good cheer helped on the cause.

Crossing on the ferry boats to Jersey City, we embarked upon cars for Philadelphia; here again we were received by the people, and given rations at the famous "Soldiers' Rest," where so many thousand troops were fed throughout the war. Then on to Washington, where Col. Randlett reported his arrival and received orders to march his command to Arlington Heights. We marched through Washington across Long Bridge, and for the first time on to the soil of Virginia. Arlington Heights is on the banks of the Potomac, overlooking the City of Washington—here we went into camp, our camp ground not far from the Lee mansion.

A provisional brigade was here formed, and Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General Louis Bell was assigned to its command. I was appointed by Colonel Bell, acting assistant adjutant-general, and much to my surprise; yet I had the assurance to accept the position, the duties being of the same character as that of an adjutant of a regiment, the adjutant being the executive of the colonel commanding, the assistant adjutant-general of a brigade being the executive officer of the brigade commander.

Up to this time the war had been fiercely waged, great battles had been fought, thousands upon thousands of lives had been sacrificed, and yet there had been no material advantage upon either side. General after general had been placed at the head of our armies, generals of strategic skill and courage, but the enemy too, had at the head of its armies generals of strategic skill and courage. The rank and file of each of the armies was equally courageous, fighting with the same desperation, and so far with divided honors; each could say that they had a "foe worthy of their steel."

The rebel army had the advantage of being on the defensive, and a vast advantage too, had the troops behind breastworks in meeting the assault of the opposing army, and this fact offset all advantages the Union army may have had in point of numbers or otherwise.

General McClellan at the head of the Army of the Potomac, had failed to lead the army to victory; General Burnside became his successor; he had made himself conspicuous and had established himself in the confidence of the people and of President Lincoln, and now the country took on new hope; yet the tremendous obstacles to be overcome in fighting an enemy upon its own ground and behind formidable intrenchments proved to be too great for General Burnside. His defeat and the fearful slaughter at Fredericksburg was fatal to his further leadership of the Army of the Potomac.

General Hooker who had won world-wide fame at Lookout mountain, in fighting his army to victory in that spectacular "Battle above the Clouds," was now appointed to succeed Burnside; but he too, while great in the leadership of the smaller army, failed in his ability to lead the Army of the Potomac.

Defeat of the Union armies followed defeat, and the people of the North were filled with alarm and discouragement, when in the West arose the star of hope, in the name of a general who had never met with defeat. The victories he had won had attracted the attention of the whole country, and to General Grant the country now turned. He was summoned to Washington by President Lincoln in March, 1864, and placed in command of the armies.

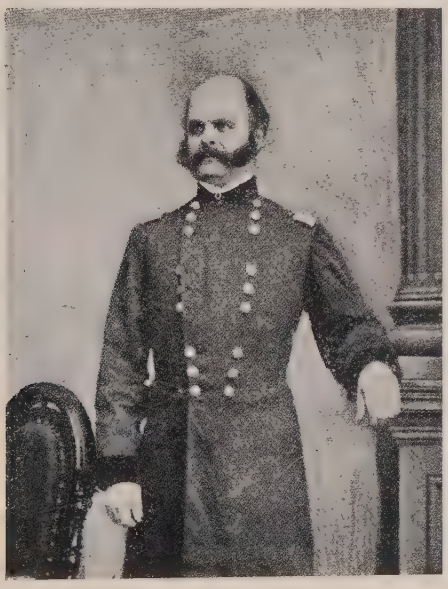
A comprehensive plan was now formed for a general advance of all the armies against the enemy simultaneously. The army of the Potomac under command of General Mead was on the north side of the Rapidan; their camp stretched for many miles along its shores. The Army of Lee was on the south side of the Rapidan, and encircling Richmond, the rebel capitol. The whole country back to Richmond was a densely wooded country and protected by a series of forts, so that when the rebel army was driven from one line of defense had another fortified position to fall back to. This whole country was also cut up with numerous streams, deep and difficult to cross; the roads were narrow, and after a rain, filled with mud and next to impassable.

On the afternoon of the 11th, Colonel Bell, commanding our brigade, received orders to move to Alexandria, and there embark upon transports waiting at the wharf, and in short order we were ready to move, having very little camp equipage or personal baggage.

It was understood that our destination was Yorktown, where troops were being mobilized to form an

army of thirty thousand men to be known as the Army of the James, and to be commanded by General Benjamin F. Butler. The Army of the James was to take part in the general movement of the armies, and to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac in the advance upon Richmond. It was a march of about six miles from Arlington Heights to Alexandria; we reached there early in the day, and were soon on board the steamer.

While at Arlington Heights and upon one of my trips to Washington, I learned that the 9th Army Corps under command of General Burnside had arrived from the West where they had been operating in the western army, and were in camp at Annapolis. The 9th New Hampshire Regiment was in the 2d Brigade and 2d Division of the 9th Army Corps. I went one day to Annapolis expecting to find my brother, Captain C. D. Copp, not then knowing of his visit to New Hampshire upon leave of absence, and there for the first time I learned that he had gone home expecting to meet me there. Upon our arrival at Alexandria I was told that the 9th Army Corps was on the road from Washington to Alexandria; here, I thought was an opportunity to meet my brother. Our command was on



GEN. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

board the vessel, and it was unknown at what hour we should sail. I told Colonel Bell of the efforts of my brother and myself to meet in New Hampshire and of my failure to find him at Annapolis, and not having seen each other for three years, I would like to take the chance of going up the turnpike towards Washington to meet the 9th Corps, and as a matter of fact the head of the column was already in sight. Col. Bell said, "We are liable to sail at any moment, but you may take the chances if you wish to do so." I told him that I would, and that I would report to him in some way on or before his reaching Yorktown.

I thought it was unadvisable to take a horse, not expecting that it would be a long tramp before finding the 2nd Division and the 2nd Brigade, and the 9th N. H. Regiment.

The Pioneer Corps of the army was already entering the streets of the town. The Pioneer Corps is made up of, and is, practically, the Engineer Corps, frequently supplemented by details of other men from the ranks of the army. Upon the march, the Pioneer Corps is always in the advance, carrying with them axes, picks, shovels and other tools for the repairs of the roads and bridges to make possible the movements of the army along the roads. In this connection I do not know that I need to say, for I have already explained that upon a march in the enemy's country the army is preceeded by an advance guard of cavalry, couriers and skirmishers.

The road between Alexandria and the long bridge at Washington is largely an open country, and I could see for miles along the route of the march of the 9th Corps, clouds of dust, which always marked the movements of army corps in dry weather. Following the Pioneer Corps was the escort of cavalry to the Commander, General Burnside. With him was his staff mounted upon horses of various colors and conditions,

some of a magnificent type, others ordinary, the condition and physical appearance of the horses always varying according to circumstances.

General Burnside's Corps had just returned from the West, and from extraordinary marches of hundreds and hundreds of miles, and naturally the horses of the cavalry and of the staff, as well as those of the artillery, looked thin and jaded, and this notwithstanding the best of care that conditions made possible.

I had passed the General and his staff, moving on in the opposite direction, looking and making inquiry all along for the 2nd Division and the 2nd Brigade and the 9th N. H. Regiment. The day was hot, the sun fiercly beating down and the high clouds of dust raised by the tramping of the feet of the men and the horses, settled upon officers, men and horses alike.

I made inquiries of the first officer that I met of the 9th Corps for the position in column of the 2nd Division; he told me it was further back, and I moved on, the troops passing me all the while, I had little conception at that time of the movement of troops in large bodies and the number of miles of road that one Army Corps would cover. I kept on in the direction of Washington, occasionally inquiring for the 2nd Division, and every time was told that it was "further back." It was not until I had reached within a mile of Long Bridge, some six or seven miles from Alexandria, that I found the 9th N. H. Regiment, and upon asking for my brother, Captain Copp, I was told that he had not yet returned from his leave of absence.

Tired and disappointed, I found my way back to Alexandria after this long and tedious tramp of about twelve miles through the clouds of dust, but fortunately arrived back before the sailing of our boat.

Sailing down Chesapeake Bay, we arrived at Fortress Munroe early on the following morning; here the

fleet anchored until the following day. In company with several other officers I went on shore to inspect the Fort, this being our first visit. One thing I saw which left the strongest impression was the monster gun outside of the Fort that had not yet been moved into position; the gun was a marvel in those days, of immense length and proportions.

On the morning of the 27th, we sailed up York River to Gloucester Point, on the opposite side of the river from Yorktown. Other troops had already arrived and were in camp on both sides of the river. The next day after our arrival at Gloucester, 10,000 troops under the command of General Q. A. Gilmore, arrived from Port Royal, S. C. In this command was our Regiment, which had had quite an experience in Florida during our absence on furlough.

The reunion of our Regiment at Gloucester Point, the boys who had returned from their furlough, and those from the south, was quite a jollification. The friendships formed by soldiers sharing dangers in common and in the companionship of camp life, was something out of the ordinary in human lives, and proved to be life long. We were again together to meet unknown dangers, but all with the same determination to do each his part in the defense of the Union cause, the significance of it all to each one of us having broadened and deepened with our experience of three years in the fight against the rebel hosts who would destroy our government

There had been many changes by death, resignation and discharge among the officers and men of the Regiment, especially among the officers; the young men and boys who had distinguished themselves by their ability and good conduct as soldiers had been promoted to fill the places of those discharged, and others who had been promoted to higher rank.

Upon going North from South Carolina on leave of absence, I had left my horse "Don" in the care of Quar-

termaster Hynes, and upon the landing of General Gilmore's troops, after first greeting old friends, my first concern and inquiry was for Don. I found him in good condition, and the horse apparently was as glad to see me as I was to see him.

Extensive preparations were pushed forward for the campaign before us; reorganization of the entire command into Army Corps, divisions and brigades was rapidly made; the 10th Corps under command of General Q. A. Gilmore, the 18th Corps under command of General William A. Smith. The 3rd N. H. was in the 2nd Brigade, commanded by General Joseph R. Hawley, 1st division commanded by General Alfred H. Terry, and 10th Army Corps. In our brigade was also the 7th N. H., 6th and 7th Conn. Regiments. Baggage of officers and men was reduced to the minimum, the surplus baggage being sent to Norfolk for storage, including my office equipment and records, carrying in small compass only a few necessary blanks for morning reports, and a small quantity of personal baggage. Shelter tents were now issued, and for the first time to be used by our Regiment. The shelter tent is what its name plainly indicates, being some four to

GEN. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

five feet in height only; two men putting their tents together using crochet sticks for support, sometimes their rifles. This served the purpose of protection from storms, and in active campaigning was the only practicable tent that could be used.

In all our service in the department of the South, we had been able to maintain comparatively comfortable quarters, having A tents for the men, and wall tents for officers, the A tent accommodating from four to five men.

It was now evident that we were to see service unlike that of anything we had yet experienced; daily drills, inspections and reviews was the order every day; little was known among the troops generally as to the plans for the coming campaign; it was known that we were to make a movement against Richmond.

The armies were now ready to move; General Butler's instructions from General Grant, for the purpose of misleading General Lee, was to move the Army of the James first up York River, with the apparent object of making an attack upon Richmond upon that line of operations; accordingly on the afternoon of the 4th of May, General Butler's command was embarked on transports, one hundred vessels or more, and moved up York River in the direction of Richmond. This movement of course was immediately known to the enemy, General Lee setting his army in motion or so much of it as was necessary to meet our advance. After dark, according to the instructions to General Butler, the vessels were turned about, moved back down the river, into Chesapeake Bay, down to Fortress Munroe, and up the James River, arriving early in the morning of the 5th at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, where the whole army made a landing with very little opposition, the movement being a complete success and surprise to the enemy.

GET THAT TEAM OUT OF THE MUD.

Our baggage train was sent up overland by road on the south side of the James River, and also a portion of the artillery. In the movements of armies in the field, the supplying of the army with rations and ammunition is an undertaking little comprehended by most people; one Army Corps of thirty thousand men require the use of seven hundred wagons drawn by forty-two hundred horses or mules; and mules were almost exclusively used; this wagon train covers ten miles of road; the ambulances of the Corps, another mile; the batteries, three miles; and cattle which are driven along in the movements of the army, at times when the cattle are to be had, covering several miles; then multiply this by five, the number of Corps in the Army of the Potomac and this train under the protection of troops in a hostile country, and one can get a conception of the difficulty of moving such immense trains, and frequently over roads that are almost impassable with mud. It is something that calls for the highest executive ability. In the general movements of armies in operating against the enemy the supply train must move by different roads from that of the troops. The quartermaster must have not only knowledge of the road, but also must have information as to the movements of the army—while it is the duty of the commanding general to instruct the chief quartermaster as to his movements—the quartermaster himself must be on the alert and is held responsible for the safety of his trains. He has with him engineer officers, and squads of cavalry continually gathering information as to the country, its roads and by-roads, rivers and streams. The chief quartermaster has the assistance of able men for his brigade and regimental quartermasters; generally they were men of executive ability and of courage; they were frequently under the fire of the enemy in delivering ammunition upon the firing line. The 40 to 60 rounds of cartridges the boys would take into the fight would,

in a hot battle, soon be gone; then there must be brought up a new supply; this was brought in the ammunition wagon as near to the line of battle as conditions would allow, and frequently into the very face of the firing of musketry and artillery, the nigger drivers sometimes being forced at the point of gun to move his mules forward. Here the boxes would be carried by men detailed for the purpose to the boys in line.

Army discipline and system were most rigidly enforced in the quartermaster's department. It was only by the most systematic rules and orders rigidly enforced that it was possible to move army trains in active operations in the field. On each wagon was the Corps badge, with the division color and number of the brigade, so at a glance it could be seen whether or not the wagon was in its place; the contents also of each wagon was plainly marked, whether of ammunition for artillery or for infantry; if for rations, it was so marked, and just what the wagon contained—bread, pork, beans, coffee, sugar, etc. As soon as a wagon was emptied it was immediately sent to the rear to the base of supplies to take on another load. To avoid transportation, the thousands of horses that made up the baggage train were fed at the base of supplies or at points within easy reach. The movements of the baggage trains were in the night so far as possible.

I was acquainted with quite a number of quartermasters. Our own regimental quartermaster, John R. Hynes, was a very efficient, painstaking and obliging quartermaster; he had many friends, always ready to do a favor, if possible. I am indebted to him personally for many kindly acts; Quartermaster Hynes was a Manchester boy; he was a reporter upon the Manchester Mirror at the outbreak of the war, and went to the front as 2nd lieutenant in Company A. At the close of the war he was commissioned as quartermaster in the regular

DISTRIBUTING AMMUNITION ON THE FIRING LINE.

army; he was also breveted lieutenant-colonel of volunteers; he returned to Manchester and died in 1870.

Quartermaster Pitt Moses of the 9th N. H. Regiment, was one of the best quartermasters in the service. He never failed to reach the boys with supplies: he had an indomitable will, never a road that his teams could not be made to go over; where others failed, he pushed through; on one or more occasions where there was no known road, he took his teams up the bed of a brook to reach the front, and withal he was a most popular and genial gentleman. I have had the pleasure of meeting him many times since the war—frequently at the meetings of the Loyal Legion in Boston, until his death some two years ago.

LIEUT-COL. W. H. D. COCHRANE.
QUARTERMASTER.

Another quartermaster of nerve and ability—and it took nerve and ability to fill the position — was Quartermaster Mortier L. Morrison of the 13th N. H., who proved equal to all emergencies in the handling of his train of army wagons. Quartermaster Morrison served through the war with honor. He has for the last many years been a resident of Peterborough, N. H., the treasurer of the Peterborough Savings Bank, and to his great credit he carried this bank by good management through the panic which wrecked so many other savings banks.

Col. W. H. D. Cochrane was division quartermaster in the Army of the Potomac. That he won distinction by distinguished services is attested by the recognition given him by promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Cochrane first went to the war as private in the 1st N. H. V., later as 1st lieutenant in the 10th N. H. Regiment, from Manchester. At the close of the war he came to Nashua where he made his home up to the time of his death in 1905. He was an active influential citizen through all the years of his life here with us, at one time superintendent of the N. A. & B. R. R., and was for many years agent of the Old Colony Railroad. Colonel Cochrane was a man of unusual abilities, but like many other men of promise and ability, adverse conditions put a bar upon his possibilities.

The successful landing and seizure of City Point and Bermuda Hundred was of the greatest importance to the future movements, not only of the Army of the James, but also of the Army of the Potomac.

BAGGAGE TRAIN MOVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

Campaigning In Front of Richmond and Petersburg.

THE strategy of General Grant in sending the Army of the James up the York river to make a feint upon General Lee's army in its primary movement was a success, completely fooling General Lee as to the real destination of General Butler's army, and the only troops to oppose our landing at City Point and Bermuda Hundred were a few outposts.

The fleet of 100 or more transports arriving one after another upon the morning of the 5th, and anchoring, filled the James River from bank to bank for many hundred yards up and down the river; our gunboats in advance and following up the rear, had no occasion to use their guns until the early morning of our arrival, when one of the advance gunboats discovered on the shore of the river a rebel lookout or signal station, and opening with one of its guns, soon made kindling wood of the structure. These signal towers were used in the movements of both armies, erected upon the highest and most available points, overlooking the country, from the tops of which the observation of the men of the signal corps was sent by signals from station to station to reach the general commanding. The Signal Corps was an important arm of the service; the method of signalling was the waving of flags, the motions representing letters and words under a secret code.

The famous signal of General Corse to General Sherman will be remembered; in October 1864, in the struggle

for Atlanta, General Corse was holding Altoona, with a small command of less than 2,000 men: he was surrounded by a division of the rebel General Bragg's army, which made a fierce attack; General Corse, was well intrenched upon the heights, and repulsed the enemy. General Sherman, who had become concerned as to the safety of Corse, signalled an inquiry from Kenisaw Mountain over the heads of the enemy. General Corse's reply was: "I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but I can whip all Hell yet." The song "Hold the Fort" is based upon this incident.

GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.

The disembarking of the troops and the landing of supplies commenced early in the day of the 5th. In the absence of sufficient wharves, it was necessary to use small boats in the landing, and the disembarking continued through the night of the 5th, and it was early morning before our regiment was on shore. All this was done in a most systematic, military way; in the landing of our regiment it was my duty to instruct company commanders as to the order in which they should disembark, and this must be done in the order of companies from right to left

GEN. BENJ F. BUTLER AND STAFF AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

of the line successively. As the troops were landed, their positions were assigned by the aides of the generals commanding, for the formation of the several divisions, brigades and regiments.

We were in the woods; having formed the regimental line and stacked arms, the men unslung knapsacks and were waiting orders; in the movements of other troops, in finding their several locations, the 2nd N. H. Regiment marched past our regiment, with its very youthful commander, Colonel Bailey, at its head, the first and only time the regiments met during the service. Colonel Bailey at that time was twenty-one years of age. I remember this incident from the impression that came to me at that time on seeing Colonel Bailey, who looked scarcely older than myself. My ambition was stirred into a conviction that if the war lasted long enough, I, too, would reach a higher command.

The instructions of General Grant to General Butler were to move upon Richmond from the south, along the south side of the James River, gaining a foothold as far north as was possible, and in the event of the failure of the Army of the Potomac to capture Richmond, the two armies were to unite, making a junction upon the James River.

Bermuda Hundred, so called, is a peninsula formed by the James and Appomatox Rivers. Some six or seven miles from City Point the two rivers bend in such a way that a comparitively short line, from river to river, gives a large territory within which, under General Butler's plan, became the base of operations, not only for the Army of the James, but later of the Army of the Potomac.

General Benjamin F. Butler, although not educated at West Point was in natural ability, one of the greatest generals of our war; that he did not meet with greater success in the operations of the campaign of 1864, I think

a critical study of history of the movements of the Army of the James will show that it was due chiefly to the jealousy, not to say insubordination, of his subordinate commanders, who were regular army officers.

All through our operations against Petersburg and Richmond, from May to September, there was a feeling of distrust throughout the army, which in the light of

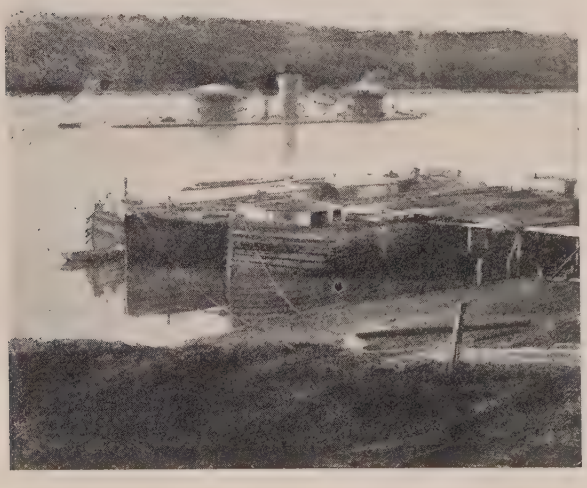
CITY POINT.

events, I believe to have been caused by the attitude of his corps commanders. It is true that the war demonstrated that the successful leaders of our armies were the educated soldier; almost without exception, the generals who distinguished themselves as leaders were West Point graduates.

On the 6th, after leaving the small force at City Point, the army moved up the peninsula to the point designated, with a skirmish line in advance—the advance

ON THE JAMES RIVER.

was practically without opposition, a small force of cavalry easily forcing back the rebel outposts. The roads were narrow and bad; after getting started, the order to each command is to "route step," when the men are required no longer to keep their place in the line, and are free to talk, carrying their arms in any manner that suits themselves, the bayonet on the route step always in the scabbard. It was a common thing for the men to commence relieving themselves of surplus baggage after

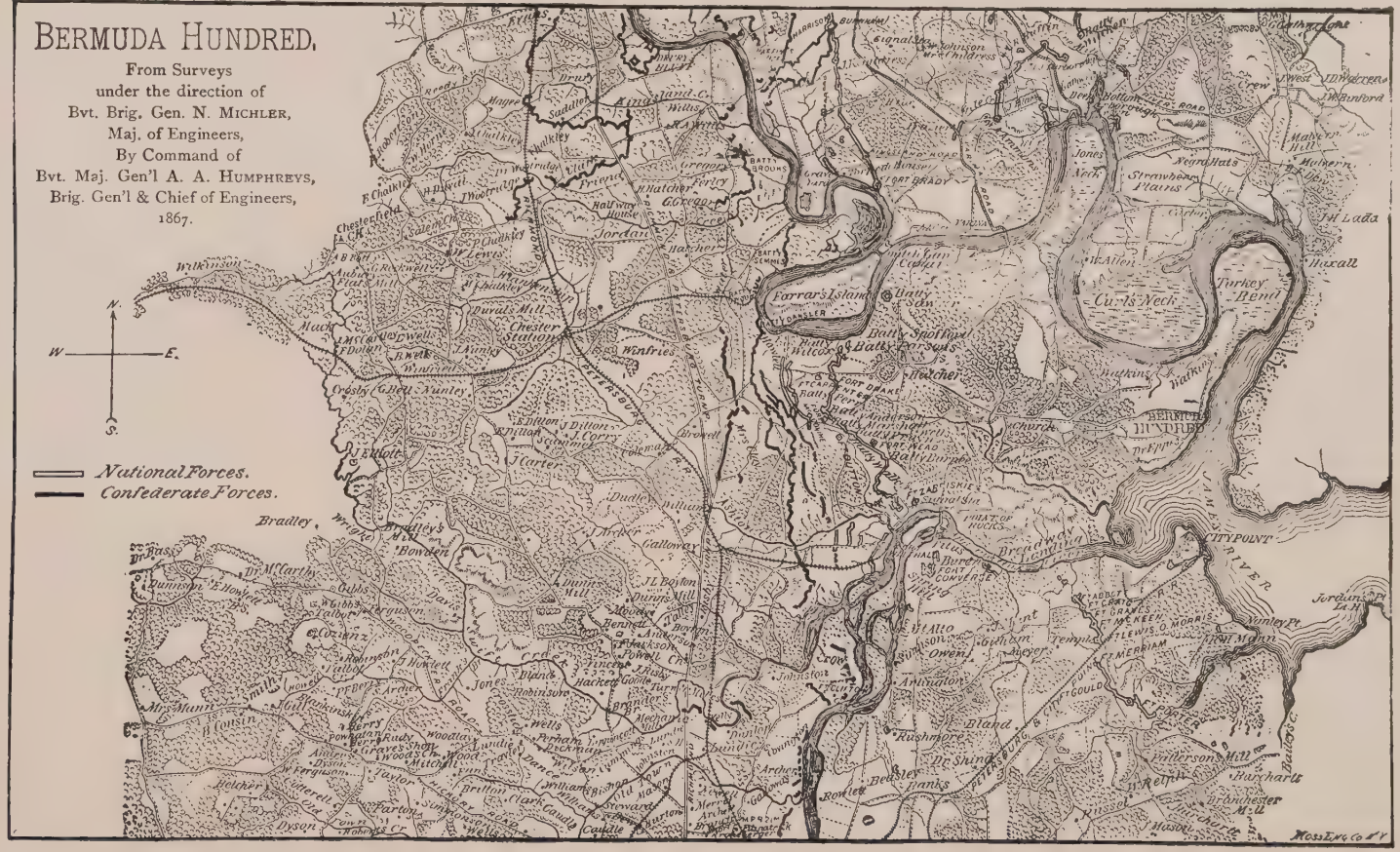


MONITOR ON JAMES RIVER.

marching a few miles; if the day was excessively hot—my recollection is that it was so on that day—after a time many knapsacks were thrown away, the men rolling up their few belongings in their blanket, tying the ends together, and carrying it across the shoulder; this was a general practice of old campaigners on the march.

One of the worst of our hardships upon the march was in getting good drinking water; the canteens would be filled upon the start—we were lucky if we could get good water at any time; after an hour or two of the heat of the sun, the water was anything but palatable. "Water, water," was the cry of men who had become exhausted, it was the cry of wounded men always. There was more suffering from the want of water than from want of food. While the men were allowed to march out of their places in line, straggling was never allowed, every man must keep within easy distance of his place. This was at times done with great difficulty after a long march, the men who were not of the strongest would fall out, and in spite of every effort would sometimes be obliged to be left behind. It was the duty of the lieutenants and the non-commissioned officers, sergeants and corporals, to keep the men up in their proper places, and in this duty they were held responsible by the company commanders.

The colonel, on his horse, upon the march was at the head of the column, the adjutant usually along with the colonel; the lieutenant-colonel, whose place was near the right of the line, would frequently be at the head of the column with the colonel; the major of the regiment, whose place was on the left of the line, as a rule was in the rear of the regiment. The colonel would sometimes say, "Adjutant, take a look down the line, and report to me if the men are keeping closed up." I would move out to the side of the road and as the several companies passed along, if the men were not keeping well up, I would say, "Captain, the colonel's orders are to keep the men well closed up." And so on until the regiment had passed, then I must rejoin the colonel, and to get along the road past the men would be somewhat difficult, and frequently I would go into the field or woods and reach the head of the column in that way, and here my horse Don showed his superiority, for with little apparent effort, over the


BERMUDA HUNDRED.
From Surveys
under the direction of
Bvt. Brig. Gen. N. MICHLER,
Maj. of Engineers,
By Command of
Bvt. Maj. Gen'l A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Brig. Gen'l & Chief of Engineers,
1867.
N.
W.
E.
S.
National Forces.
Confederate Forces.
Forrar's Island
Curl's Neck
Turkey Bend
Strawberry Plains
Negro Hills
Jones Neck
Malvern Hill
Harrison
Signal
Fort Brady
Fort Drake
Fort Converse
Fort Gregg
Fort Gilmore
Fort Graham
Fort Stevens
Fort Gould
Fort Stedman
Fort Morris
Fort Lewis
Fort Merriam
Fort Clark
Fort Abercrombie
Fort Pocahontas
Fort Powhatan
Fort Wadsworth
Fort Pratt
Fort Mahone
Fort Haskell
Fort Gregg
Fort Walsh
Fort Hell
Fort Sedgwick
Fort Fisher
Fort Wilcox
Fort Anderson
Fort Mansfield
Fort Hoke
Fort Dushane
Fort Stevenson
Fort Converse
Fort Graham
Fort Gilmore
Fort Gould
Fort Stedman
Fort Morris
Fort Lewis
Fort Merriam
Fort Clark
Fort Abercrombie
Fort Pocahontas
Fort Powhatan
Fort Wadsworth
Fort Pratt
Fort Mahone
Fort Haskell
Fort Gregg
Fort Walsh
Fort Hell
Fort Sedgwick
Fort Fisher
Fort Wilcox
Fort Anderson
Fort Mansfield
Fort Hoke
Fort Dushane
Fort Stevenson
BERMUDA HUNDRED
CITY POINT
JAMES RIVER
APPOMATTOX RIVER
Chester Station
Chesterfield C.H.
Walthall Junction
Chester Station
Drewry's Bluff
Half Way House
Battery Brooks
Battery Semmes
Battery Spotswood
Battery Wilcox
Battery Dantzler
Battery Gregg
Battery Graham
Battery Gilmore
Battery Stevens
Battery Gould
Battery Stedman
Battery Morris
Battery Lewis
Battery Merriam
Battery Clark
Battery Abercrombie
Battery Pocahontas
Battery Powhatan
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Battery Mahone
Battery Haskell
Battery Gregg
Battery Walsh
Battery Hell
Battery Sedgwick
Battery Fisher
Battery Wilcox
Battery Anderson
Battery Mansfield
Battery Hoke
Battery Dushane
Battery Stevenson
Moss Eng. Co. N.Y.

fence he would go like a trained hunter, and over ditches, too, that were not so very wide, saving me many a detour to reach my objective point. On this occasion, jumping one of the Virginia rail fences, I lost my sword out of the scabbard. I had given it up, when fortunately it was brought back to me.

In the 9th New Hampshire regiment one of our Nashua boys, who then was First Lieutenant in command of his company, one day gave the men of his company a surprise. It was in one of the earlier campaigns, the lieutenant was but recently commissioned, and was upon the first march that the regiment had taken, when he was in command of his company. He was a Sunday School boy at home, and had carried into the Army his Bible, his principles, and his religion. The boys didn't know him very well: they thought he was a goody-goody kind of a boy. The troops were upon a forced march which had been long and very tedious, and the men had begun to straggle along beside the road. The orders were to keep the men well in hand, and not to straggle. The men, with two or three exceptions, had obeyed the commands of the lieutenant very well. There was one, we will call him Jim Smith, for I do not remember his name, persisted in keeping along up on the embankment, although he had been previously ordered into line. At length the lieutenant turned to him and told him it was the last time that he should give him the order to get into line. "Now," he says, drawing his revolver and pointing it at him, "you get, and do it mighty quick," at the same time bringing his revolver to an aim. Smith continued along the bank, making an impertinent reply, when, bang, went the lieutenant's revolver, the bullet zipping by Jim Smith's head. In less time than it takes to tell it, Jim Smith was in the ranks with the other men. The whole company had learned what material this Sunday School boy was made of, and ever after that, no officer in the

regiment had better discipline, nor was there a man in the regiment more popular than the Sunday School boy from Nashua.

The night of the 6th of May the line stretched from the James River to the Appomatox, the 10th Corps upon the right of the line, and our regiment on the extreme right, next to the James River. The first work was digging the intrenchments that had been lined out by the engineers; men worked in reliefs through the night, and before morning a temporary line of defense had been erected.

The brigade and regimental quartermasters soon had the ground staked out for the location of the several regiments and companies.

We had scarcely halted the night before, when a mounted orderly drove up to where Colonel Plimpton and myself were standing, dismounted, saluted and handed me a folded paper. I opened it and read:

Headquarters 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 10th Army Corps.

Bermuda Hundred, Va, May 6, 1864.

Special Orders No. 2.

The following detail will report at once at these headquarters for picket duty.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

3rd N. H. Regt. First Lieutenant and forty men.

By order of Joseh R. Hawley, Brig.-General Comdg. Brigade.

E. Lewis Moore, 1st Lieut. A. A. A. G.

The same order was sent to each regiment in the brigade. I immediately called the sergeant-major, and sent him along the line, giving the order for the detail from each company in proportion to its strength. Lieutenant Daniel Eldredge of Co. K, says he was on detail that first night, therefore it must have been Lieutenant Eldredge who was ordered upon this detail. Notwith-

standing the men were tired, very tired, after the long and hot march, and hungry too, the cooks not having as yet prepared anything, the men must respond to the order, and without words or delay; the whole front of the army must be covered with a line of picket posts, and at once, the orderly sergeant of each company must see that the men detailed from his company are properly equipped and with one day's rations; the detail then sent, conducted by a non-commissioned officer, to report to me at my quarters. I then make sure that all have reported, when the senior officer takes command of the guard, and marches it to brigade headquarters, where a similar detail from each of the other regiments also reports. The officer who had been detailed to command the picket line then consolidates the guard from several regiments, and under the direction of a staff officer established the picket line at a distance in front of the army depending somewhat upon the location of the enemy.

The distance from Richmond to Petersburg is about twenty-two miles; our position at Bermuda Hundred was about equal distance between these two points. The turnpike between these two cities was some two or three miles in our front, and the Richmond and Petersburg railroad was not far distant from the turnpike.

Immediately after taking possesion of Bermuda Hundred General Butler sent General Kautz with his cavalry upon a reconnoissance to Petersburg, upon the south side of the Appomatox. On the afternoon of the 7th, General Smith with a detachment of the 18th Army Corps was ordered out to destroy the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and make a demonstration upon Petersburg.

General Smith met with considerable opposition, and had quite sharp fighting before accomplishing his purpose; he succeeded in destroying several miles of the railroad and burning the depot at Walthall Junction.

General Kautz also destroyed several miles of the Weldon railroad south of Petersburg and captured a hundred or more prisoners.

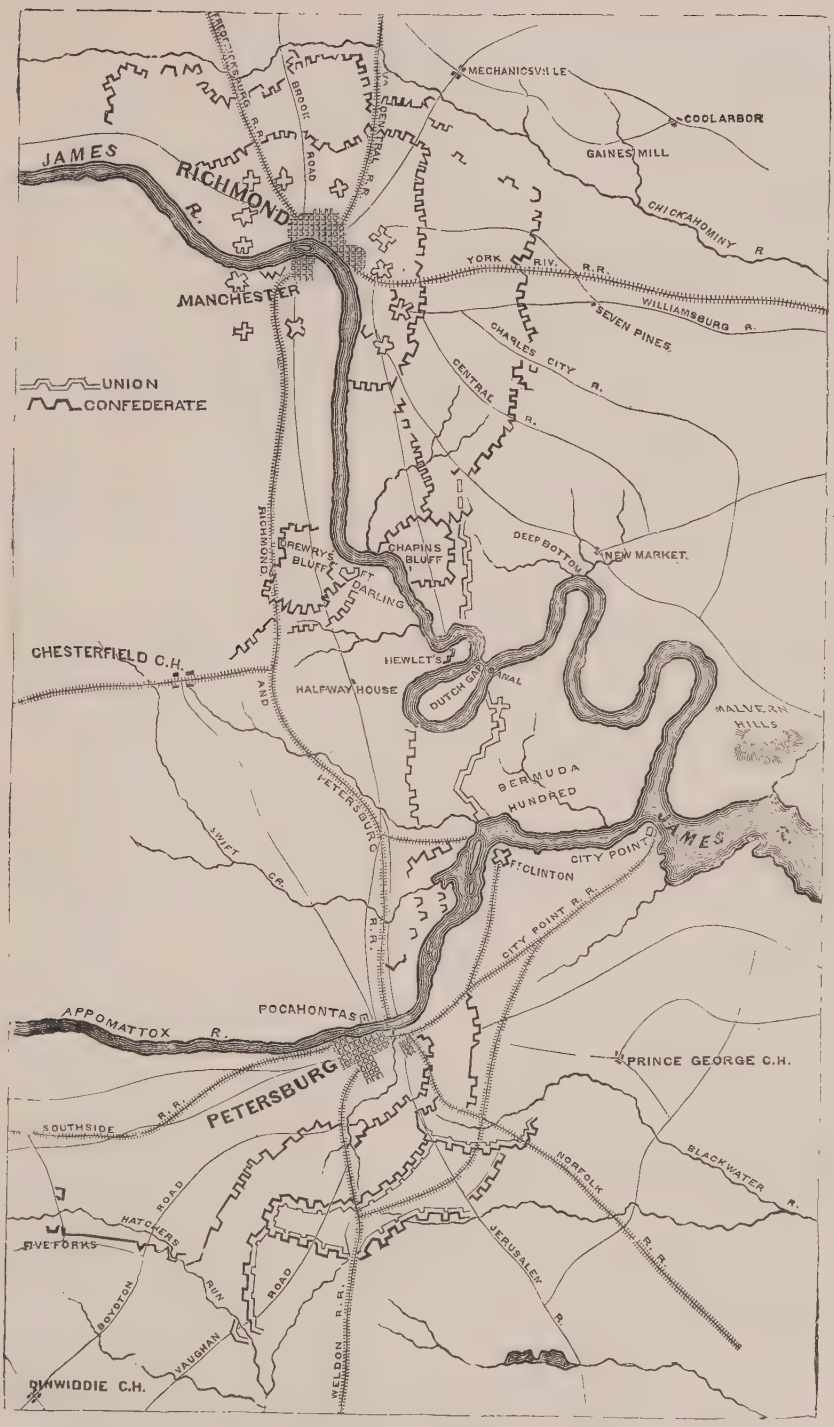
Upon the morning of the 9th, leaving a large force at work upon the intrenchments, the remainder of the army moved out in the direction of Richmond and Petersburg, moving to the right and left, striking the turnpike. General Gilmore with the 10th corps, moved in the direction of Petersburg, while the 18th corps moved in the opposite direction toward Richmond. Small detachments only of the enemy were met, and driven back as we advanced.

Arriving at Walthall Junction, we now had the satisfaction of continuing the work of the destruction of the railroad. Thousands of men were stretched along the line of the track, and by sheer muscular force, lifted one side of the track, turning it completely over and down the embankment. The sleepers were then piled up, the rails laid across the top, and the pile set afire, the heat bending the rails.

It was now past noon, and the boys tired and hungry, were allowed to eat their rations, stacking arms, breaking ranks and finding convenient and shady places for rest. It was here, sitting upon my horse, with other mounted officers of the regiment, under the shade of an tak tree eating our rations, that we saw the liveliest kind of a pig race.

We were near farm buildings when a small pig made its appearance, that weighed perhaps from fifteen to twenty pounds, running for dear life, with two hundred or three hundred men after him. I need not say that he was captured, divided up, and over the fire, in about the same time it takes to tell the story.

Upon such movements, the rations for the field and staff officers were usually carried along by the cooks and servants of our mess, but I made it a practice, and my



MAP OF THE DEFENCES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

recollection is that the other officers did the same also, to carry along my own haversack with a small quantity of rations for emergencies, also a canteen of water.

We were now about four miles from Petersburg, with woods intervening, and had been waiting orders with stacked arms for two or three hours. More or less firing was going on in the distance when an aide came riding up to Colonel Plimpton, halted, and with a salute, delivered an order from General Hawley, prefacing his words in terms used in the technical form required: "General Hawley's compliments!" (Following with the order). "You will report with your regiment to General Terry; he is down this road to the right, a half a mile or more, where he has established his headquarters."

The Colonel immediately gave the order, and marching to the point designated, found General Terry, to whom the Colonel reported.

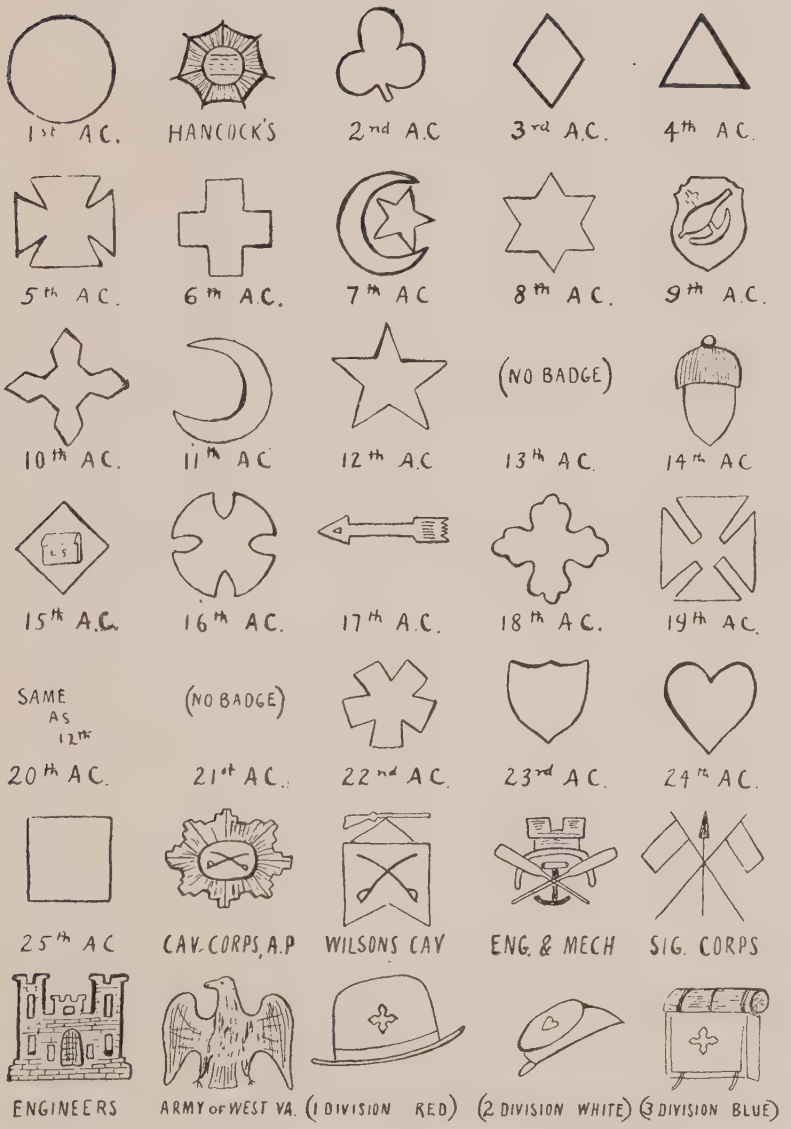
General Terry's instructions to Colonel Plimpton were to move his command to Brandon Bridge on Swift Creek, about two and a half miles from Petersburg. We moved as directed down through what appeared to be a wood road; we had advanced perhaps a mile to a mile and a half, when an occasional shot was heard from our skirmishers. We moved on until we were within about seven hundred yards of the bridge, when a line of battle was formed. We then advanced until within about one hundred and fifty yards of the bridge, where we met the enemy advancing in small force. The enemy opened fire which we returned all along the line. The enemy's line broke, and they fled and disappeared in the woods. We could indistinctly see through the dusk that was coming on, upon an elevation across the creek, what appeared to be a rebel battery; the question was settled very quickly by a discharge of grape and cannister from their guns, but their aim was wild, nearly all the shots passing

over our heads. Several of our men were wounded, none killed; the firing was not continued.

It now being quite dark, and Colonel Plimpton having no orders to make an attack, posted pickets and here we waited along the lines of a Virginia rail fence, through the night, the Colonel reporting the situation in dispatches by courier to General Terry.

In every movement of this kind, when a detachment is sent away from the main body of the army, couriers—cavalry men—are sent with the detachments to carry dispatches, if necessary, from the commanding officer. We waited through the night without anything happening, except that we could hear the whistle of locomotives and the rumbling of cars in the direction of Petersburg. We guessed it to be General Beauregard bringing reinforcements from the south and events proved our guess to be correct. I was standing near my horse with my arm through the driving rein, and the Colonel was not far from me with his horse; the cavalry men, some three or four, were also near by, when out from the darkness across the creek came a volley of shot from a line of rebel infantry. A stampede of horses immediately followed, very few being hit by the volley, but it came so suddenly it brought confusion. As my horse jumped, I grabbed the rein, but was thrown to the ground, and was obliged to let go, the horse disappearing in the darkness. I followed a short distance, but saw the uselessness of doing this, and returned to the regiment. This was entirely unlike Don, who had always proved so courageous and cool under fire, but he was gone and I feared that I had lost him. I sent a cavalry man to find the horse, and to my surprise he returned with him in a few minutes. He said he found him up the road where he had stopped, facing in our direction, apparently contemplating a voluntary return.

The firing from the enemy was not continued; this single volley seems to have satisfied them for the time, and



ARMY CORPS BADGES.

there was no disposition on our part to bring on an engagement. Everything remained quiet until daylight. Several rounds from the battery on the hill were fired, but the elevation of their guns carried the shot over our heads. This position was held until nearly noon, when an order was received from General Gilmore to withdraw and report with the regiment to him on the turnpike. He added to his dispatch that he had received information that General Longstreet's whole army corps was coming in upon our rear, and to move rapidly or we would be cut

HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. BUTLER AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

off. The picket line was immediately withdrawn, and the regiment started to the rear on double quick time.

We had been preparing for dinner when the order came to withdraw. Our cooks of the officers' mess had raided a nearby plantation, and as the result had a large iron pot full of chicken boiling over a fire in a negro cabin near by. When the order was received, the cooks were equal to the occasion; seizing a fence rail they took the kettle from the fire and started with it upon their shoulders, the chickens still boiling, and when we had arrived back to the point designated, the cooks built a fire and finished cooking our dinner.

Fighting had been going on more or less all along the whole line, but with no decisive results, the enemy had

moved out from their works in front of Richmond and attacked the advance of the 18th corps. General Gilmore had received orders to move to the support of this part of the line, and, making a rapid march up the turnpike in the direction of Richmond, some five or six miles to a point near the half way house, we found that the second division of the 18th army corps, commanded by General Harkness, had repulsed the enemy with quite a heavy loss. The road was full of moving troops, artillery and men of the Hospital corps bringing the wounded from the field upon our left. Farther to the front the woods were on fire, and many of the wounded were burned before they could be rescued. At the time of our arrival it was found that there was a truce in force for the purpose of rescuing the wounded from the burning battlefield. While waiting here along the roadside, an officer in gray came riding down the line, coolly looking over our troops, saying not a word to anyone, no one saying anything to him. On his collar were one or more stars, indicating that he was a general of the rebel forces. I did not know at the time the reason of this, of the permitting of a general officer from the enemy to ride along our lines in this way on a tour of inspection, and I never knew why he was not taken a prisoner for violating the rules of a truce. It was an audacious act for any one to do. He returned as coolly as he came. At night the entire force was within the entrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BATTLE OF DRURYS-BLUFF.

We Capture the Outer Defences of Richmond. My First Wound.

THE defences of Bermuda Hundred had now been made practically impregnable, the line of intrenchments extending from the James River to the Appomatox, something like three miles; along the whole front was a stockade of pointed timbers from five to six feet in height and a series of redoubts in which our guns were mounted.

The Army of the James was now prepared to take the offensive. A movement against Richmond was planned by General Butler, and on the early morning of May 12th we moved out from our works, the 18th corps under General Smith, upon the right, and the 10th corps under General Gilmore upon the left. We now had General Beauregard in Petersburg with reinforcements from the south, to take into account in this movement.

The Richmond and Petersburg turnpike and the railroad had some days before been our fighting ground, and again we moved upon the turnpike, the 18th corps still upon the right, a part of the 10th ordered to the left to intercept any movement that General Beauregard could make from Petersburg. During the day of the 12th skirmishing was going on, driving the enemy back as we advanced, but without bringing on a general

engagement. At night we bivouaced, and in a rain storm through nearly the whole night.

Maj. Randlett was now in command of the regiment, Col. Plimpton being upon the staff of Gen. Terry.

Early in the morning of the 13th commenced a movement which at night ended in the possession by the Army of the James of the outer defences of Richmond; three brigades of the 10th corps, including our own brigade

BUTLER'S LINE OF DEFENSE, BERMUDA HUNDRED.

under Gen. Hawley, and all under the command of General Terry, were ordered to make a detour to the left, and to attack the enemy upon their extreme right. We had now passed the White House, known otherwise as the Half Way House, on the turnpike, when the flank movement commenced to the left. Crossing the railroad, still moving to the left, aproaching nearer and nearer the enemy's works at Drurys-Bluff, the outer defences of Richmond.

In this flank movement, our division had left the main body of troops to the right. There was now quite a gap

or interval between our division and the left of the 18th corps. General Terry wishing to communicate with General Gilmore, wanted a man to go on foot through the forest with despatches. Why he did not send a mounted courier in the usual way I do not know, unless it was from the fact that the roads in our rear were likely to be swarming with the enemy's cavalry scouts. My recollection of the matter is that the instruction to this courier was that he was to make his way through the woods, avoiding the road. The general called for a volunteer from our regiment and Colonel Randlett instructed me to find the man. I rode along the line until I found Company F, and stating the matter to the captain, asked him to call for a volunteer from his company, when Corporal Ackerman, a Nashua man, stepped promptly forward. He was told the dangers of his mission, that the chances were more than even for his being shot or captured by the enemy; he replied that he was ready to go, when he was conducted to General Terry. The general gave him the despatches and instructions.

CAPT. JOSEPH ACKERMAN.

As is usual in such cases, two or more couriers were sent upon the same duty, but independent one of the other. We said good bye to Corporal Ackerman, hardly expecting to see him again. After quite an adventurous trip in dodging the enemy, with several narrow escapes, he reached his destination, delivering the despatches to General Gilmore.

Corporal Joseph Ackerman was one of our best and bravest, always ready for duty—prompt and soldierly. For this and other brave acts, and for his general efficiency as a soldier, he was promoted to sergeant, and later to lieutenant, and at the close of the war came home as captain of his company. Captain Ackerman will be well remembered by our older citizens as one of our most respected veteran soldiers. He accidentally shot himself in his place of business July 21, 1879, leaving a widow and three sons, two of them are now practising physicians, one of the sons, George H., is one of Nashua's most popular letter carriers.

In the advance that was now made our brigade was detached, moving still further to the left for a mile or more, on to a highway. Moving further on we crossed the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and from this point our regiment, the 3rd N. H., was ordered to make a further detour to the left. We soon reached an old church in the woods, and further on was a collection of negro cabins, the only visible occupant being an old negro woman. Here the major ordered the regiment to halt, made inquiries of the old darky, who said that through the woods a little way, was a rebel fort and a whole lot of soldiers. Forward was the command, and entering the woods we soon found ourselves in soft swampy land, through which ran a creek. Across the swamp and creek was a foot bridge.

We had scarcely stepped upon the bridge, the Major at the head of the regiment, and I within a few feet of him, when our skirmishers opened fire, and a general fusilade from the enemy followed, the bullets singing by our ears. Major Randlett immediately, in a loud voice gave the command, "Left front into line," he and myself advancing rapidly across the foot-bridge. The regiment came into line of battle by this movement, advancing through the swamp and creek, waist deep in places,

BATTLE OF DRURYS BLUFF. GOING INTO THE FIGHT.

into an opening, where we met the enemy outside of their works; they had opened fire, and so close were some of them when firing in our faces, that they threw down their arms and begged for their lives. Into a field and up a slope the charge was made with a yell; the rattle of musketry was now intense; our boys were dropping to the ground, killed and wounded, the zip and ping of the rifle ball in rapid succession, the crack of artillery and shells exploding, uniting with the shriek of those who were wounded were the unearthly sounds known only to men who have been through the battle. The firing was now hot and heavy. From buildings on our left came a rapid fire from every window; our two left companies were ordered by the colonel to charge upon the buildings. We were then moving up the slopes in the direction of the rebel works; men were falling all around me, but it was the last in my thoughts that I should be hit myself.

Forward we were charging under this hot fire from the entrenchments and the buildings. I was just getting over a fence, and in the act of jumping, with my sword raised in my right hand, when I felt the sting of a bullet. Looking, I saw that a ball had passed between the hilt of my sword and my hand, taking off a piece of my riding glove and the flesh. Looking at it for an instant, thinking it a close call, I was again hit by a rifle ball in the shoulder; the blow was as from a heavy club and I fell to the ground. I did not wholly lose consciousness; my thoughts now were for my own safety and of getting back out from under fire; I tried to rise but fell back and lay upon the ground between the rows of the cultivated land. The fight was going on—I heard the yell of victory and I could see the boys as they mounted the works of the enemy. Again I tried to rise to find my way to the rear, but faint from the loss of blood, I fell, after having gone a few paces; there I lay, for I do not know how long;

around me there were many wounded, and numbers that were moving, staggering along, to get out from under the fire, and there were those who would never rise again, lying with arms and legs outstretched, with faces aghast and distorted and in pools of blood running from horrible wounds. With a supreme effort I got on my feet, and staggered back to the edge of the woods, and lay down again, leaning against a log. Not far from me was an officer standing behind his horse, watching the tide of battle. He saw me and spoke. He asked me if I was able to ride his horse to the rear and report the situation to General Terry; he said he was General Foster on the staff of General Butler. I did not need to answer his question as he soon saw my condition; my left arm was hanging limp, and the blood running down, dropping from my fingers; he then said he would help me to the rear as soon as possible. I had other help however; in some way, I do not know how, I was taken back across the foot-bridge to the negro cabins, which had already been made a hospital and had been filled with the wounded, many more lying upon the ground outside; here I was given stimulants, and laid upon a blanket near the building.

COL. JOSEPH C. ABBOTT.

The 7th N. H. regiment, with Colonel Abbott at the head, now came up on the double quick, to the support of our regiment. I arose to my feet as the regiment approached, and, waving my cap attempted to give a cheer, but fell in a collapse.

With more stimulants I was awakened to the conditions around me; the battle was still raging. I could hear the crack and crash of musketry with the booming of artillery and exploding shells not very far away, along the whole front, and on into the distance. In the far distance came the booming of heavy guns, followed by the rolling vibrating sounds as of thunder, and way beyond, in the direction of Richmond, we could hear the occasional sound of the guns of what later I learned was the battle of Spottsylvania. My brother, Captain Copp, in the Army of the Potomac, afterwards told me that on that day they could hear our guns and he remarked to some of the boys "There goes Butler's guns south of Richmond."

Upon our advance across the swamp in going into the fight, Major Randlett and myself, who were the only mounted officers of the regiment, left our horses here at the negro cabins; my colored boy Tom had my horse in charge.

They now attempted to take me to the rear upon my horse's back, Tom leading the horse, and a man of the Hospital corps helping me to keep in my saddle. Back for a mile or more we went, and reaching the highway, I had become too weak and faint to longer keep my seat upon the horse, when they took me off and laid me beside the road. Here there were many others waiting attention from the surgeons, and to be carried to the rear.

The pain from my wound had now become intense. I do not know how long I lay there without attention, other than that given me by Tom—the poor fellow wanted to help me, but the best he could do was to give me water.

After a time, realizing that some one was lying not far from me, for the first time I looked in his direction, and was astounded to see that it was my friend, Major James F. Randlett—"My God, Major Randlett," I said, between the spasms of pain, and every nerve in my body quivering with intensity, "how came you here?" "Why," said the Major, "you dear boy, I am here for the same reason that you are. Oh, I am so sorry that they have hit you at last." The Major himself suffered intensely with a severe wound in the leg. The chance that brought us here together under these conditions was something a little short of marvelous.

Our own ambulance had not yet reached the battlefield, but by good fortune, as we thought, a captured ambulance, or something they called an ambulance, with a mule and a negro driver, was brought up. We were both placed in the vehicle, and the negro directed to take us to the rear.

Off we started, driving many miles over rough roads, suffering from the jolting all the while. We could not see the direction in which we were going, and did not know. In fact, we were oblivious to everything but our own suffering. Suddenly we heard the clanking of cavalry sabers and the stamp of horses' feet, and the word, "Halt," sharply spoken. The negro driver stopped his mule and loud talking and swearing followed; we managed to look out, and one of the cavalry men had pulled the negro from his seat and had him by the throat with the threat that he would cut his black heart out of him, which we were ready to believe would be done, had we not remonstrated. It proved that the negro was taking us into the camp of the enemy, and we were on the way to Richmond, a very long distance from the Union line, when by accident this squad of cavalry that had been sent out on a scouting tour met us on the road.

The nigger was defiant; when questioned sharply as to this deviltry, he said, "Look a yere, boss, I am Secesh, I just was gwine to took these yere officers to my massa in Richmond—he's a officer in Richmond—my massa neber hurt me."

The cavalryman gave him a blow across the back with the flat side of his sabre and told him to get on to the seat, and about we turned, and under escort of two cavalrymen we were driven back as far as the railroad, where to the best of my recollection, there was no cross-road over the country to the Field Hospital that had been established at the Half-Way House on the turnpike, so we were taken from the ambulance, and not having stretchers, were taken upon blankets, and in a cramped and agonizing position, we were carried for I do not know how many miles, until we finally reached the Half-Way House.

Upon our arrival we found many wounded had already been brought in, and the house was being rapidly filled. Our wounds were here dressed by a surgeon; by extraordinary good fortune there was an empty bed in one of the chambers, and into this we were both put, and made as comfortable as possible. The floors in every room of the house were covered with men less fortunate than ourselves. The night was a sleepless one—the pain in our own wounds and the cries and groans of others through the building made sleep impossible.

On the following morning, ambulances were brought up, and the wounded, one after another, were started off to the rear. Major Randlett and myself were placed in the same ambulance, and hour after hour we moved on, many miles of the way over a corduroy road, built through the swamp land with small trees or poles crosswise of the road; the jolting of the ambulance for miles over such a road was something horrible, every jolt bringing a twinge of pain, and starting afresh the flowing of blood from the

wounds. More dead than alive, we arrived at City Point, put on board the steamer, and at length reached Fortress Munroe. Fom here we were taken to the Chesapeake Hospital at Hampton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL—THE GREAT WORK OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

General Butler Defeated, Not Only by the Enemy, but by His Corps Commanders.

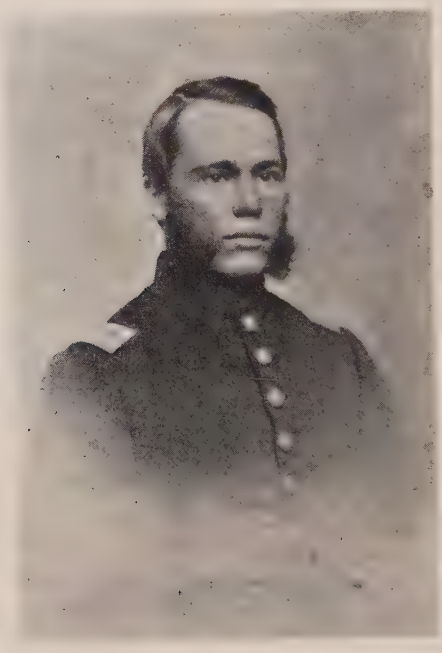
FOR nearly three years, I had miraculously escaped the shot and shell of the enemy, although many times under the fire of their guns, and had had no hospital experience until now.

For the first time I found myself in the hospital and from the battlefield at Drurys-Bluff; from the time I arrived there I was most fortunate in having the best of medical treatment by the physicians and the best of care from the hands of the nurses. I remember with profound gratitude the special attention given me by Miss Harriet A. Preston, who was the nurse in charge of the ward that I was in. For what reason I do not know—it may have been my extreme youth—she gave me her personal attention from the time I was brought into the hospital, although having the responsibility of the whole ward on her hands. I was also

CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL.

fortunate in having been in excellent physical condition when wounded. Under these favorable conditions the wound commenced healing by first intention and I was soon on the road to recovery.

After I was disabled, Lieutenant John M. Parker was assigned to my position as Acting-Adjutant of the Regiment. I have before made mention of Lieutenant Parker's soldierly qualities. I cannot say too much of his faithful services as a soldier in the ranks and an officer of courage and efficiency. Lieutenant Parker was promoted to a Captaincy. Returning to New Hampshire he had made his home at Fitzwilliam, succeeding in life to a high degree.



CAPT. JOHN M. PARKER.

Early in the war the medical staff found it an impossibility to care for all of the wounded, and thousands died upon the battlefield and upon their way to the hospitals, from want of the attention that in the crude organization of the medical corps, it was impossible to give. But later, the work of the sanitary commission supplementing and co-operating with the medical officers, a great change in the percentage of the recovery from wounds followed.

The first appearance of the sanitary commission at the front during active operations was not looked upon with favor by the medical staff of the army; it was thought to be an interference in their special province; the war department did not at first look upon it with favor, even President Lincoln spoke of it as the fifth wheel to the coach; its inception was by the patriotic women throughout the North, who first organized for the work, bringing prominent men to their assistance, and by their persistent work, in a very few months it grew into large proportions, and through the remainder of the four years of war did the greatest humanitarian work the world ever saw. Inspectors, who were medical men, were sent to the front to examine into everything pertaining to the welfare of the soldier. It inspected the quality and quantity of the rations issued to the soldier—the cooking of the rations—the quality of the clothing issued, compelling through the military authorities the return of large quantities of inferior and shoddy uniforms and blankets that were sold to the government by dishonest contractors, and a better quality subsituted. It examined into the treatment of the wounded and sick upon the battlefield and in the hospital, it put trained nurses into the hospitals to care for the sick and wounded; it put kettles upon wheels with portable furnaces, and followed the army, issuing extra and wholesome rations wherever there was a necessity; it invented and built hospital cars for the more comfortable transportation of sick and wounded soldiers; it maintained forty soldiers' homes and free hotels over the route to and from the front, in which 800,000 soldiers were fed and cared for without expense to the soldier; it maintained a hospital directory containing 600,000 names of soldiers in hospitals, furnishing invaluable information to relatives and friends at home; it had a special Battlefield Relief Corps, always present during engagements, with surgeons, ambulances and store wagons, giving aid to the

regular Hospital and Medical department of the Army. After the battle of Antietam, there were ten thousand wounded upon the battlefield to be taken care of and but for the Sanitary Commission infinitely more suffering would have followed. Here the commission distributed twenty-eight thousand pieces of dry goods—sheets, towels, pillows, etc—thirty barrels of old linen bandages and line—three thousand pounds of farina—twenty-six hundred pounds of canned meats—five thousand pounds of beef—three thousand bottles of wine—four thousand sets of hospital clothing—all this issued to the wounded of this one battle, and similar work following many of the greater battles. For this magnificent patriotic work our country is indebted to the loyal women of the North.

MISS HARRIET P. DAME,
ARMY NURSE.

New Hampshire's representative nurse throughout the War was Miss Harriet P. Dame. She went early into the field with the 2nd N. H. Regiment, and did most faithful service with that Regiment and in the Field Hospital, through to the end of the War, loved and respected by every soldier who knew her.

The Chesapeake hospital was a large three story frame building, with tall colonial columns in front, giving

it an imposing appearance. Before the war it was used as a female college, now taken possession of by the government and used exclusively as a hospital for commissioned officers.

In a humanitarian sense there should have been no discrimination in the treatment of officers and enlisted men, but there was a difference, nevertheless, although the difference must be paid for by the officer.

Near this hospital building there was a large camp of tents and small buildings known as the "McClellan Hospital" and used for enlisted men. Thousands had been brought from the front to this hospital; I do not know how many thousand; probably not far from five thousand at this time, and a continual stream of ambulances was being driven up to the doors, bringing in the wounded from the battlefields in large numbers. There were large numbers being sent away daily, as fast as recovery was far enough advanced, either to the front to rejoin their regiments for duty or to the hospitals in and around Washington. There were many never again to see their home, and every day they were put in rude coffins and buried in the fields not far away. It was impossible to have formal funeral ceremonies; to be sure there were priests and chaplains there to whisper words of hope into the ear of the poor dying boy who had been hoping against hope that his dear ones would come to him and whose last thoughts and last words were of home—here was the pathos of the war.

News from the front was anxiously looked for and the arrival of the mail bringing letters and papers was the most important event of the day.

Lying upon my cot, I read my letters from home and from the boys at the front, and scanned the newspapers with intense interest. The battle of Drurys-Bluff did not end upon the day of its opening—it had just commenced

when I was stricken down and taken from the field. The extreme right of the line of the rebel works had been enveloped and taken possession of during the day of the 13th and the battle extended along the whole line of both the 10th and 18th corps, to the James river, driving the enemy back from the first line of intrenchments.

General Butler now ordered an assault to be made upon the following morning along the whole line, but this order was not carried into execution, the corps commanders asserting their own judgment against that of the general commanding in defiance of his orders. General Beauregard had now come up from Petersburg with reinforcements; he had succeeded in flanking our army on the left by roads with which he was familiar, and entering the defences of Richmond, had assumed command and was now confronting General Butler's forces. General Beauregard also ordered out from Petersburg a force under command of the rebel General Whiting to threaten our rear. On the night of the 15th, in a dense fog, Beauregard made an attack upon the front of the 18th corps and drove our forces back, but not without great slaughter of his men.

Telegraph wires that had been taken from the poles along the railroad that we had destroyed had been strung along from tree to tree in front of our lines in a way that when the charge of the enemy was made, the men were thrown to the ground, piling one upon another in great confusion, where they were slaughtered like sheep, from the terrific fire of our guns.

There had now been heavy fighting for three days, with severe losses, when General Butler, deeming his position untenable, withdrew the whole army back to the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

General Butler having been defeated in his efforts, General Grant now ordered the 18th Army Corps and a

BATTLE OF DRURYS-BLUFF, SECOND DAY.

part of the 10th Corps to join the Army of the Potomac, then north of the James and near Cold Harbor. General Butler's forces having been depleted, the enemy moved in upon his front and established a counter line of intrenchments from the James to the Appomatox, parallel to his own. It was here and now that in the language

A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL--A BENEFICENT HAND.

of his enemies he was "bottled up," but it is clear to the unprejudiced critic, if the critic knows of what he is writing, that General Butler's defeat was not so much at the hands of the enemy, as from his own corps commanders.

General Heckman of the 18th Corps, who was captured on the 14th and taken prisoner to Richmond, says that from his observation of conditions, General Butler could have taken Richmond had the movement been made on the morning of the 14th of May as ordered. It

is also true that by the direct disobedience of the orders of General Butler by Generals Smith and Gilmore, the opportunity of taking Petersburg was lost, with far reaching disastrous results.

Both General Gilmore and General Smith, like General McClellan, were officers of the engineer corps, and from long professional habit of thought in their special branch of education in the science of war, must put upon paper and figure to a mathematical certainty the plan of each movement of their army, with deduction of probabilities before commencing such movement. During the time these generals were studying problems in mathematics, the enemy had brought up reinforcements, opened fire, and won the battle.

The greatest battles of the war after Gettysburg were now being fought. The Army of the Potomac under General Mead, but directed by the genius of Grant, had fought the great battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania.

In four days fighting at Spotsylvania, the Army of the Potomac, something over one hundred thousand men, lost fifteen thousand, three hundred. The Army of the James in four days' fighting at Drurys-Bluff with twenty-five thousand men, lost four thousand, five hundred and sixty, showing a larger per cent of losses than that of the Army of the Potomac at Spotsylvania. I make note of these facts for a purpose; many people, and I think a majority of those who have been interested in a history of the War of the Rebellion, have centered their attention upon the so-called great battles, forgetting that other armies than the Army of the Potomac, and General Sherman's army, also fought the battles of the war.

Among the visitors who called upon me at the hospital was a Mr. Russell, who told me that he was there

under special authority of the war department, to see that the soldiers were being well cared for, and to do what he could for them. He was a very kind and agreeable gentleman, and from what he told me I concluded that he was quite near to the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton. He called upon me almost daily; I suggested to him one day that he would be doing his country a great service if he would get for me a leave of absence that I might visit my home during my convalescence. Under the stringent orders of the war department at that time, every officer and man was sent to the front for duty as soon as recovery made it possible.

One of the officers in my ward, his name I cannot recall, made a written application for a leave of absence, stating that his recovery would now enable him to travel. The application came back from the general commanding endorsed, "if this officer is able to travel, he will immediately rejoin his regiment." This was not very encouraging for others. I concluded, therefore, that my only chance was through special influence with the war department. Mr. Russell promised that he would do all he could to get a leave of absence for me. It may have been two weeks later, and three weeks from the time I entered the hospital, that he came into my room one day, his face lighted up with a smile, and handed me a document; upon opening it I found a special permit from the war department to visit New Hampshire.

I first hurrahed for Mr. Russell, then for the secretary of war, and then broke down and cried like a child; which of course was a weak and childlike demonstration—but I was weak—the shock to my system, and the suffering from my wound had so reduced my vitality, that I was completely unnerved, but tears of joy and tears of grief are quite a different proposition.

It needed but little time for preparation when I started for home with my arm in a sling; I took the little

horse car at the door of the hospital, the horse car was drawn by one mule, and the car little larger than a good sized dry goods box. This car ran regular trips from Hampton to Fortress Munroe, about a mile and one half distant; at Fortress Munroe I took a steamer for Washington, and thence by rail. Here I found myself in the same car with quite a number of officers and soldiers from the Washington Hospitals, who were also starting home on a leave of absence. Among them was Maj. Charles W. Sawyer of the 4th N. H. Regiment, who had been badly wounded at Drurys-Bluff. We were along together until we reached Oakdale, Mass., about half way from Worcester to Nashua; just before reaching this point, the major had a bad hemorrhage from his wound, and we were obliged to leave him at the hotel near the depot at Oakdale. It proved to be very serious, the major dying in about a week from that time.

I was very much exhausted on reaching home, but with a few days of home care and comforts, I recuperated and was on my feet again. I do not recall very much of my visit at this time; I was glad, very glad, to get home I know, for rest and recovery.

A few incidents I do remember, hardly worth the telling, yet they hold strangely in my memory. One incident was the reception given me by my sister Louise; she was, poor girl, overjoyed to see me, and rushing up to my chair, threw herself upon my shoulders, her right hand upon the wounded shoulder, with such force that I cried out with pain. She was terribly frightened and grief stricken. Nothing serious came of it, however, yet she made an impression upon me that was quite lasting.

I found no comfortable chair in the house as I thought, and as soon as I could do so I went down town to the furniture store of Fletcher and Brown in Beasom's block, and bought a rocking chair, which I used during my stay, and have used many years since, and today it is

my favorite chair at home, while the Morris chair remains unoccupied.

During my stay at home I was at the old book store much of the time, meeting and talking with John Tillotson, who was then clerk in the book store, Will Cheever, Charles and James Whitmarsh and many other old friends who came in, telling over and over the story of the camp and battle field.

I watched the papers daily and read of the movements of the army and of my own regiment in particular, each day bringing a desire more and more to get back to my regiment and to my duty. It may seem unaccountable that I should have this feeling to return to the dangers of the battlefield. I can not explain for I do not know—it surely was not the love of danger, it was probably a mixed feeling of pride in being with my regiment in all of its movements, that I should lose none of the experiences or honors that belonged to me. This feeling did exist, however, and very strongly, so much so that I was not satisfied to remain home long enough for my wound to heal, and against the advice of my physician, Dr. George Gray, I started for the front to rejoin my regiment.

Before leaving I paid a visit to my brother, the Rev. H. B. Copp, at Seabrook, N. H. It was while with him here that a sequel developed to a most remarkable dream, that I had about one year previously.

It was in June, 1863, upon Botany Bay Island, S. C., on one of the very few nights that I had been upon picket duty, and in command of the picket line. The night had been intensely dark; several times I had been called by the Sergeant of the Guard to investigate alarms along the line, and altogether I had had a strenuous night. Returning to camp in the morning, I laid down upon the cot in my tent and fell asleep. Upon awaking I had the most vivid recollection of a dream that made quite

an impression upon me at the time. In my dream I had been through a battle and had been wounded; I was apparently upon a leave of absence and in New Hampshire, not at my home, but in a strange place. One of my arms had been disabled and was in a sling; with me were friends, and we were riding in the country. The scenery was beautiful and clearly defined. Upon the right of the road was a hillside, sloping from quite a height, with an apple orchard. Rounding a bend in the road could be seen at a distance across an open country the spires of churches and a village.—So much of the dream was clear.

It all would undoubtedly have been forgotten had not subsequent events devoloped a wonderful realization of the dream.

It was while upon this visit to my brother at Seabrook that occasionally we drove out for pleasure; upon one trip we went to Amesbury, Mass., a delightful ride through a pleasant country. My attention was called to a large orchard upon our right, upon a hillside sloping to the roadway, and rounding a bend in the road we could see at a distance across the open country the spires of churches and the village of Amesbury. Never before had I been in this place, but here was the counterpart of my dream. At home—wounded—my arm in a sling—riding with friends—and here was the identical scene that was so vividly presented in the dream of one year before.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Golden Opportunity of Ending the War in 1864 Lost June 9, at Petersburg.—Sheridan's Cavalry Cross the James.

UPON arriving at City Point I found Tom with my horse Don waiting for me at the dock, according to arrangements previously made. With a little assistance I mounted my horse, and started for the Bermuda Hundred camp where my regiment was located and in nearly the same spot where I had left it on the morning we moved out on the Drurys-Bluff campaign.

I was given a hearty welcome back by the officers and men of the regiment. Everything was rather quiet along the lines at this time. Tents had been received and a comfortable camp was one of the surprises of my return; my own tent was waiting for me, a wall tent with a bunk that had been constructed with poles that Tom had cut in the woods; it was minus a floor, simply from the fact that there was nothing to make the floor of. A rude office table and a few camp chairs completed the equipment.

Quite a little fighting had been going on during my absence.

The boys told me of the attack made upon their lines by Beauregard, where the enemy were gloriously repulsed, and of their own attack upon the rebel rifle pits, our own regiment leading the attack, and of their rout-

ing the Rebs out of their works, of how Capt. Maxwell, Lieuts. Eldredge, Trickey, Edgerly, Libby, Parker, Atherton, McCoy and Bowen had distinguished themselves by special daring in the face of the enemy, and that every officer and every man in the rank deserved special honor for their courage, all of which made me feel that I had been guilty of the misdemeanor of being absent at the

A Successful Charge of the 3rd N. H. Upon the Rebel Works at Bermuda Hundred, June 16th, 1864.

wrong time, and could not share in the glory of the heroism of my Regiment.

A few days after my return it was reported that General Sheridan with his cavalry, after making his celebrated raid around Richmond, in which he cut through the rebel line and made a circuit of the rebel capital, and Lee's whole army, had now come out at the White House on the York river. He was about to join the Army of the Potomac which was now in front of Petersburg; this would necessitate his crossing the James river. General

Terry was ordered with his division, including the 3rd N. H., to protect the crossing of the cavalry. It was thought the crossing would be contested by the enemy.

The regiment was in line, ready to move. I had ordered up my horse to take my place and go with the regiment, when Surgeon Buzzell came along and said to me, "Adjutant, you are unfit to go upon this movement, and as your medical advisor I forbid you going." I replied, "I am sorry, Doctor, to disobey you, but I am going with the regiment."

I was helped to mount my horse, then I reported to Colonel Plimpton who ordered me to relieve the acting adjutant, Lieutenant Parker.

As the regiment moved out of camp I took my place riding with the Colonel at the head of the column, through the woods, over a by-road four or five miles to the Appomatox river, where steamers were waiting for the entire command.

In embarking on board the boats, the horses were put upon the lower deck, the mounted officers dismounting, and leaving the horses with the orderlies and servants who led them over the gang plank on to the boat, the angle of the plank from the boat to the shore making it not an easy thing to do.

It was all very wonderful to me, and I do not forget the intelligence of the horses in the army displayed under all conditions, adapting themselves to circumstances, learning their part equally as well as the men learned theirs.

The horses of the commissioned officers were private property, and as a rule, were superior to the government horses, although in the cavalry there were many fine blooded animals that displayed the greatest intelligence, courage and endurance. Under the discipline of the army the best of care was given the horses, so far as circumstances would permit.

Frequently, upon long marches, it was impossible to get sufficient feed and water, then the poor animals had to suffer. In many cases the men became very much attached to their horses and they were their pets. Of course there was the same difference in the intelligence of the horse that we find in men. While some would be dull and indifferent to surroundings, obeying the word of command in a listless kind of a way, others were on the alert, quick to grasp the conditions and showing human intelligence in performing their part in obedience to orders. I remember at one time we were on the march late at night, passing the bivouac of a cavalry corps. It was a new and wonderful sight to me; an exhibition of the close relations that existed between the warhorse and his rider—all over the field, horses and men were lying upon the ground together, asleep, the men sometimes between the legs of the horses, reclining upon the horse's body. Upon an alarm in the night or a bugle call in the morning, man and horse were upon their feet instantly, and I never knew of a horse stepping upon his rider or in any way injuring him under these conditions.

A charge of cavalry over a field with a fair chance was one of the most intense, exciting and inspiring of all the scenes of war. Thousands of horses and their riders, the men with their sabres aloft, the horses upon the dead run, was something in a fair field that nothing could stand against. When met with the fire of the enemy, and the man shot from his saddle, the horse frequently kept on, riderless, as though determined to have his part in the victory, although without his master.

My own horse Don was the peer of them all, always ready for duty, and with an intelligence surpassing most horses. He knew battalion drill, or his part of it, as well as I did myself. Under fire he was cool as the veteran soldier, that he really was.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

The sufferings of the wounded horses following a battle was most pathetic. They would have had more attention but for the wounded men who must first be cared for. As soon as it was possible to do so, the wounded horse was shot, to end his misery.

It was probably nearly noon when we proceeded down the river to City Point, then on down the James River to Wilcox Landing, upon the north side of the James River. Landing here, we marched into the interior, some five or six miles, until we met the advance guard of Sheridan's cavalry.

The day was terribly hot and extremely dusty, and there was quite a little suffering of both men and horses. I stood the trip, however, much better than could have been expected. We did not meet the enemy and the cavalry men said that they had had no fighting for twenty-four hours. Thousand after thousand of the cavalry passed us while we stood in line. I was sitting on my horse and with other officers of the regiment was watching the passage. When on duty I had been in the habit of wearing gauntlets or white gloves; as it happened that day I had on my right hand a white glove—my left arm was still useless from the wound in my shoulder. The boys of the cavalry begrimmed from head to feet noticed the white glove, and many remarks and jokes were made at my expense as they passed. One would say, "Look at the boy," "O my, look at the white gloves." I did not feel so very green or like a raw recruit, that I was troubled, and of course, took it in good part.

The New Hampshire cavalry was with Sheridan, and knowing that Edwin White, the brother of the dear woman who later became the mother of the two girls to whom these reminiscences are dedicated, was with this cavalry, I was on the lookout for him. I finally saw the marking upon the horse trappings, 1st N. H., and soon recognized in the Hospital Steward of the Regiment, Ed.

White. The recognition was mutual, and the very few minutes that we could talk as we rode along together was interesting to both. Before night the cavalry had safely crossed the river, without the battle we fully expected and without incident we returned to our camp.

EDWIN D. WHITE.
HOSPITAL STEWARD.

On the evening of the 8th of June, a force was sent out under orders of General Butler to again attempt the capture of Petersburg, General Kautz's cavalry and a part of the 10th corps under General Gilmore, co-operating. General Kautz says: "The infantry was expected to threaten Petersburg from the City Point road, while the cavalry made a detour to the Jerusalem plank road where the enemy's lines were believed to be weak; it was agreed that if the cavalry carried this line, General Gilmore was to assault the line in his front."

General Gilmore moved his command in the direction of Petersburg, the 2nd brigade and the 3rd New Hampshire well in advance, arriving to a distance of about three miles from the town and not far from the

City Point railroad. Here the troops were halted and bivouacked for the night.

In the early morning, General Gilmore made a reconnoissance along the front of the enemy's lines, but nothing further, and here he held his command until three o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime, General Kautz with his cavalry upon the left of the 10th corps, made an entrance into the town of Petersburg.

It is said of General Gilmore, that about noon on the 8th, he and his staff took their dinner at the house of a woman whose husband and boys were in the rebel army, and from information given by this woman, he learned that Petersburg was defended by a large force under General Beauregard and without further demonstration he marched his corps back to City Point.

Here is what General Kautz says he found upon his advance upon Petersburg: "The line where the Jerusalem road entered the works was held by about two hundred Second Class Militia, and was easily carried by the cavalry, and had General Gilmore been at hand with the infantry, Petersburg could have been taken and held at this time." Here, too, is the evidence from the other side: The rebel Brigadier General R. E. Colston, who commanded the defences of Petersburg at that time, in a report of the affair of the 9th, says: "At that time the lines covering Petersburg on the south side of the Appomatox formed a semi-circle of about eight miles development, resting upon the river at each end, with the exception of a few lunettes and redoubts, commanding positions, the lines were barely marked out, and a horseman could drive over them without the least difficulty almost anywhere as I myself had done day after day, for weeks before the fight," and he further says, "On the 9th of June the lines were entirely stripped of regular troops, with the exception of General Wyse's brigade on our extreme left, and a battery of four guns. Every other regiment had been

ordered across the James to aid General Lee on the north side."

General Colston further says, "By this time our ability to retain the position was a question of minutes only, but on those few minutes hung the rescue or capture of the city. I knew that if we were driven in before sufficient Confederate forces recrossed the Appomatox, the enemy would at once arrive into the town and burn the bridges, after which they would have no difficulty in holding the place, and all of General Lee's army would be unable to force a recrossing. With the loss of the town would be lost the main lines of railway upon which our armies depended almost entirely for supplies."

Is it not clear that on the 9th day of June, 1864, the failure of General Gilmore to follow up the movement of General Kautz and take possession of Petersburg was the greatest possible calamity? For is it not probable that with Petersburg in our hands and General Lee's supplies cut off, General Grant would have formed a junction of the Army of the Potomac and of the Army of the James, and then and there forced the surrender of Lee?

Soon after this movement against Petersburg, General Gilmore was relieved from the command of the 10th corps, and never again assigned to any important command. It was a sad ending of the military career of one who had before won a world-wide reputation as a military engineer.

As I understand the facts of the operations of the Army of the James in front of Richmond and Petersburg, I believe it to be a very great injustice to hold General Butler responsible for the failure to capture Petersburg. Had General Butler been as fortunate in his corps commanders as was General Grant, General Butler's name would have found a place much higher in the list of names

A SHELL AT HEADQUARTERS.

of the great generals of the war than is given it by the historian.

The term "firing line" was not used at that time; it was the line of battle, as may be supposed, at the very front; the line of battle is in two ranks, but practically when once under fire, the ranks would break up. Each man while keeping near his place, would take advantage of any tree of stump or uneven ground, always, however, under the eye of his commanding officer.

The positions of the captains and lieutenants of each company were immediately in the rear of the company; the colonel and field officers of each regiment in the rear of the company's officers, the distance varying according to conditions, being in close touch and near enough to give the necessary orders; further in the rear at a convenient point was the brigade commander of each brigade; the commanders of divisions, finding a convenient point somewhere near, further in the rear, and somewhere near the center of his command; corps commanders establishing their headquarters at available points, all changing with the movements of the army; the commanding general keeping up communication with his junior commanding officers by aides, known as staff officers, who carried the orders from the commanders. The headquarters of commanding generals were far from being at a safe distance from the battle line—shells, schrapnel, grape and cannister, and bullets from the enemy would reach over the heads of our men in front, sometimes making havoc with the general and his staff.

A "line of battle" sometimes covered several miles, and the general in command directing the movements, can, of course, see but a limited area, if any, of the battlefield and must depend upon his aides for information as to the condition along the line. Frequently in the heat of battle and in an emergency several aides are dispatched with the same order for one or more may be

killed on the way, which was often the case; then of course, where orders were not delivered, or misinformation given to the general commanding, sometimes confusion and defeat would follow. So it can be seen how much depends upon the skill and judgment as well as the courage of the commanding officer; he must seize opportunities at the right moment to make the charge upon the enemy, or dispatch a body of the reserve troops to meet the attack at an unexpected point in the line, or to take advantage of a weak place in the line of the enemy, and send an overwhelming force against this point to break through and force the enemy back. And all this in the din and crash of battle, the deafening roar of musketry and artillery, and the sulphurous smoke of the battle. Frequently there would be conflicting reports in the dispatches from the commanders along the line of the different divisions, all calling for a keen insight into the probabilities, with resolute action.

In the campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, General Grant established a field telegraph line, which was of very great advantage in keeping up communication with his corps division and brigade commanders. A Telegraph Corps was organized of men and mules. The wire was in coils upon large spools, the spools placed in the frame work not unlike a saw-horse, and this placed upon the back of the mule, one mule for each brigade; whenever there was a movement of the army, the Telegraph Corps would follow the movement somewhere upon the flank, and as the wire was unrolled, it was fastened to trees, and in the absence of trees, to poles that were carried along in teams provided for the purpose, so that within five to ten minutes after a halt, the telegraph operators were at work with their instruments between all of the various headquarters.

The camp at Bermuda Hundred now being in the nature of a permanent camp the troops had been sup-

plied with tents for the men, and wall tents for officers, and we had for a time more of the comforts of camp life. General Joseph R. Hawley, who was formerly lieutenant colonel of the 7th Conn. regiment, then commanded by Colonel Alfred H. Terry, was now in command of our brigade, General Terry being in command of the 1st

SUTLER'S TENT.

Division of the Army of the James, our brigade being included in this division.

All through the service, from the leaving home in 1861, notwithstanding my success in the military service, I could not help having regret for the loss of my opportunities for completing an education, having left the High school before graduating. The great experience that

I was having did not impress me then as later, that it was in itself a broader education than I could have had in school or college in way of experience. I felt keenly the loss of my opportunity for a more extended academic education and with this in view, I determined if possible to get an appointment at West Point.

In a confidential talk with Colonel Plimpton, he said that he would gladly help me in any way that he could, but advised me not to think of leaving the service for West Point at that time. He said he would have a talk with General Terry, who was his personal friend, and later he told me the result of the interview that he had with General Terry. General Terry agreed with Colonel Plimpton in his advice that I wait until the war was over, and emphasized his suggestion that I would very much regret leaving the service at that time. If, however, I was determined to do so, he thought he could get the appointment for me, under a new Act of Congress providing for the admission of young men from the army, over the age limit of eighteen. In my capacity as adjutant of the regiment I had the opportunity of carrying along text books with the records of the regiment; I had sent home for these books early in the war and had used my spare time in study, so that I was quite confident of passing examination for admission to West Point.

Another view of the matter was that I should be deserting the colors if I left the service in the face of the enemy, and the more I thought of it in this light, the less inclined I was to resign from the service even for admission to West Point and my conclusion was to accept the advice of General Terry, that I would take my chances and wait until the end of the war. I did not have long to wait before the question of my ever going to West Point was decided by fate, the bullets of the enemy placing me outside of the possibilities of admission.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Siege of Petersburg—"Battle of the Crater."—Camp at Bermuda Hundred.

A FEW days before my return from leave of absence, the Army of the Potomac had crossed the James River and was now in front of Petersburg; the crossing was on the 13th and 14th of June The 18th Army Corps had been attached to the Army of the James and our own Corps, the 10th, under General Terry, in immediate command was holding the lines at Bermuda Hundred.

General Beauregard still held his lines in our front; an occasional firing was kept up between our guns and those of the enemy, and once in a while one of their shells would reach our camp so that it can not be said that we were very comfortable night or day.

The grounds did not permit of battalion drills, and very little, if any, drills at all, but there was plenty of work, however, for officers and men. The work of building redoubts, mounting guns and otherwise strengthening our lines was kept up, calling for details for this duty every day.

Large details for guard duty were made to be established along the fortifications and whole companies would be detailed for picket duty, and here as well as in front of Petersburg, picket duty was intense, the lines being in close touch with each other, and the "touch" meantime in too many instances, that of the rifle ball, when men along the picket line became careless in showing themselves above the works.

In some instances the lines were so close that talking could be heard from one line to the other; in places the lines were within one hundred yards of each other. One dark night in posting a picket guard, one of our men was posted behind a large tree—every movement of the enemy being closely watched, the outer picket

GEN. GRANT IN THE FIELD.

posts being in the closest possible proximity—this man had been placed behind a tree known to be very near the rebel line. Soon the sentinel heard a noise on the other side of the tree and a voice, "Hulloa, Yank, ain't we gittin pretty close—you better git—and I'll git," and both men did "git" to trees further back.

Tom, my colored boy, was a big fellow, and black as ink. Sometimes I could find him when he was wanted, at other times he was with some of the other colored

boys, servants of other officers, but as a rule, Tom was a very good boy. I asked him one day if he would like to learn to read and write. Rather to my astonishment, he became much interested. "Gorry mighty, boss, I just would" he said. I told him I would send home and get a book for him, that he might learn to read, and by the next mail I sent a letter to my brother in Nashua for a school primer, which he very promptly sent to me.

Tom was delighted in this new experience. In slave life, as is generally known, they were not allowed to learn to read and write.

Tom worked hard over the lessons I gave him in his primer, a new thought had been born within him—that he could learn and know, and be like those above him. It was a new emotion, and his brain was stimulated into activity. In his little A tent, directly in the rear of my own, I could hear him from time to time at his studies. In a loud bass voice in proportion to his size, I heard him one day, and looking in , unobserved, I saw him sitting upon the ground, his primer in his lap, and with his big black finger pointing to the letters, he went on—"B-o-y, boy—c-a-t, cat and so on. I gave him pen and ink, and made copies for him to learn to write. He improved his time and later one day I found in my tent on the table a piece of paper upon which was scrawled, "A-g-t" for (Adj.) "how you like my rite—Tom."

I have wondered since I lost sight of Tom, what became of him. It is possible that during the carpet-bag reign in the South, he may have been an active and influential member of a state legislature, a time when the negroes controlled the South.

The period known as the carpet-bag reign in the South, immediately following the war, was the result of the 15th amendment to the Constitution, giving the negroes the ballot. Throughout the South, the vote of the negro being so much larger than the vote of the whites,

it resulted in a terrible condition of affairs, the white people being dominated politically by the negroes, who were their former slaves. They rebelled against it; organizations of white men, known as the Kuklux Klan, disguised with masks, rode through the country, murdering and terrorizing negroes who dared to vote the Republican ticket; as a matter of course, the negroes who had been made free by a Republican President, and given the right to vote by a Republican Congress, to a unit, voted the Republican ticket, voting themselves into office, to the exclusion of all white men. A reign of terror followed; troops were sent into the South to preserve order and to guarantee the negro his rights under the Constitution. Thousands of men were appointed by the Government from the North to governmental positions in the South, and in these positions they were supported by the U. S. troops. These Northern men holding offices under the Government were known as carpet-baggers, so named by the people of the South, and this period is known as the carpet-bag reign.

Every mail brought me more or less letters and papers—I seemed to have been more favored than many others, especially in the papers that I received, and my tent became a kind of rendezvous of the officers for news. I would frequently read the news from the papers to the other officers; sometimes my tent would be full, listening to the news of the movements of our armies, in its details. We kept posted in this way through the newspaper reporters, who were at every headquarters, in touch with the generals commanding, telegraphing to their papers continually all the news that was not strictly contraband, and sometimes, news that was prohibited, and when they did so, the reporter could consider himself fortunate if he was allowed a pass to get out of the lines and escape the vengeance of the general commanding.

I had many papers, including Harper's Weekly and Leslie, these two papers being the leading illustrated papers of the time. When there was anything especially interesting, I would pass the papers along to others. In one issue of Harper's Weekly there was a large picture of General Robert E. Lee. Having occasion to go to General Hawley's tent, I took this with other papers along with me, and handed them to the general. Upon seeing the picture of General Lee, General Hawley told me that his colored boy Jim said he was, before the War, a house servant to General Lee. "Now," said General Hawley, "I will see if he has been telling the truth." And sending the orderly for the colored man, Jim soon made his appearance. "See here, Jim," says the general, "do you know who that is?" (holding up General Lee's picture.)

The darkey's eyes fairly bulged in their expression, and slapping his hand upon his knee, he said, "Foh de Lawd sake, boss, why, dat is ole Bob Lee." "Well," the general said, "I guess he knows General Lee, sure enough."

The seige of Petersburg was now being pressed with vigor and firing was continuous, the sounds of the guns at times vibrating and revibrating into one continuous roll.

We were in frequent communication with the troops in front of Petersburg and kept posted in a general way, of the operations there. Frequent visits were made, more particularly by the officers, riding from time to time, the distance being four or five to six or eight miles, from our camp to various points.

My brother, Capt. C. D. Copp, was with his regiment, the 9th N. H., in front of Petersburg, the camp being south of the Appomatox, some eight or ten miles from my own camp; getting permission, I mounted my horse and rode over to the camp of the 9th.

Arriving there I was told that my brother was in the hospital at City Point. Without dismounting, I turned

about and rode back and down to City Point. Although we had made several efforts during our service in the field to meet, we had failed in every instance to do so, and it was now over three years since we had seen each other.

Arriving at the large camp of hospital tents at City Point, I at length found him, and convalescent from his recent sickness. One of the little incidents that I do not

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forget—having remained with my brother over night, in the morning I discovered that my horse had found quartermaster's oats during the night, and had so filled himself that I feared I should have no horse before many hours, but it proved that "Don" knew what he was about, and came out of it all right.

My brother was to return to his regiment that morning, and we started for the front together; he riding in an ambulance, and I alongside on my horse. Reaching the

road that led off through the woods to my camp, I bade him good-bye, put spurs to my horse, separating as we both might well suppose, possibly for the last time, he going to his own regiment in the trenches in front of Petersburg, where he would practically be under fire night and day, and I to my own regiment in face of the enemy.

There had been rumors of a mine that was being dug under the rebel works in front of Petersburg, and there were wild rumors in Petersburg that the whole town was undermined and would surely be blown up by the Yankees.

The Siege of Petersburg. Troops Going to the Front From City Point.

In front of General Burnside's corps, the 9th, an advance position had been gained by some pretty sharp fighting, to within about 130 yards of the enemy's main line, confronting Elliott's Salient. It was here where Colonel Pleasants of a Pennsylvania regiment, who had been a mining engineer, proposed to dig a mine under the rebel fort, and blow them sky high, as he expressed it. The scheme was not approved by General Mead, but General Burnside favored it, and Colonel Pleasants was allowed to proceed with the work and on the 23rd of July the mine was ready for placing the powder. The main gallery was 510 feet in length, and the gallery running to the left under the fore was 37 feet, and the one running to the

right 38 feet. The magazines of powder, eight in number, were placed in these short galleries. The mine was charged with 8,000 pounds of powder. The enemy had learned of the mine and commenced digging counter mines, but could not accurately locate our galleries; so near were they that the sound of their picks and shovels could be heard but a few feet away from our own galleries.

In the first plan for the attack that was to be made immediately following the explosion, the colored troops were to lead the charge, but at the very last, a few hours before the mine was to be exploded, General Grant disapproved of the plan and ordered the white trooops to take the lead, instead of the colored troops.

General Burnside, who had been very much interested in the plan in all its details, was greatly disappointed and embarrassed at this change of orders, but in the military, orders cannot be questioned. He immediately called the commanders of his three divisions of the white troops together to determine which should lead the assault. It was suggested that the selection be decided by drawing lots; the general, therefore, cut three straws of different lengths, and holding them in his hand, each general to draw one, the decision as to which of the three divisions should be sacrificed was decided in the choice falling upon General Ledlie, the commander of the 1st division. He took it cooly, and after receiving special instructions from General Burnside, he called his brigade commanders together, and arranged the details of the attack.

This was all done in the evening before the explosion that was to take place in the early morning. The orders to General Ledlie were, as soon after the explosion as possible, to push forward through the break that would be made in their lines and take possession of Cemetery Hill, which was a commanding position within the rebel lines.

IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.

The troops were in readiness and in position before midnight, General Ledlie's division in the very advanced intrenchments and the whole army under arms, waiting orders. This included the Army of the James as well as the Army of the Potomac. Our own regiment had been ordered out with others, and waiting in line behind our breastworks, momentarily expecting to hear the explosion, when it was understood that a general advance would be made.

Daylight approaches, and yet no sound except the usual firing upon the picket line in our own front, and on along the whole line to our left, until the sounds are lost in the distance.

Four o'clock came, everybody in a state of nervous expectancy, wondering at the delay; it was believed that the fuse must have died out, and so it proved. Sergeant Henry Rees and Lieutenant Jacob Douty, both of a Pennsylvania regiment, volunteered to go into the mine and relight the fuse. This act of extraordinary bravery should have been given a more prominent place in history than it has been. The explosion immediately followed with a tremendous roar, the earth trembling as with an earthquake—an awe inspiring spectacle to those who were in the immediate front—a mass of earth rose into the air, carrying with it men and bodies of men, severed limbs, guns and gun carriages and debris of camp equipage, only partially enveloped with the huge cloud of smoke floating skyward. So close were the men in the line of the assaulting column, that the whole mass appeared to be descending upon them—they were dazed for the moment, but with the orders of their officers to "over the works and charge upon them," they clambered over and into the opening, 5,000 men rushed on, disorganized, but gathered in a mass at the edge of the crater many feet in depth, formed by the explosion, heedless of everything—they were almost transfixed by the sight that met

their eyes—scores of men buried, and partially buried, heads, legs, arms, and bodies protuding, intermixed with timbers, guns and gun carriages, embedded in the mass.

The 2nd brigade, under Colonel Marshall, had led in the advance, and now General Bartlett with the 1st brigade, charged forward, his men only to be intermingled with those of the 2nd brigade around the crater. But now under the leadership of Colonel Marshall, the troops pressed forward down into the crater, jumping and tumbling many feet, some stopping to extricate the unfortunate men who were still alive, then up the other side of the crater, and on to the crest they climbed.

The enemy still holding the line on either side of the crater were now fully awakened to the situation, and having recovered in part from the surprise and shock of the explosion, opened a hot fire upon our men from both flanks, and into their backs. This brought confusion and panic in the ranks of our men, and back they went into the crater.

The explosion was a signal for the opening of our guns along the whole line, and a tremendous cannonading was now going on.

It is and always has been, incomprehensible to me as it has been to others, why, at this critical time following the explosion, a general advance of the other troops was not ordered and made. The crater was now filled with the two brigades with scarcely standing room for the men. The enemy had brought batteries into position that swept the crest of the crater and the ground in front, between the lines as well, with grape and cannister. Mortars now commenced to drop their shells into the crater, adding to the terrific slaughter.

General Griffin's brigade of General Potter's division was now sent forward. The difficulty of advancing over and through the labyrinth of covered ways and breast works so disorganized the troops, that in meeting the se-

vere fire from the enemy's grape and cannister after an ineffectual effort to carry the works in their front, they moved rapidly into the crater, which was already more than full of a disorganized mass of our men. Frequently an attempt would be made by some brave officer, followed by brave men, to attempt to scale the sides of the crater to move against the enemy, but each time they were swept back, dead or wounded, falling into the mass below. Why, in Heaven's name, was the attack not made upon the right and left by the brave troops that were in waiting and ready for the command? This question remains unanswered.

Major Powell throws a little light upon the situation. He says: "Previous to the last movement I had again left the crater and gone to General Ledlie, and had urged him to try to have something done on the right and left of the crater—saying that every man who got in to the trenches to the right or left of it used them as a means of escape and the enemy was occupying them as fast as our men left. All the satisfaction I received was an order to go back and tell the brigadier-commander to get their men out, and press forward to Cemetery Hill. This talk and these orders, coming from a commander sitting in a bomb-proof inside the Union lines, was disheartening. I returned again to the crater and delivered the orders, which I knew could not possibly be obeyed; and I told General Ledlie so before I left him."

Two hours after the explosion, General Ferrero's division of colored troops was sent forward, and did heroic work. In this division was Major Proctor of Wilton, in command of one of the companies. Under a terrible fire from the enemy, they crossed over the works and on a portion of the division beyond the crater, but meeting with an increased fire from the enemy who had now fully recovered from the surprise and panic, had brought additional batteries to bear that were doing murderous

work, and the colored troops too, breaking, fell back to the crater, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded, the larger number reaching the Union line of defense. Had the colored troops been ordered to make the attack earlier in the day, or had they had support, it

GUN CAPTURED BY COLORED TROOPS.

is possible that they would on that day have led the Army into Petersburg.

About 9 o'clock General Burnside gave orders to withdraw the troops from the crater. This order was easier issued than executed.

Following the repulse of the negro troops, the rebel forces rallied and made a charge upon the crater. The struggling mass of men concentrated here were practically helpless, and resistance useless; the enemy rained a murderous fire in upon them, and into the crater they poured, in a hand to hand conflict.

Our men were driven out, bayoneted and slaughtered, a remnant only escaping to our lines.

The 9th N. H. went into this battle led by the brave Captain Hough. It was in the very front, and was the first to plant its colors upon the rebel works. It lost in killed and wounded nearly one-half of the numbers engaged; Captain Hough was shot through the head, carrying away a portion of the jaw and was left for dead upon the field. The burying party had already dug his grave when there were signs of life, and he was taken to the hospital, finally recovering.

A field officer of one of the colored regiments, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Brown, in the heat of the fight seized the colors when he saw his men wavering under the murderous fire of the enemy, and mounting the highest point of the crest, waved the colors, urging his men on, when he was riddled by the cannister shot and fell to the earth.

There were many instances of personal bravery that will never be recorded in this and other battles of the war; the greater number of heroes went to their death in the defense of the flag and their country, whose heroism is not recorded upon the pages of the books of war, but whose names are emblazoned upon the rolls of the immortals who laid down their lives that their country might live.

There were also amusing happenings; one of the black regiments was moving upon the crater to mount the crest when a big black sergeant noticed one of the men lagging behind, evidently intending to remain in the crater

out of the way of the bullets. He was accosted by the sergeant with "None ob yod d—n skulkin" and with his big black hand seized the culprit in his powerful grasp by the waistband of his trousers, carried him to the crest of the crater, threw him over to the enemy's side, and quickly followed.

Among those captured from the enemy was General William F. Bartlett; earlier in the war he had lost a leg which he replaced with one of cork. While he was standing in the crater, a shot was heard to strike with the peculiar thud, known to those who have been in action, and the

Spencer Breech Loading Rifle adopted and used to a Limited Extent by the Union Army in 1864.

general was seen to totter and fall. A number of officers and men immediately lifted him, when he cried out, "Put me in any place where I can sit down."

"But you are wounded, General, aren't you?" was the inquiry.

"My leg is shattered all to pieces," said he.

"Then you can't sit up," they urged, "you will have to lie down."

"Oh, no," said the general, "it's my cork leg that is shattered."

The crater made by the explosion was 60 feet wide, 170 feet long, and about 30 feet deep. In and around this crater was the most fearful carnage of the war, if not in history, within the time and space occupied. There was killed 423 men, 1,661 men wounded, over 2,000 captured by the enemy, the total loss reaching about 4,000.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Battle of Deep Bottom—Wounded—Life Saved by General Hawley—Death of Colonel Plimpton.

WE were now approaching the end of three years' service, and the time of the discharge of those who had not re-enlisted for the war, and the boys were beginning to count the days before they were to be mustered out. I found upon the records of my office and so reported to Colonel Plimpton, the condition of the regiment as follows:

Whole number upon the rolls at present time	784
Present	540
Absent sick	189
On detached service and prisoners of war	55
Present for duty	453
Number whose term expires 23rd August	271
Remaining upon rolls, present and absent	513
Officers present and absent	35

Colonel Plimpton forwarding this report to Corps Headquarters through the regular channels, asked for instructions.

The orders of the war department provided that regiments remaining in the service after the expiration of the time of the original enlistments, could retain their organization intact if of sufficient numbers, otherwise they might be assigned to other commands. General Hawley commanding our brigade, endorsed upon the report "Respectfully forwarded." "It seems to me for the good of the service decidedly, that the organization of the 3rd

N. H. Regiment be preserved entire, as a regiment it has fully earned a high reputation in all respects."

The report passing to division headquarters, General Terry made the following endorsement: "Respectfully forwarded." "I entirely concur in the recommendation of General Hawley; this regiment is one of the best I ever saw, and I most earnestly recommend that the organization be preserved."

The report reaching the army headquarters, it was ordered that the organization of the 3rd N. H. Regiment be continued intact.

As the day for the discharge came near, the boys whose term would be out and they could start for home, became intensely anxious fearing that we might be called into action and another battle before the day of their discharge. Their fears were fully realized, for within a week from the day of the date of their leaving for home was the Battle of Deep Bottom, in which numbers of those who had fought bravely through the three years of war and whose thoughts had turned to their homes, anxiously awaited for by their loved ones, were mustered out—on to the eternal camping ground. Among those who were killed whose term was about to expire was Lieutenant Button of Nashua, whose widow lived for many years in our city after the war. Numerous others, whose names I cannot recall, were also doomed after faithfully serving their country for three years, never again to see their earthly home.

A movement was commenced on the 13th of August that was the beginning of the end with many of us. At that time General Sheridan was in the Valley of the Shenandoah fighting General Early, who was moving with a large force upon Washington—the Army of the Potomac was in front of Petersburg, and the defenses of Washington had been largely drawn upon to reinforce the armies in the field.

This move of the enemy upon Washington had created a panic in that city, but in this, as in all other movements, General Lee was outgeneraled by General Grant, who was at all times in touch with General Lee's headquarters through a well organized system of scouts and correspondents, every movement of Lee's army was known to General Grant almost before it was commenced, and to General Grant's comprehensive mind there came the strategic plan of operations to check and defeat the movement, which was at once put into execution. To prevent the reinforcement of General Early by General Lee, a division of the 10th Army Corps, under General Terry and the 2nd Division of the Army of the Potomac, under General Hancock, was ordered to cross the James River to make an attack upon the defenses of Richmond, upon the south side of the city. At the same time large numbers of transports were rendezvoued at City Point, ostensibly for the movement of a large body of troops, which fact would be immediately known at General Lee's headquarters through their own system of spies.

It was late in the evening of the 13th; we were ordered into line with three days' rations in our haversacks and sixty rounds of ammunition in cartridge box and pockets. Our regiment, and I think our entire brigade, were now armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifle; up to this time the whole army had been using the old muzzle loading guns of various calibre, the loading requiring the long process of tearing off the end of the paper cartridge with the teeth, emptying the powder into the barrel then placing the ball in the muzzle, taking the iron ramrod, ramming it down, return the ramrod to its place, then taking a percussion cap from the box that was fastened to the belt, placing it upon the nipple of the gun, all of this taking much valuable time. The new Spencer rifle was loaded by the throwing down of a lever, which threw out the shell of the old cartridge, and throwing the lever

back the new cartridge is forced into the gun ready for firing, seven cartridges being in a magazine in the breech of the gun. The superiority of such an arm is apparent, and nothing could stand before this tremendous fire, as it proved in subsequent engagements with the enemy.

Between eleven o'clock and midnight the army was moving across the pontoon bridge on the James River, at what is called Jones' Neck, near Deep Bottom.

CHAPLAIN HENRY HILL.

On the morning of the 14th we found ourselves in front of the enemy's works and skirmishing going on at the front, our division and brigade moving to the left in the direction of Chaffin's Bluff. Coming out of the woods into an opening we could see in the distance the enemy's redoubts, extending a few hundred feet along the front line. A halt was ordered and the men permitted to rest in the edge of the woods. I was standing beside my horse, my hand on his neck, when firing commenced from the enemy's skirmishing line, a bullet passing between my horse's head and my own, too close, I thought. My horse scarcely moved, which was characteristic of him. Only an occasional shot reached us up to this time.

At quite a distance across the fields was a large white house. Soon after we came into position puffs of smoke appeared at the windows, followed instantly by the zip of bullets.

In the edge of the woods where the troops were resting, our Chaplain Hill had laid down, resting against

PONTOON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM.

a tree. He was in the act of running his hands through his hair, when a bullet apparently from the windows of this house struck the tree immediately over his head clipping off and burying a lock of his hair in the tree. He was not long in getting to the other side of that tree.

Chaplain Hill was small in stature, but great in physical and moral courage. He had been with us through our three years or service, doing his duty fearlessly at all times, in personal touch with nearly all of the individual members of the regiment, his influence and character do-

ing much to establish and maintain the good name of the regiment. He held religious services whenever and wherever the conditions would permit; when the ceremony of dress parade was possible upon Sundays he had a service in which he always gave the boys a good strong moral and religious talk, and held prayer meetings frequently, attended by many. His good, strong sense appealed to everybody, extending an influence which all chaplains did not have with their men. He was not rugged in health, but when he could, he always followed the regiment in its movements on the march and on to the battlefield, ministering to and caring for, so far as he was able, the sick and the wounded, whispering words of comfort to the dying. He was an indefatigable, noble character, respected by the whole regiment.

At this time, a battery that had been ordered up to take position in our front, opened fire on the house occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, the first shell entering the building and exploding; there was no more firing from that direction. We were evidently upon the extreme left of our line, holding this position without advancing further; we could hear firing to our right, and further to the front. As I remember there was no general engagement brought on that day, although more or less firing of infantry and artillery both was kept up until night.

Before night we had been moved back and further to the right, and upon ground that had been fought over early in the day.

Just before night our regiment had been ordered to take a certain position in the woods, and in forming the line at the point indicated I was obliged to pick my way upon my horse Don between the bodies of the dead and many that lay buried and half buried. If my horse should make a mis-step—the thought struck me with horror—the animal seemed to have a conception of the conditions, and he picked his way carefully as we moved from point to

ON THE MARCH.

point. Holding the position for a short time only, we were withdrawn to the other side of the highway, and bivouaced for the night.

Leaving my horse in charge of Tom, my colored boy, and after having eaten from my haversack, I laid down beside a log, completely exhausted; I found I had mistaken my strength; the wound in my shoulder was yet unhealed and I was really unfit for the work in hand. There was not much sleep that night, as can be understood. Preparations were made through the night for the advance movement in the early morning.

Some time in the night Gen. Hawley sent an aide to Colonel Plimpton, asking that I be detailed for duty upon his staff. The colonel found me and told me of what General Hawley had asked. I told the colonel that I was in no condition for duty, and to thank Colonel Hawley for the compliment, that I preferred to stay with my regiment.

Some time before daylight an order was received by Colonel Plimpton from the brigade commander to be prepared to move at daylight. An advance was to be made against the enemy's lines. I ordered up my horse and made an effort to mount, but found myself too weak to do so, and sat down for a moment upon the log. Colonel Plimpton was near, and I said to him that I was unable to form the regiment.

"Well," he says, "this is no place for a sick man, and you had better find your way to the rear."

With help I mounted and started for the rear, along a road that was filled with moving troops, artillery and cavalry. I moved on for possibly a mile in the direction of the James River. Suddenly the conviction came to me that all my sickness was from cowardice, that I had been overcome by the fear of the coming battle, which we knew must take place, probably on that morning; a conviction too, that had grown upon me through the day before and

through the night, that on the next day I should surely be killed in battle.

I had been unable up to that time to throw it off, but now I was aroused to the situation.

I brought my horse to a sudden stop, I wheeled him to the front, with a determination to return—although I

Matt Murray's Battery. Second Day of the Battle of Deep Bottom.

was going back to my death I would not be a coward. I put spurs to my horse, riding to the front to find my regiment. After perhaps an hour's absence I found it and reported to the colonel, saying that I was all right, ready for duty.

I had partially recovered my physical strength and that feeling of horror of what was coming was passing gradually away. The movement of the whole force was

to the right in the direction of Malvern Hill, the old battle-ground of General McClellan in 1862.

Through that day there was heavy fighting by other troops, but our brigade was held in reserve, much of the time under fire and every soldier knows this to be a more trying situation than when actively engaged. Late in the afternoon we were in open field with heavy firing going on in the woods in our immediate front, an occasional shell bursting over our heads. The bullets' zip and singing was altogether too close and frequent. I was sitting on my horse, in the rear of our line, as were other mounted officers, the firing at our front seemed to come nearer and nearer, the singing of the bullets more frequent and several of our boys had been hit, when through the thin woods at a distance we could see our men falling back, stopping and firing, but being pushed back. We were now quite sure of an order to move up to their support, when the noise of artillery was heard in our rear, and coming up on the dead run over the fields was a battery of three or four guns, the men lashing their horses, the gunners clinging to their guns and caissons, the wheels striking stones and stumps, but on they fly with the shouts of the drivers, the rattle of the gun carriages, and clanging of the sabres of the artillery-men. Past our right and on to the top of a hill they go into position, unlimbering their guns and opening fire upon the advancing rebel line.

We see the effects of the shells exploding over their heads and in the ranks of the enemy. The rebel line is broken, and checked in their advance. It was a most thrilling experience—a yell of triumph went up along the whole line—the excitement is indescribable, and never to be forgotten. After the close of the war, in the old bookstore at Nashua, my brother, C. D. and myself in business together, we had in our employ a clerk, a young man who had been in the army, Matt Murray. He had

served in a New York battery. In fighting the battles over many times with stories of our war experiences, I was one day describing to Matt this battle of August 15th, telling him of the inspiration that a battery gives to troops when coming into action, and of that turn in the tide of battle by this battery coming up to the relief of our troops on that day. "Why," he says, "that was my battery; I was a sergeant and directed the fire of one of those guns."

SERGT. MATT MURRAY.

Our position was changed by moving further to the right in the direction of Flussels Mills. During the day we were posted in a belt of deep woods. Across an open field in the woods was the advance line of the enemy. The colonel and myself, upon our horses, in our position on the right, had occasion to go to the left of the line, I think it was preliminary to a movement to the left, which would be left in front; it was with great difficulty that we could get through the woods with our horses. I said to the colonel, "I will chance it in the open field if you will." It was a reckless thing to do, but we rode out of the woods into the field, put spurs to our horses, in full view of the enemy's line, when they

opened fire upon us. The bullets were flying, and so were we. I threw myself down on to the side of my horse, my head alongside his neck, for protection. We reached the end of the line and into the woods safely, but why neither of us were hit was a marvel, and equally marvelous that two men supposed to have ordinary judgment should so recklessly take such chances. No general engagement was brought on along the line in our immediate front that day, in which we were engaged, and at night we bivouaced near Flussels Mills.

While waiting in reserve late in the afternoon occasional bullets would come into our ranks. I had kept my colored boy Tom along with me carrying my blankets and to be in readiness to take my horse if necessary. The firing had become quite warm at times, and Tom had asked me if he could "go to de rear, boss."

I said, "No, Tom, I want you."

"Well," he says, "I don't like de singin' ob dem bullets and I'd like to get out ob de way of em, mighty well," and Tom's black face was fairly pale with fear.

I said, "Tom, you lie flat down on the ground with your head toward the enemy and if a bullet hits I don't think it will hurt."

A sickly smile was the only answer I had from Tom—he didn't think it was much of a joke.

The next day upon advancing to the attack upon the rebel works, the woods were so dense we were obliged to leave our horses. I turned my horse over to Tom, and told him to keep somewhere near the regiment if he could. After the battle, upon inquiring for my horse and Tom, I was told that the last that was seen of them, Tom was on the horse and riding at breakneck speed in the direction of the James river.

Late in the afternoon while standing in line General Grant and General Hancock with a few of their staff officers came riding along. As I remember no demonstra-

tion was made by the troops, not many noticing the distinguished officers. I was not far from where they passed and had a good view of them. Of course General Grant was smoking a cigar; he was on rather a small horse, and he himself was not large in stature, and riding alongside General Hancock, the contrast was very marked, General Hancock being a large man, and on a large horse. I noticed that when General Grant spoke to General Hancock it was necessary for him to cock his head on one side and look up, which was rather ludicrous. It was characteristic of General Grant to make personal observations of the situation and he was looking over our part of the line preparatory to a movement ordered for the next morning. We were now about six miles from Richmond southeast.

That night Colonel Plimpton and myself lay beneath the same blankets under a tree. There was very little sleep —we knew that in the morning a general attack along the line was to be made. The colonel was in a very serious frame of mind. We had talked the situation over—we were quite sure there would be desperate fighting the following day. Colonel Plimpton was an excellent officer and a brave man, and I had never before seen him in any other attitude than of courage, but he said to me "Adjutant, this is my last night on earth, tomorrow we shall go into the fight and I shall not come out of it." I made light of the matter, telling him that I had passed through that same feeling the day before, and had gotten all over it, and laughed at his fears. This made no impression upon him, however, and he was most serious in all that he said. Before daylight the troops were in line and moving to the front in the direction of the enemy's works. A halt was made, waiting the dawn of day. Dense woods were in our front and somewhere through the woods was the enemy's line of works. Before we moved forward, the colonel and myself the only mounted officers of our regi-

ment, were obliged to dismount from our horses, and follow the line closely as best we could on foot. We may have moved a half a mile, possibly more, when our skirmish line was met by the enemy's skirmishers, and firing commenced. At this point the skirmishers rejoin their companies as the line moves up. Pushing on a few rods further we indistinctly see earth works through the woods and a fire is opened upon us, and at the same time a firing from our left from a height of land. The colonel having no other orders than to advance and not knowing what was upon his right or left in the woods, halted the line, instructing the men to throw up with their bayonets and tin plates a mound of earth for protection, which was accomplished very quickly, each man having a mound of earth in front of him, and the whole line ordered to lie down. At the same time the colonel said to me, "Adjutant, you go back and find General Hawley, report the situation to him, and ask for orders."

Hurrying back through the woods I came to a wood road; looking up the road quite a distance I saw a group of mounted officers. I hurried on, and found it to be General Hawley and his staff. I reported to the general as instructed by Colonel Plimpton, that the enemy were in our front in force and also upon our left, that there were no troops upon our right or left. General Hawley replied, "Tell Colonel Plimpton to charge the enemy in front and do it at once. I rushed back to the regiment, the men were all laying down behind their temporary earth works, Colonel Plimpton alone standing like a statue, pale as death. I gave him General Hawley's order, when he immediately gave the command, "Attention!" and every man was up on his feet. "Forward!" is the command, and the enemy at this instant opened a furious fire from their works.

"Commence firing!" is the command of Colonel Plimpton, and as we advanced, the men poured a tremendous fire from their seven shooters, that soon silenced the

fire of the enemy. We reach a ravine, down through the ravine and through an abatis we fight our way, the enemy manning their works as we come against this obstruction. They are again silenced by our rapid fire guns; on we rush, on to their works, and forcing the surrender of all that have not been killed or retreated to the rear.

Fractions of several regiments of the enemy had surrendered to us, the firing of course having ceased. Confusion for a few minutes followed, the men of both sides fraternizing and exchanging coffee for tobacco, etc. My orders from the colonel were to detail men enough to take charge of the prisoners and send them to the rear. With the help of the sergeant-major I soon had the detail in line. I noticed quite a number of the rebels running away, and I ordered them to halt, and told them we would fire if they did not. A rebel captain standing near me joined in the demand for the men to come back, and most of them did so. I had taken the sword from the rebel captain and handed it to Lieutenant James of our regiment, who had been detailed to take command of the guard and escort the prisoners to the rear. We soon got the men into line with the guard on each side, and started them to the rear. In the meantime the colonel had reformed the regiment inside of the rebel works, and had moved forward; I told the sergeant-major we would rejoin the regiment.

I remember of filling our canteens with water from a spring in the ravine; we then climbed over the breastworks, and in jumping down on the other side, it was with some difficulty we found a landing place between the bodies of the dead that lay there in the trench. Inside of the works was an opening with more woods to the right and left of us. In this opening the colonel had formed the regiment and advanced some two hundred or three hundred yards; when I reached the line the men were ly-

Ordered Into Action. Troops that had been held in reserve are now ordered to the front on to the line of battle.

ing down along a rise of ground and the firing from the front had commenced by occasional shots; across an open field in the distance we could see along the line of a Virginia rail fence troops apparently re-forming; several stands of rebel colors could be seen, and from this line of the enemy the firing had commenced. At the same time the firing from infantry had commenced from the rear and left. The colonel says: "This fire from our rear must be from our own men. Take the colors over on to that rise of ground that they may see who they are firing upon." I ordered the color bearer with the color guard to follow me, and marched them over to the spot indicated, and told the color bearer to wave the colors, which he did, when the firing was continued with more force than ever, showing that the enemy still held the lines on our left, and had opened fire upon our rear. I returned with the colors "double-quick" to their place in line, and at that time firing from our front had increased, not only from the infantry, but shells from a battery were exploding. Many of our men had been hit and were falling, dead and wounded. The officers along the line were making an effort to keep the men at work in keeping up their fire, too many of them still taking protection by lying down along a rise of ground and getting behind stumps and trees. The men were soon at work with their seven shooters bravely standing up in the face of the fire. The firing became hotter from our front and many were being killed and wounded; men hit with the rifle ball threw up their arms with a shriek or a groan, the rifles dropping from their grasp as they fall to the ground. A man standing near me, was struck with a piece of shell, and the sickening thud as it entered his body, sent a chill of horror through me, such as those only who have heard can know—the brave color-bearer, whose name I should have, but have not, and who had bravely borne the colors through many dangers, fell dead soon after retaking his

place in line; the flag-staff was splintered, and after the battle sixty holes were counted in the flag. When the flag went down it was seized by Corporal Hiram P. Murphie, one of the color guard who bravely bore it through the remainder of the fight and off from the field.

Of all the brave men in the regiment, the color-bearer and the color guard were naturally the most exposed to the dangers of the bullets of the enemy, the colors being the most prominent feature of the line, and upon which the fire was frequently concentrated.

It was the post of honor—the color-sergeants and the six corporals of the color guard of each and every regiment were the exemplification of bravery.

I was standing within ten paces of the colonel, immediately in the rear of the colors, when I was struck by what I thought must be a shell or solid shot, and with a sensation that nothing was left but my head. I lost myself, for I know not how long. Opening my eyes in a dazed and benumbed condition, I found myself lying on the ground, with the rattle and crash of musketry, the explosion of shells, the singing and zip of flying bullets, and the shrieking of wounded men around me, but I myself in a condition not to fully realize the horror of it all. I again lost myself, and when again opening my eyes saw some one standing over me. He stooped, and I could faintly hear something said to me, when a flask of stimulant was placed to my lips, and I drank from it with almost the immediate effect of clearing my mind sufficiently to see bending over me General Hawley. He had followed up the movement on foot and accidently found me. He said, "Where are you hurt?" I could make no reply, for I did not know. My sensibilities were benumbed by the shock. Then he said, "I will get you out of this if I can," and was off. The stimulant gave me courage, but the crash of battle was still raging, the bullets flying over my head, cutting the leaves and twigs from the bushes near;

Third Day of the Battle of Deep Bottom.The 3rd New Hampshire Fighting Their Way Through an Abitis.

shells exploding, sending their scattered fragments into the earth and into the bodies of men around me. I could see dimly through the smoke of the battle to the right of our regiment a belt of woods; my intellect was clear enough to instinctively try to find a place of safety—if I could get over to one of those large trees, I would be protected. I attempted to get on my feet but could not; several times I tried to rise, but gave it up and lay back on the ground, along side of the dead and others wounded. The effect of their cries and groans was lost upon me. I could have laid there and undoubtedly would have soon been beyond the possibility of rising again, but with a grim determination to get above it, again I made an effort, and getting partially on my feet, staggered forward, continuing my efforts a step or two at a time, but crawling more of the distance than walking, I finally reached the trees, and laid down behind one of the largest; then for the first time I looked for the wound, the stimulant having the effect to restore in part the sensibilities, and to bring on the agony from the wound which I plainly saw was through the body of my right side. I had laid there but a moment or two when I heard some one shouting, "Adjutant Copp, has any one seen Adjutant Copp?" I raised my arm, when an officer approached who proved to be an aid upon the staff of General Hawley, who said the general had sent him with four men and a stretcher to take me off from the field. (This was a most extraordinary thing to do; rarely in the heat of battle can any attention be paid to the wounded.) To those who believe in a special Providence this was surely an instance of it, for nothing else would have saved my life than this act of General Hawley, and I doubt if anything but my extreme youth would have prompted him to have given this special attention to me among so many others lying there upon the field, although I had had very friendly relations with General Hawley. The bat-

tle was still on and raging furiously when they hurriedly placed me upon the stretcher and started on the run for the rear. They had not gone many rods however, when the men stopped, left me on the stretcher, and they themselves got behind the trees for protection from the furious fire of shot and shell. I begged of the men to go on with me, I threatened them with all kinds of vengeance; they finally agreed to make a try; the bullets then were flying over and around me, striking into the earth close at hand, shells shrieking

overhead and exploding in the tree-tops, the fragments flying, ploughing up the earth in all directions, the limbs of trees cut by the shells dropping on our heads. One man at each corner of the stretcher, they again started on the run and reaching the rebel earth-works that we had carried, took me over them and down on the other side, where we were comparatively safe for the time. Colonel Plimpton had fallen, shot through the heart and killed instantly. I was told by Lieutenant Kerwin some time after, that he saw Colonel Plimpton and myself fall at the same instant. As can be seen, our premonitions, presentiments, or whatever it may be, proved true in both cases, Colonel Plimpton killed and I practically so. The position was held but a short time, not over twenty minutes,

when the enemy reinforced, swept down upon our line, driving back our troops, retaking their entrenchments and capturing nearly all the wounded; I had escaped by a hair breadth, for had I fallen into the enemy's hands I should surely have never recovered.

By another special Providence or stroke of good fortune, I fell into the hands of the ambulance corps of our own regiment, who were waiting to care for the wounded when the battle was over. Sergeant Jackman, a Nashua boy, and a personal friend, was in charge of the corps. He immediately came to my aid, and from his canteen gave me whisky in large quantity, so much of it that I became oblivious to pain. The first ambulance had been brought up, and placing me in it without waiting for more of the wounded they started back in the direction of the James River for the field hospital.

SERGT. LEMUEL N. JACKMAN.

Sergeant Lemuel N. Jackman had proved a faithful soldier in every position to which he had been assigned. He had left the state as a private in the ranks of Campany F; he had been promoted to Corporal and now a Sergeant and in the last few months of the war his promotion was

rapid. He was commissioned as Lieutenant, and subsequently as Adjutant of the Regiment. He proved to be an efficient officer, serving faithfully to the end of the War.

The tragedy and pathos of the War was a living reality to thousands upon thousands of the widows and children, and the fathers and mothers too, of those who gave up their lives upon the field of battle. The agonizing scenes enacted at home, repeated day after day throughout the North, can not be told to this generation to bring home to them anything like its reality.

In the 3rd Regiment were four young men who went out from Nashua in Company F. They each left at home a young wife, who bade them God speed, patriotically sending them forth to fight the battles of their country. These four young men were among the best soldiers of Company F. They followed the fortunes of the regiment through three years of fighting and marching, sharing the dangers with the other boys of their company, and more fortunate than most of them, escaping the bullets of the enemy to nearly the end of their three years of service.

Lieutenant Button, Corporal Stetson, and Private Montgomery and Berry were the four young men of whom I am telling the story.

Their wives were neighbors and intimate friends, exchanging daily visits. Letters received by one were shared with the others. For three long years, month after month, week after week, and day by day their thoughts, their conversations and their love was centered upon their dear ones in the field. The time was now approaching for their return, and in happy anticipation they waited the home coming, when they coud clasp their loved ones in a glad welcome home.

It was now August, 1864; the date of the expiration of their service was the 23d, and just one week before

the day of their discharge was the Battle of Deep Bottom, and in this battle every one of the four were killed.

This remarkable fatality was only one instance of many cases where men who had served faithfully to nearly the end of their term without a wound, were stricken down in battle and counted among the dead.

CAVALRY SCOUTS IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Important Results of the Battle of Deep Bottom—The Dead and the Wounded of This Battle—The Field Hospital.

THE Battle of Deep Bottom was fought on the 14th, 15th and 16th of August with momentous results. General Jubal Early with a large army, was thundering at the gates of our Capitol. For the third time Washington was in danger of capture; the strategy of General Grant at this time in making an attack upon Richmond, resulting in the Battle of Deep Bottom, prevented General Lee from reinforcing Early and overwhelming Sheridan who was opposing him. The results of the capture of Washington at any time during the war by the rebel forces need not be told. It was foretold at the time, and it is apparent to any student of history that the capture of Washington by the Confederate forces would have been followed by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, first by England, a government and people in sympathy with the South, when other European governments would have followed.

During the three days' fighting at Deep Bottom, General Grant reinforced the army of Sheridan, and the defences at Washington. Early was overwhelmingly defeated and driven back in this the last effort of the enemy to capture Washington.

The brave men therefore, of the 3rd N. H. Regiment, and of all that army that crossed the pontoon bridge on the night of the 13th of August and who died upon the battlefields of Deep Bottom, did not give up

their lives in vain. And yet, notwithstanding the transcendent importance of this battle, we fail to find in the history of the War of the Rebellion more than a casual mention of the Battle of Deep Bottom.

The losses of our regiment in this battle were more than forty percent of the number engaged and a large percent of this number were killed and wounded within the space of fifteen to twenty minutes.

Lieutenant Charles A. White was shot through his right arm and body; he was one of the fortunate few who was taken from the field before our forces were driven back.

Lieut. White's wound was believed to be fatal; the ball had passed through the body and its passage went through one of the lungs. He was taken to the Chesapeake Hospital and through skillful treatment and care, he commenced a recovery, and is now living. Lieutenant White had risen from the ranks and was later commissioned as Captain, he was a courageous and able officer; he was popular with his brother officers, as well as with the men in the ranks. After the war he went into the west where he won wealth and honors; he is now living in Greeley,

Colorado, and is one of the ex-mayors of that city, and an honored citizen.

Captain Wadlia was also wounded. He was our Sergeant Wadlia of Fort Pulaski and "swamp angel" fame.

CAPT. DANIEL ELDREDGE.

Lieutenant Lamprey was shot through the body fatally.

Lieutenant Ackerman, later Captain Ackerman of Nashua, who gallantly stood up in the face of the fire, exhibiting the same courage that he always had shown, was also wounded.

Lieutenant Donley, the brave little Donley of whom we have before spoken was wounded and fortunately escaped from the field.

Lieutenant Eldredge who had made himself conspicuous, not only to our own men, but to the enemy, was hit as he thought by a sharpshooter, the bullet passing through his wrist. He was hit early in the fight and the last act of Colonel Plimpton immediately before he was killed was to assist Lieutenant Eldredge in putting a turniquet upon his arm to stop the flow of blood, which enabled the Lieutenant to get to the rear, escaping a shower of lead and iron from the enemy's guns.

Captain Arlon S. Atherton, one of the youngest and bravest of our regimental officers, was badly wounded in the chest, a bullet also passing through his arm. He was left upon the field and taken prisoner by the enemy. That he lived to tell the story is most wonderful. The enemy had driven our forces back and the battle had ended; he lay upon the field helpless, and as he himself thought, approaching his end; his mouth and throat had filled with blood from the wound in his lung, and it was with great difficulty that he could breathe at all. The enemy was upon the field, moving around among the wounded, plundering them of everything of value, fiendishly stripping from their bodies uniforms, underclothes, boots, literally everything. One of our wounded men had a gold ring upon his finger, when a barbarian in rebel uniform seized his hand, attempting to remove the ring, and failing to do so, took his knife from his belt, and was about to sever the finger from the hand, when the cries of the man arrested the attention of one of the rebel officers, who prevented the outrage.

CAPT. ARLON S. ATHERTON.

Captain Atherton lay in a semi-conscious condition; the enemy had commenced to carry off our wounded, but

failed to give him any attention. There was a rebel surgeon near; the captain aroused himself and made a Masonic sign which the surgeon recognized and went to him.

He relieved the Captain temporarily by washing out his mouth and throat and then called upon two of his men who carried him to a tree, and placed him upon the ground in its shade. When this officer left him he gave the Captain to understand that he would return for him, but night came on without further help, and through two days and nights he lay without attention, in unspeakable agony, but unconscious, he thought, part of the time; breathing was possible only by lying upon his side that the blood should escape from him mouth. In the early morning of the third day, having laid for an indefinite time in a dazed condition, he opened his eyes, and kneeling beside him was a small boy some eight or nine years of age, poorly clad, but with an intelligent face.

The Captain could not speak; the boy kneeling down beside him, and in tones full of sympathy, said, "Mister! Mister! I want to do something for you. Are you hungry? I can get you some string beans." (It was probably all the poor boy had to eat himself.) "Mister! Mister! What can I do?"

The Captain pointed to his mouth, and the boy seeming to understand, said, "Yes, yes, I know where there is some water," and taking a canteen he disappeared down the ravine nearby, and soon returned with the canteen full of spring water—this little bare-legged angel of mercy in knee breeches and bare head—and with his help he managed to wash out his mouth and throat and to quench his thirst.

Captain Atherton believes the boy may have saved his life, coming at a time when he thought himself approaching death.

The same officer who had relieved him the day before appeared later in the day with an ambulance, into which he was placed and taken to Richmond.

The story of his treatment in the rebel prison I do not know, but without doubt, in his case, as with many others through the war, the mystic tie of the Masonic order gave him unusual attention and thus his life was saved.

Many years after the war Captain Atherton was telling the story to some of the old boys at the reunion at the Weirs, when the question was asked if he had ever heard from the little boy. He said he had not, and it was suggested that he make an effort to find him by advertising in a Richmond paper. The suggestion was acted upon by the Captain; he inserted an advertisement in the Richmond paper, detailing the circumstances of the battle and of his being found upon the field by a little boy and asking that if this boy was still living he would correspond with him, giving the postoffice address as Wakefield, Mass. It was not long before he received an answer in the form of a letter from a man in Richmond, saying that he remembered a circumstance such as described in the advertisement, and thought he must be that boy. Not long after this, Captain Atherton went to Richmond for the express purpose of finding this man. Arriving in Richmond, having the street and number, he soon found the house. Ringing the door bell, a man made his appearance, a man apparently forty-five to fifty years of age, with whiskers and hair beginning to turn gray. Introducing himself, he was invited in. Taking seats, they went over the Battle of Deep Bottom. The man had a distinct recollection of finding a wounded officer one morning after the battle. It was difficult for Captain Atherton to believe that this could be the boy who saved his life on the battlefield. As they were talking, a small boy opened the door and came into the room. The

Captain was thrilled at the sight of the boy and pointing he said, "There is the boy!" The child was the son of this man and a reproduction of the boy of the battlefield.

The day following the battle of the 16th, our men went out under a flag of truce to bury the dead The body of Colonel Plimpton was found and recognized; he was one of sixty or more, and all stripped of their entire clothing. In the last year of the war, the rebel army was partly clothed and uniformed by not only stripping the dead and wounded upon the battlefield, but every Union prisoner was robbed of his clothes and everything of value, immediately upon his falling into their hands, the Union prisoners being given in exchange the cast off rags of the rebel soldiers. This barbaric practice was but an instance in the outrageous and brutal treatment of the Northern soldier in the hands of an inhuman enemy, and these practices by direct authority and orders of the government at Richmond. This statement is made upon no other authority than the official records of the government at Washington in the report of the Congressional Committee upon the conduct of the war.

I know too well that there are many people throughout the North who object to the stigma put upon the Southern people by using the term "rebel" instead of "Confederate;" they apparently forgot the distinction, and would expunge from the English vocabulary the words "treason" and "loyalty." The truth remains, however, that there was a gigantic rebellion by the people of the South and the methods of their warfare were most barbarous and cruel, and in this they became "rebels." It is also logically true that if the South were right in its attempt to dissolve the Union, we committed a crime in waging war against the Southern people in the suppressing of the rebellion. I agree that the animosities growing out of the war should be forgotten, but so long as the Southern people glorify the rebellion, insisting that

it was right and not a wrong, demanding that their leaders shall be recognized as heroes, and upon the same level of honor as that of the soldiers of the North, and that they shall be so recognized by the Northern people, then I say it is an attempt to wipe out the distinction between right and wrong, loyalty and treason, and further, that the Southern people in taking this position, are directly responsible for keeping alive such animosities.

Chaplain Hill, personally superintended the burial of the body of Colonel Plimpton and the erection of a temporary headstone and marking the grave. Later, under orders of Colonel Randlett, the body was removed and under his personal custody was taken to Milford, the New Hampshire home of Colonel Plimpton, where funeral services were held, and which I attended—I think this was in the year 1865.

Colonel Josiah I. Plimpton fills a large place in the history of the 3rd New Hampshire Regiment. No more loyal or braver man went out from New Hampshire. He was a man of unusual executive ability, winning a higher rank than was ever awarded him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and therein was one of the great merits he possessed as a military officer; sometimes the men did not understand him, but those who knew him best honored and respected him. My official connection and close relations with him personally, gave me an insight into his character that all did not know, and the memory of him that remains to me is that of a loyal, courageous soldier, and a true friend.

My rescue from the battlefield by General Hawley, who found me among the wounded, and the series of remarkable circumstances following, wherein my life was saved, borders upon the miraculous. The Almighty's hand seems to have been in it. None of our own ambulances had been brought up, yet there was one at hand, a captured rebel ambulance, and Sergeant Jackman immediate-

ly seized it, placed me in it and ordered it back to the field hospital.

We had gone along the road a mile or more when the ambulance stopped, the curtains parted, and the face of my old friend, Colonel Randlett appeared. The Colonel was in command of the provost-guard upon the staff of General David B. Birney. It was not necessary for him to ask any questions, and turning his command over to a subordinate officer, he rode back with me, upon his horse, to the field hospital upon the banks of the James River. In this Colonel Randlett showed the same kindness and devotion that he had shown through our whole service together, under all circumstances, true to the pledges that he had made my people upon my enlistment under his command at the outbreak of the war. It was marked in this instance from the fact that in leaving his command he took the chances of disobeying the orders of his commander indirectly, by leaving his command in the field.

GEN. DAVID B. BIRNEY.

But Colonel Randlett was too well established in the confidence of General Birney for him to suffer from the

consequences of this act. His one thought was for my care, and to get me into the hands of his friends and my friends, if possible, at the hospital.

Arriving back near the river, they placed me temporarily in a small tent, until Colonel Randlett could find the surgeon in charge, who as it happened was a personal friend—Dr. Dearborn—a cousin of the late Dr. Samuel Dearborn of Nashua. While lying upon the ground in the tent I heard voices outside discussing my case. The gen-

GEN. BIRNEY'S HEADQUARTERS.

eral opinion as expressed, that came to my ears, was that there was no possible chance for my recovery. I did not agree with them, however, in my own convictions. Hundreds had been brought back and had found their way from the battlefields, and the hospital tents were being rapidly filled.

Colonel Randlett soon returned and they took me to the tent, where examinations were made and amputations performed, and placed me upon the amputating table. Many a poor boy had here been through the surgeon's hands and their shattered arms and legs amputated, a glance around showing the severed limbs still lying

upon the ground. It was a "Chamber of Horrors." One of the cheerful (?) sights that met my eyes was several surgeons with their sleeves rolled up and blood upon their hands and arms.

An examination of my wound was made, showing that the bullet had entered on the right side, shattering two of the ribs, passing through the liver, and out near the back bone, completing a passage through the body—and this explains a little circumstance: While lying upon the battlefield, after being revived by the stimulants General Hawley gave me, I reached for my canteen to get a drink of water, intense thirst invariably following in cases of wounds. I knew I had filled the canteen just before coming over the works, but to my terrible disappointment there was no water; a hole had been made in the canteen and the water had gone out, and now it was evident that the ball that had passed through my body had also passed through the canteen that was hanging upon my back.

Dr. Dearborn now took charge of me and found a tent and a cot where he took off my bloody clothes, cleansed the wound, and placed me between sheets on the cot. I remember clearly of the doctor and the nurse removing my pants and drawers that were heavy with blood, and throwing them down the bank into the river: the doctor called an attendant and placed him by the side of my cot, with a basin of cold water and a sponge, with orders to keep the wound wet, sponging it frequently. The heat of the day was intense, and it was of the first importance to keep the wound at as cool a temperature as possible: this was the first treatment and was in general practice.

As Dr. Dearborn was sitting beside my cot, I said to him, "Dr. what do you think my chances are for recovery?" The doctor hesitated. At length he said:

"If nothing unfavorable sets in, I think you have a chance."

I replied: "No matter what sets in, doctor, I am going to get well—I'll take that chance any way." I remember clearly the conviction and determination that came to me that I would recover.

Through Colonel Randlett's special efforts and the kind offices of Dr. Dearborn, I had the special attention

FIELD HOSPITAL.

of this nurse, yet my one thought was to get back to the hospital at Fortress Munroe into the hands of that dear motherly woman, Miss Preston, where I had left but a few weeks before with the wound in the shoulder.

The first night as I lay in the hospital tent on the banks of the river, I could hear the firing at the front at intervals and in the morning it appeared to be increased and coming nearer and nearer. In my imagination I could see our army being driven back, but before noon the firing had ceased, and I was told that our troops were holding their lines.

COL. JAMES F. RANDLETT, U. S. A.
RETIRED.

After recovering my senses and recognizing my surroundings, my first inquiry was for Don, my faithful horse, and for Tom. I think it was Colonel Randlett who told me that Tom upon arriving back from his ride from the battlefield at Deep Bottom had found Quartermaster Hynes of our regiment, and had delivered the horse to him. Later after hearing from my brother of the 9th N. H., who expressed his willingness to take the horse, I directed that he be sent to him.

Boat load after boat load of the wounded were being taken down the James River. It was now the third day that I had been in this hospital waiting, frequently asking why I was not taken aboard the steamer; the reply of my nurse was unsatisfactory, and I never knew until long after the war why I was not sooner sent with others down the river. Many years after the war, my friend, Colonel Randlett, who had been in the regular army since the war, was at home on leave of absence. He visited me at my home on Concord street, and in talking over the old days of the war, he asked me if I knew why I was kept so long at the Field Hospital after the battle of Deep Bottom. I told him it was always a mystery to me. "They were waiting for you to die," said the Colonel, "orders had been issued that no fatal cases should be taken on board the boat, and after waiting three days, I took the responsibility of issuing an order to the surgeon in charge to put you on board the boat for Chesapeake Hospital at Fortress Munroe, "By order of General David B. Birney, James F. Randlett, Aide-de-camp."

Colonel Randlett's patriotic services to his country, his marked ability as a military officer and his devotion to his friends under all circumstances are well known to his companions in arms and to his superior commanders. His moral and physical courage was well attested in camp and upon many battlefields. He was severely wounded at the battle of Drurys-Bluff, but most fortunate in es-

caping the fire of the enemy through the remainder of the war. At the close of the war he made application for a commission in the regular army, and upon the record of his distinguished services through the war was commissioned captain in the 9th U. S. Cavalry. His services in the west upon the plains and subsequently as Indian agent for the government is a record that his friends are proud of. Upon his merits he rose in rank through the various grades to that of Colonel, U. S. A., and retired with that rank. His home is now at La Mesa, California, near San Diego, enjoying the declining years of his life in the balmy atmosphere of that delightful climate, and among the orange and lemon trees of his own plantation, where, if this be his choice rather than to return to his early home in the East, may he live in happiness to a ripe old age.

A NAPOLEON GUN AT WORK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Between Life and Death at the Chesapeake Hospital. Rescue of General Aaron F. Stevens from the Battlefield by Dr. Royal B. Prescott.

I HAD been for three days in the hospital tent on the banks of the James with the fearful wound that was sapping my vitality hour by hour; the surgeons had concluded that it was not worth while to send me down the river to Chesapeake Hospital—it was useless expense of transportation. I thought differently, however, and Colonel Randlett having persuaded the surgeons in charge by a special order in the name of General Birney, I was put on board the steamer, carried upon my cot, accompanied by a nurse.

We arrived at the Chesapeake Hospital on the afternoon of August 20th, and back into the same ward where I had left but a few weeks before. I was received by Miss Preston with evident solicitude, and was given immediate and special attention.

Upon a thorough examination by the surgeon, it was found necessary to probe the wound to remove the foreign substance from it, and without anaesthetics the steel probe was run into the wound six inches or more and pieces of cloth of my clothing and bits of the bones of my shattered ribs taken out. It is impossible to put in language that which would convey the agony from that probing. This operation was repeated from day to day until the wound was free from foreign matter; I became as weak as a child, for the time being. When I saw the

dresser approach with his instruments, I screamed with mental and physical agony. For the first two weeks or more I sank under the treatment, growing weaker from day to day. It was evident to those around me that it would be a matter of only a short time, but never for an instant did I lose my determination to rise above it, yet with all that could be done with nourishment and stimulants, the vital forces apparently were ebbing away. Day by day I lay watching my own condition, fully understanding, I think, the situation. There seemed to come one day the crisis—I realized that I was on the very verge—things around me began to grow dim—the people around me—the cot across the room upon which lay a wounded officer—and all else faded gradually until I felt that the earth was falling away from me, and that I was in space, but my intellect was upon a tension—I knew that I must make a supreme effort. Those I loved and far away, came in my imagination, for them I would live, all things of life then seemed so dear to me, I was determined to hold fast; I could, I thought, and I would, with the help of Almighty God, rise above it. With a clearness of mind and this one thought definite and fixed upon the certainty that I would live, I passed the crisis. I opened my eyes, and conditions around me were the same that I had left—I was lying upon the same narrow bed, the doctor and the nurse were sitting there by my side, and across the room upon a cot was my wounded brother officer. Through God's wonderful law of vibration I had by intense concentration of thought and desire kept in touch with the Infinite Power, through the critical period of the low ebbing of the heart's action back to life. Call it will power, God power, or what you may, it was to me a marvelous demonstration. I then lay back in a calm, peaceful consciousness of having won the victory over death, and that I could now rest in gratitude.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Miss S. Eliza White—later Mrs. Elbridge J. Copp.

After all these years, the memory of this marvelous experience is as vivid and even more vivid to me, than the events of more recent years. The realities and sensations of this experience so difficult to put into language, I fear I have given but a faint conception of.

My people at home had been telegraphed that if they wished to see me again alive, they must come at once. My older brother, Rev. Henry B., and my stepmother, started immediately for Fortress Munroe and the hospital. I was glad to see them, and they, of course, were relieved to find me alive and in an improved condition. Their stay with me was short—there was nothing they could do to add to my care and comfort, everything being done for me that it was possible to do. They started on their return to New Hampshire the same day of their arrival.

From day to day, and little by little, I began from that time on to regain my strength; the wound all the time taking the regular course of superation, until it was said that there was a hole through the body, as some expressed it, the size of a silver dollar. This may have been an exaggeration, but to me it was true enough.

A few days after this, my brother Capt. C. D., who had been on a leave of absence, returned, and stopped at the hospital to see me. When he left for the front, as he afterward said, he never expected to see me alive again, if he himself should pass through the dangers of the active campaign that he was facing in front of Petersburg.

For weeks I lay upon my cot in that room at the hospital; when raised a little from the bed and could look out of the window, the view was not very conducive to cheerfulness—all that I could see was the burying ground, and burying parties almost constantly at work, daily funerals marched past the hospital, a dirge being played by the fife and drum. The music, however, was soon stopped. I asked Miss Preston one day if she could not change my

room, that I might have a more cheerful outlook. As I remember, she gave me a different location in the same room.

One day soon after, a young officer from a New York regiment, who had been wounded through the wrist, was assigned to the room that I was in, and a cot opposite my own. He was a bright, cheerful young man, and good company. I regret that I can not remember his name; he frequently sat at the side of my cot, talking and cheering me up. He congratulated himself, he said, when he saw the severe wounds of others, that his wound was so slight and that he would soon be able to return to his regiment; but suddenly one day, he became quite sick—gangrene had entered the wound, and in those days medical science was not so able to cope with this disease, the course was then so very rapid. Why he was not taken to the isolation tents I do not know. Soon his case was pronounced hopeless—he wanted his father, who was a physician in New York City—I think he told me that his mother was dead. His father was telegraphed for and the next day, following the telegram, I saw him come into the room—a fine looking old gentleman with white hair, and a refined face. I shall never forget the expression and exclamation as he entered the room and saw his son. With the experienced eye of the physician, he saw that death had seized his boy. "My God," the old gentleman exclaimed, then trying to master his emotions, he approached the bedside. It was all so pathetic—so pitiful. As his father approached, the young Lieutenant tried to speak; he slowly turned to the nurse and with a great effort gasped, "Give my father a chair." And they were the last words that he spoke.

In another ward in the hospital was a rebel Captain who they told me was wounded identically the same as myself. Although we never saw each other, messages were sent from time to time between us. Here was a

marked illustration of the treatment of rebel soldiers in our hands, this officer receiving the same care and treatment in the same hospital and along side the Union soldier—in such contrast with that of our men in rebel hands. All possible care was taken of this officer, but one day I was told that he was dead, and had been buried in the soldiers' burying ground out back of the hospital.

In the course of weeks, I became able to sit up, and I had the promise from Miss Preston that when I was a little stronger, she would have me taken down into her room, that I might have a view from her windows. The day finally came, and she came to my room with two stout men nurses, and placing me carefully in a chair, I was carried down one flight of stairs and into Miss Preston's room, the windows of which looked out upon Fortress Munroe and Hampton Roads. The waters of the bay and the river were filled with ships at anchor, and some sailing by, oh so beautifully and grandly; and the beautiful landscape beyond—all gave me emotions indescribable. Thrills of happiness came over me—I had been away from the world so long, it now seemed all so beautiful, and the sensation came to me of having been translated to a vision of the Elysian fields.

These most kind attentions from Miss Preston were continued from day to day, doing much to encourage and assist in my recovery. Delicacies and extra dishes from the dining room were sent to my room. I could see from Miss Preston's window one small fig tree in the yard of the hospital, and upon the tree I counted a dozen or so ripening figs, and a little later there came, with other good things, ripe figs, occasionally, until I thought I had received about the same number that I had seen upon the tree; for all this kindness and special attention I have ever been profoundly grateful to Miss Preston. Day by day I gained in strength, and about the first of October I was able to move about my room, the wound commenc-

ing to heal, and I was gradually strengthening, at length being able to go to the dining room with the other officers. My recollection is that the dining room seated about one hundred, and it was always full, the dinner bell being a signal for a grand rush of the ravenously hungry convalescents, and those of us who were not strong thought our lives were in danger in the grand rush by this crowd of overgrown boys, who, having been on starvation diet for so long, found it a difficult matter to satisfy their appetites.

On the 28th of September was the Battle of Fort Harrison, north of the James River and about ten miles from Richmond. General Grant had ordered the 18th Corps, under General Ord, and the 10th Corps under General Birney, to make an advance upon Richmond. The 13th N. H. Regiment, under command of Colonel Aaron F. Stevens, was in General Burnham's Brigade of the 18th Corps. An effort was made to surprise the enemy by a very early attack on the morning of the 28th, but the enemy were on the alert and in their works when the assault was made. General Burnham's Brigade leading the assault. They were met with a tremendous fire from the enemy, but drove them back, capturing Fort Harrison. General Burnham was shot through the heart and killed instantly; the command of the brigade was then assumed by Colonel Stevens, the senior colonel, and before reaching the works, very soon after taking command of the brigade, he, too, was shot and fell, the ball entering his hip. He had hardly fallen when Dr. Royal B. Prescott, then hospital steward of the regiment, found him lying helpless. He asked the colonel if he was badly hurt, the colonel replying that he did not know, he was sure that one of his boots was full of blood, and that he felt very faint, and asked Dr. Prescott to get him off the field if it were possible to do so. Although the fort in our immediate front was in possession

of our troops, the firing was still going on upon another part of the line, and the zipping and ping of the bullets were yet all too close. The doctor assured the colonel that he would do everything in his power to get him off the field. Dr. Prescott himself was taking chances in following the line of battle so closely that he need not have taken as hospital steward, this act of heroism being characteristic of the doctor, and was recognized by his superior officers; soon after he was commissioned as lieutenant. The doctor in telling the story says that he ran back for about three-quarters of a mile to where the Hospital Corps was established and the ambulances in waiting; the first ambulance he found in charge of a man by the name of Putnam of the 13th Regiment, and known to the doctor. He told him he wanted him to drive his ambulance to the front and get Colonel Stevens, who was lying on the field badly wounded. Putnam replied that he had no authority to do so, but if he could find the lieutenant who was in charge he perhaps could get permission. The doctor rushed up and down through the woods trying to find the lieutenant, but failed to do so; returning he found the ambulance he had left, without a driver; jumping on the seat, he took the reins, started to the front, and seizing the whip gave the horse a sharp cut, and over the road he flew, on to a field that was full of stumps where he was obliged to go slowly, and looking back, the driver was coming on the run after him. Soon overtaking the ambulance, he jumped in behind, telling the doctor that he would take the reins, which he proceeded to do, and would have turned back, but the doctor protested vehemently that they should go on and rescue the colonel, finally persuading Putnam to do so, assuring him that he would take all responsibility and on they moved over the field, narrowly escaping an upset by the stumps and stones; reaching the colonel at length, they wheeled about. Two bullets had already passed

through the canvas of the ambulance, and more were coming. They hastily placed the Colonel in the ambulance and started for the rear, when they heard a voice crying, "Hold on with that ambulance." Looking back, four men were coming with a wounded or dead officer. They halted and waited their approach. It proved to be the body of General Burnham, the brigade commander, who had been killed in the charge. They placed the body of the general in the ambulance with Colonel Stevens, and back four miles they rode side by side to the James River, where they were put on board the steamer Fortress Munroe, and the Colonel taken to the Chesapeake Hospital.

LIEUT. ROYAL B. PRESCOTT.

Hospital Steward Prescott's soldierly qualities and bravery under fire won for him promotion; he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in October, 1864, and later promoted to First Lieutenant and much of the time in command of his company. In the closing days of the war, the 13th Regiment was immediately in front of Richmond, and on the day of the surrender, Lieutenant Prescott was in command of the picket line in front of the defences of Richmond and was in command of the ad-

vance skirmish line, that were the first Union troops that entered the city.

Miss Preston told me of the arrival of Colonel Stevens, and that he was in the ward next below. The next day I called upon the Colonel. I found him in bed and quite weak from loss of blood. His wound, the doc-

PAULINE CUSHMAN.
NOTED UNION SCOUT AND SPY.

tor told me, was severe but not dangerous, but I learned that any wound was dangerous—that insidious disease, gangrene, had made victims of many with wounds less severe. He was in good spirits and hopeful. I asked if there was anything I could do for him, and he said yes, that I was the very one who could do him a

great favor by writing some letters, and this I was glad to do.

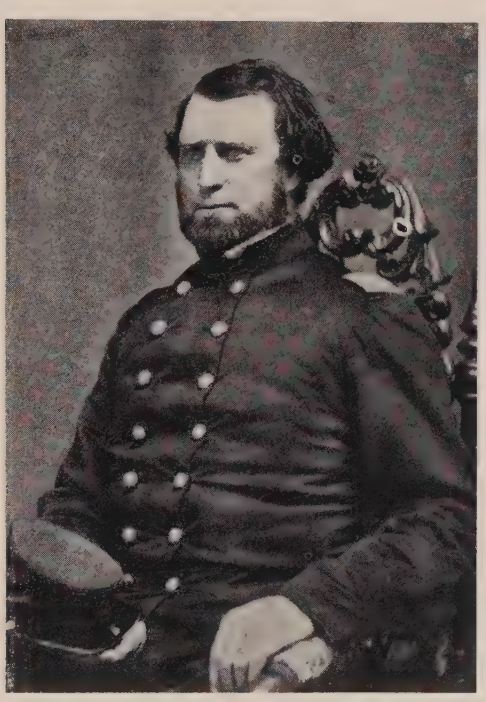
I visited the Colonel daily, sometimes several times a day, and here under conditions that brought us together, both rescued from battlefields where we were mutually doing our part to uphold the flag of our country, and in our companionship here in Chesapeake Hospital recovering from our wounds, a friendship was formed that was life lasting.

For distinguished bravery and ability as a military leader, Colonel Stevens was made brigadier-general by Brevet. General Stevens was New Hampshire's representative soldier. General John G. Foster was the greater in rank; a soldier by profession, and had held a higher command, but he had gone out from New Hampshire in his youth and had been in no way identified with our state, except by family ties, while General Stevens had given his whole life to the state and in faithful service to his city. Therefore, it is not any disparagement to General Foster to name General Aaron F. Stevens as New Hampshire's representative soldier.

General Stevens' beloved wife, in response to a telegram, hastened from her home in New Hampshire to his bedside at the hospital. They had been married at the very outbreak of the war, and had spent their honeymoon as companions in arms, in the service of the state and country in the first regiment that went to the front from New Hampshire, and of which he was Lieutenant-Colonel, she doing the heroic work among the very first of the volunteer nurses that went into the field. I had not known her before the war, and here in the hospital, in the general's sick room, I met her, a bright and beautiful young woman, but two or three years out of her teens. General Stevens was most fortunate in having for a life companion so noble and beautiful a woman. Mrs. Stevens remained at the hospital until some time in Oc-

tober when the General had so far recovered his strength that they left for New Hampshire.

I remained at the hospital, slowly gaining my strength. In the first days of October, I was able to go about with the help of a cane, and out into the free air of Heaven and day by day breathe in new life and strength.



GEN. AARON F. STEVENS.

There was a little car upon a narrow gauge track, drawn by a mule, running from Chesapeake Hospital to Fortress Munroe, and for recreation and pleasure I took frequent rides in this car and would stop at the post-office at the fort from time to time and chat with Cale French, a former Nashua boy and chief clerk of the office.

I took this opportunity, too, to visit the famous old fortress which stands guard over the entrance to the James River, York River and Chesapeake bay—Fortress Munroe—at that time so formidable, but under the fire of modern guns would easily crumble into dust; the privileges of a commisioned officer permitting me to go and come at pleasure, I made these frequent visits.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Third Regiment in the Operations in Front of Petersburg and Richmond—Battle of Fort Fisher.

FOLLOWING the battle of Deep Bottom, our troops, the 2nd, 10th and 18th Corps held the lines without further aggressive movement, until the morning of the 20th of August, when they recrossed the James River upon the same pontoon bridge that we had crossed over on the night of the 13th.

WHAT WAS DEY FITIN 'BOUT?

While not writing a history of the 3rd New Hampshire Regiment, specifically, I must assume that the readers of my Reminiscences will be interested in the record of this regiment through its last year of service and final muster out.

Now what I have to say of the fortunes of my old regiment and of my brother officers and men, I shall put upon record from information given me by others.

Upon the death of Colonel Plimpton at Deep Bottom, the command of the regiment fell to Captain Wadsworth, the senior officer present who led it from the field. Upon the very day of the battle, Captain Henry S. Dow, who had been on a leave of absence, returned, and being the senior officer in rank, relieved Captain Wadsworth in the command of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel John Bedel still being a prisoner of war and Colonel James F. Randlett, then upon the staff of General Birney.

Upon the recrossing of the 2nd, 10th and 18 Corps to the south side of the James River, the 10th Corps was ordered to Bermuda Hundred, and the 3rd New Hampshire was again in its old camp on the right of the line near James River. The three years men had but a few days more before the day of the muster out, when an order was received for the regiment to proceed to Petersburg where the duty would be in the trenches in close touch with the enemy, and practically under fire, protected by the earthworks from the shot and shell that were daily reaching our lines from the enemy's guns. This order was received with something little less than consternation among the men who expected to leave so soon for their homes. This was averted however, the order not being carried into effect until after the departure of the men discharged.

On the 23rd of August, the three years men were mustered out and this means that complete rolls were prepared in triplicate of the names of the officers and men of the different companies whose terms had expired, one for the mustering officer who is a regular U. S. A. officer, one to be retained with the records of the regiment, and one for the Adjutant-General of the State of New Hampshire, and for each man a formal discharge paper was prepared and signed by the Colonel of the regiment.

On the night before the departure of the men for New Hampshire, they were formed in line, marched to the quarters of the regimental Quartermaster, and delivered to him the arms and equipments and the shelter tents.

On the evening of the 23rd, the regiment was honored by a visit from Generals Terry and Hawley with their full staff, escorted by the 7th Connecticut Regiment, of which General Terry was its original Colonel, the band of the 7th Connecticut furnishing the music. The evening was spent in speech making by the two generals, and a general jollification, the only instance in my recollection of the letting down of the strict barriers of discipline between the generals commanding and the men of their commands by anything approaching familiarity. General Terry and General Hawley both paid the highest tribute to the efficiency and valor of our regiment—they both had shown their confidence in the 3rd N. H. in several insances, where in the face of the enemy in emergencies, it called for a regiment that would meet the fire of the enemy without flinching, and in each instance did the 3rd N. H. respond and stand as a wall of fire, stemming the tide of battle.

On the morning of the 24th, the three years men under command of Captain R. W. Houghton, left the camp for New Hampshire, amid the hurrahs and goodbyes from those who were left behind.

On the day of the departure of the three years men the regiment marched to Petersburg, crossing the Appomatox on the pontoon at point of rocks.

On the 27th, Colonel Randlett at his own request, was relieved from staff duty with General Terry, and returned to his regiment and assumed command. The three or four weeks that the regiment was in front of Petersburg was one of harassing duty incident to siege operations in the trenches without the comforts of a

camp, continually exposed to the daily and nightly firing from the enemy.

The regiment took part in the movement on the last of September of the 10th and 18th Corps on the north side of the James River, resulting in the battles of Chapins' Farm and Fort Harrison of which I have already written.

On the 27th and 28th of September, in the movement upon the Darby town road, near Richmond, the regiment was gallantly led by Colonel Randlett through several sharp engagements, but fortunately meeting with slight losses. The lines now established by our forces on the north side of the James River were permanently held, although not without several sharp engagements and severe losses. On the morning of the 7th of October the enemy surprised our men and stampeded General Kautz's cavalry which was upon the right, General Kautz losing all of his artillery and many men; for a time it looked like a panic along the whole line, but our men rallied and checked their advance and drove them back; here again the efficiency of the repeating rifle showed great work, mowing down the enemy like grain before the scythe; the enemy called this gun "them coffee mills."

Information was received by General Butler about this time that Union prisoners were being forced to work in the rebel intrenchments, a flagrant violation of the rules of war, but the rules of war had very little recognition by the rebel authorities. General Butler immediately communicated with the commanding general of the forces in our front stating that for every Union prisoner put to work in the trenches, two of their own men would be compelled to do fatigue duty upon our own works.

At this time General Butler was digging the Dutch Gap Canal and in retaliation put a large number or rebel

ATTACK ON A BAGGAGE TRAIN.

prisoners at work shovelling in the canal. This very quickly stopped the practice of subjecting Union prisoners to the fire of our own men. The Dutch Gap Canal was a cut-off in the James River at Bermuda Hundred at a turn in the river, saving a distance of more than seven miles. By a bend in the river at this point, the distance between was only about 425 feet. It was General Butler's enterprise, and was carried through to success so far as the canal was concerned, but was never used as contemplated by General Butler for the passage of our naval vessels up the river to Richmond, yet it is true that of all the works constructed during the war upon the various rivers within the operation of our armies, this is the only work that since the war has been put into practical use, the Dutch Gap Canal now being used regularly by steamers and all vessels between Richmond and Fortress Munroe. Dutch Gap was at a point upon the right of the Federal line of intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, the camp of the 3rd N. H. Regiment being upon the extreme right and the progress of the canal was watched from day to day by our boys with much interest. Nearly all of the digging was done by the negro troops.

The November elections were approaching and all was excitement. From information received in Washington, it was believed that in New York City there would be riots on election day at the polls, and that there were secret armed organizations that would resist and over-awe the officers at the polls, and prevent an honest election. General B. F. Butler was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, and was by him ordered to proceed to New York City and with troops enough to preserve the peace at all hazards. Three thousand men and a battery of twelve pieces of artillery were ordered from the Army of the James to proceed to New

York. In the meantime General Butler established his headquarters at the Hoffman House.

Among the troops ordered to New York was the 3rd New Hampshire. On the evening of the 3rd of November, they embarked on board the steamer Thomas Powell; arriving at Fortress Munroe about 3 P. M., thence to Norfolk they were transferred to the steamer United States, a large sea-going vessel. On the same steamer were the 7th New Hampshire, 7th Connecticut and 13th Indiana regiments. Left Norfolk at daylight on the 5th, and arrived at New York Harbor about noon the following day. Other troops had arrived, and under orders of General Butler, were all transferred to numerous ferry boats, with infantry and artillery upon each boat, with horses harnessed and attached to the gun carriages and caissons, ready for immediate movement. These boats were stationed at the different ferry slips on each side of the city, and prepared to move to any point in the city, in the shortest posible time, the commanding officer of each detachment being placed in communication with General Butler's headquarters by telegraph

As soon as it was known that General Butler was in the city in command of the Union troops, his life was threatened by numerous letters from rebel sympathizers —New York being a perfect hotbed of the friends of the South, the Copperhead newspapers also joining in denouncing him. This did not feaze General Butler, and he caused it to be announced that he should attend Wallack's theatre one evening, where he appeared in full dress uniform with his full staff—occupying one of the boxes. He also appeared upon Broadway with his staff mounted upon their horses.

General Butler's great executive ability had proved equal to the situation; he had here as in New Orleans a complete mastery of New York City, and ready for any emergency. This preparation was, of course, known to

every one in the city, and as is frequently true, the number of the troops was largely overestimated, the people believing that a force of from fifteen to twenty thousand troops were ready for action. The election passed off without incident. The following day the Secretary of War received a telegram from Genral Grant as follows:

"The elections have passed off quietly; no blood shed or riot throughout the land; is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won. Rebeldom and Europe will construe it so."

The next service of the 3rd N. H. Regiment of importance was the movement against Fort Fisher, one of the defenses of Wilmington, N. C., and its capture by the army under General Alfred H. Terry and the navy under command of Admiral Porter, after one of the most terrific engagements of the war.

Fort Fisher was the most important of the several forts at the entrance of Cape Fear River, defending Wilmington. It was here in the capture of Fort Fisher and the occupation at Wilmington that General Terry won his honors in the promotion to brigadier-general of the regular army and major-general of volunteers. It was here in the terrible fighting upon the ramparts of the fort and the hand to hand fighting from traverse to traverse that the boys of the 3rd, 4th and 7th New Hampshire won additional glories that had followed New Hampshire's soldiers throughout the war. It was here that Colonel Joe C. Abbott of the 7th at the head of his brigade, distinguished himself. It was here upon the slopes of the enemy's fort that the brave Colonel Bedel of the 4th N. H. met his death. I was proud of my old regiment in its heroic work on that day; it was led by Major, (then Captain) Trickey, of whose heroism through the whole war I cannot say enough. The name of every man of the regiment deserves mention for his gallantry on that day.

One of the youngest officers in the regiment, who had steadily advanced through all the grades from a private up to that of captain, showing through all of the three years' service of the regiment heroic qualities that had won for him this recognition, who here on the slopes of the enemy's works especially distinguished himself by his courage and hauled down the rebel flag that was flying over the fort, was Captain J. Homer Edgerly, and for his distinguished services, specifically at Fort Fisher, was made Brevet-Major, U. S. V. Major Edgerly was with his regiment through to the end of the war, sustaining and enhancing his reputation as one of the 3rd New Hampshire's most distinguished and popular officers.

Following the capture of Fort Fisher, the other forts in the river were reduced, and the City of Wilmington occupied by our troops. In Fort Fisher, after its capture, was found a mark of the distinguished consideration that the English people had for the so-called Confederacy, an elegantly mounted large Armstrong gun, a gift of the merchants of London, the carriage being of solid rosewood and mahogany.

There were two officers in a New Hampshire regiment—I will not name them—a Colonel in command of his regiment and the Major of the regiment. They were strong personal friends; the regiment was on duty at the front one day and resting. Coffee had been prepared; the Colonel and the Major were sitting together upon the ground and about to drink their coffee, when a sudden firing was opened by the enemy, the rifle balls rattling upon the rail fence near by, and zipping about their heads. The Colonel jumped to his feet, threw his cup of untasted coffee from him, but the Major cooly commenced to drink his cup,, and said to the Colonel, "Ain't you getting excited, Colonel ?"

"Yes, you damned fool, I am, and you would be if

BATTLE OF FORT FISHER.

CAPT. EDGERLY HAULING DOWN THE REBEL FLAG.

you knew enough to have any conception of the situation," was the Colonel's vigorous reply.

In writing these "Reminiscences," my recollections have been more of the serious phase of the soldier's life, but there was the other side in which there was much pleasure, and, at times, genuine sport among the boys in camp. The optimistic side of the character of a large majority of our soldiers came to the surface and was the uplifting force with a genuine spirit of patriotism that carried men through so much hardship and danger.

I regret that I have not been able to recall more of the stories that were told around the camp-fire, and the genuine wit that enlivened the camp circle.

I had been retired from active service by my wounds, and had returned to my home in Nashua late in October, 1864. It was in the old bookstore at the corner of Water Street, where I had been given charge of the business by my brother, Capt. C. D., that day after day, I followed the progress of the war, and the fortunes of my own old regiment particularly, through the newspapers and letters from my comrades who were still facing the enemy.

In my mail came one day the following letter from Major Trickey:

In the field near Wilmington, North Carolina,
March 1, 1865.

My Dear Adjutant:

The old 3rd is keeping up its reputation and I know you will be glad to know of our movements. Colonel Randlett arrived with the balance of the regiment from Laurel Hill before the forward movement on Wilmington began. The enemy was forced from one line of their works to another, until the city surrendered on the 22nd—Washington's birthday.

We marched through the town, and on, after the retreating foe, the old 3rd on the skirmish line. About three miles out, we came to Smith's Creek, a branch of

the Cape Fear River. The bridge spanning the creek was found partially destroyed and on fire, the enemy disputing its passage by vigorous fire from their infantry on the banks of the river.

While Colonel Randlett was riding back for a battery to shell them out of their position, fearing it might be too late to save the bridge, it occurred to us that the fire might be extinguished. We therefore rushed upon it, crossing on the stringers and the few planks left and induced its defenders to hurriedly retire. By dipping water with cups, canteens and caps, the flames were put out, allowing the main force to cross with little, if any, delay. Captain Donley, commanding Co. D, was among the first, if not the very first, man across the bridge. Colonel Randlett says his heart stood still as he arrived with a light battery, and gave directions about firing, when just before the fatal moment, he discovered, not the graybacks we left across the stream, but the boys in blue, his own beloved men. Our brave old Colonel has said in later years that this piece of work helped to his advance in the regular service.

A running fire of some six miles further brought us to the north-east branch of the Cape Fear River. The railroad bridge having been burned, and the enemy's pontoon swung down the river, further pursuit was of course impossible. A slight breast-work was thrown up, a rail fence helping in the matter, precautions taken for the night, when fires were lighted, giving a prospect of hot coffee, the first for the day. But just as the aroma of that beverage, to the soldier so indispensable seemed most tempting, we were startled to our feet by a volley of bullets into our midst, such as it seemed to us we had never heard, their rattle against the pine rails increasing the din, we supposed the enemy had recrossed the river, and that we were surrounded. But seizing our arms and rushing to the river's bank, we found our pickets calm and un-

MAJ. WILLIAM H. TRICKEY IN 1910.

molested. The firing proved to be a farewell shot from across the river as the enemy began his retreat for Goldsborough.

And now, my friend, I have something personal. You know, or you may not know, that there is a vacancy in the regiment in the field office of Major, Colonel Bedel having been commissioned as Colonel and Major Randlett promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. This position naturally comes to me as senior Captain. We are all anxious to have you return to the regiment. If you are able to do so, or will be soon, I want you to come and take this position, which you are justly entitled to. Now do not say no—we all want to see you back again. Let me hear from you as to the prospects, and believe me

Sincerely your friend,

WILLIAM H. TRICKEY.

This letter is characteristic of one of the bravest and noblest of New Hampshire's soldiers. His account of the fight at the bridge is too modestly written. Here, as I afterward learned, it was Major Trickey himself who led a charge across this bridge before the fire had been put out, under quite a hot fire from the rebel infantry on the opposite bank. This was only one of many instances of Major Trickey's coolness and bravery in the face of the enemy. Strangely enough he had served through the dangers of three years of war, time after time under fire of the shot and shell and the bullets of the enemy and he had not received a wound. On the third of September, in front of Petersburg, he was wounded in the left shoulder and taken to the Chesapeake Hospital; while there he was a frequent caller upon me in my sick room. Before his wound was fairly healed he was back again with his regiment. On the 27th of October in the engagement in front of Richmond on the Darbytown road, he was struck in the side by a piece of a shell, making painful contusions though not a serious wound. On the 19th of January,

1865, in the Battle of Half Moon, near Wilmington, North Carolina, he was struck in the hand by a rifle ball, severing one of his fingers. In the city of Wilmington, after its capture, Colonel Randlett was provost marshal and the city was kept in subjection under martial law, by military force. Major Trickey was sent one day with a detachment to quell a disturbance, when he was shot through the left thigh. Of all the wounds he had received, the last proved the most troublesome.

Major Trickey's offer to release to me the position to which he was justly entitled by his distinguished services is a marked instance of his characteristic unselfishness and nobility of character, and was an extraordinary act of true friendship, which I have always prized as something beyond the ordinary.

As my strength and health increased so did my desire to return to my regiment to see the War through to the end, and I had fully determined that if the War continued, as soon as my strength permitted, I would return to the army in some capacity.

Skirmishers in Touch With the Enemy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SURRENDER OF LEE AND THE END OF THE WAR.

Grand Review of the Armies In Washington.

IT was now in the first days of April, 1865. Nearly four years since the firing upon Sumter, and the War was still waging. I had so far recovered from my wounds as to believe that I could return to the field, and see the War through to the end. I had made application direct to the War Department for a commission in General Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps, feeling sure that failing in my ability to go into active operations, I could at least do duty in the Reserve Corps for the time being. On the 8th day of April I received from Colonel Randlett, commanding my old regiment, a very cordial letter saying that they would all welcome me back to the 3rd regiment, adding that he had seen General Terry in my interest and that the general had told him that he would appoint me to a position upon his staff if I would accept. By the same mail I received a commission as adjutant in the Veteran Reserve Corps, with an order to report at once to General Hancock in Washington. Here I had three propositions—to return to my regiment for active duty as Major of the regiment, if I decided to accept Major Trickey's most generous offer, which I was as yet not quite ready to do, or to accept the position on General Terry's staff, or to report to General Hancock in Washington for duty as adjutant in the Veteran Reserve Corps. Either

of the first two positions would be a severe test upon my physical condition. In the Veteran Reserve Corps the duties would be chiefly routine camp duties or office duties, and decidedly less satisfactory. Dr. George Gray, my physician, had repeatedly told me that he should protest against my going back in any capacity, that I was completely disabled from any further duty in the army.

While considering as to the best thing to do, the news of the surrender of Lee came and decided me in my course. I did not care to re-enter the service in any capacity if the war was over. It was on the afternoon of the 9th of April that the news of the surrender was flashed over the country, and I was the first to receive the news in Nashua. I was in the old bookstore and received a telegram from the office of the Boston Daily Journal in Boston, stating that Lee had surrendered, asking me to state the number of extra papers that should be sent, this being the practice of the newspapers of that day in supplying their agencies, when any extraordinary news was received. I was sure that I was as yet the only one in Nashua who had information of this tremendous event. I was intensely excited, but did not announce the news at once. Like a flash it came to me that I had secreted in that store a small cannon that I had used in Fourth of July celebrations before the war. I found it under the counter, it was some 14 inches in length and as a boy I used to call it a "ringer." I was not long in getting it out, and as good fortune would have it, I had left with it some powder, a small quantity, but sufficient for the purpose. I loaded the gun to the muzzle, pounding it down with ramrod and hammer, people around me inquiring what I was doing; but saying not a word, I took the cannon out on Main Street in front of the store, then heated the stove poker red hot, and touched off the cannon. The explosion was tremendous for the size of the gun, breaking in the glass of

THE McLEAN HOUSE, WHERE GENERAL LEE SURRENDERED TO GENERAL GRANT

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE

the whole front of the store, creating great excitement. At the top of my voice I shouted, "Lee has surrendered! "Lee has surrendered!" and again I loaded the cannon and banged away, and again shouting, "Lee has surrendered!" the crowd gathering all the time, so that soon there was a dense mob in front of the store, filling the street; then the cry was taken up by the crowd—"Lee has surrendered!" and up and down the street and through the town the cry was, **"Lee has surrendered! Lee has surrendered!"** and this was the way the news of the surrender of Lee came to Nashua, and the War was really over.

A great sigh of relief went up from the people of the whole country. Four long years of bloody and devastating war was at an end, and thanksgivings went up from the hearts of all. Special meetings and services in all the churches throughout the land were thronged with people giving praise to Almighty God that the end had come, and the joy of fathers and mothers, wives and children, thinking and talking of the home coming of those who had fought the battles of the War and survived was an experience never before known.

Every city, town and hamlet throughout the country was in mourning for those whose lives had been sacrificed in the great struggle, but the end had come at last, the country was saved from the hands of traitors who would destroy it, and peace would reign.

The closing scene of the great drama of War was at Appomatox, where Lee with his army had been driven to the last extremity. General Grant with the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James forced the surrender of Petersburg and of Richmond, and had encircled the demoralized army of General Lee, and crushed the last show of resistance from the Army of Northern Virginia under its greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee.

In a little one and one-half story house at Appomatox, the two great leaders, Grant and Lee, with several of their leading generals, met in the afternoon of the 9th of April; General Lee in full dress uniform, entirely new, wearing an elegant and expensive sword and sash, General Grant in the uniform of a private, with a small strap of a lieutenant-general upon his shoulder. As they met they shook hands and took seats at a table; the conversation was at first personal and agreeable, they had both been in the old army, but had not been associates, General Lee being 16 years older and holding a much higher rank than Grant in those days. After quite a lengthy conversation, General Lee called General Grant's attention to the object of the meeting, saying that he had asked General Grant for the interview for the purpose of getting terms of surrender, and suggested that it be put in writing; General Grant then called his staff secretary, General Parker, who furnished General Grant writing material. The terms of the surrender were then written out by General Grant personally, which were in effect that the officers and men of General Lee's army were to give their individual paroles, never again to take up arms against the United States, and all arms and war material except the private property of the officers to be turned over, and then they could depart for their homes. General Lee was visibly affected by the liberal terms given by General Grant, and further, when General Lee asked General Grant if this permit to take their private property extended to the men in the ranks, most of whom General Lee said owned their horses and mules, General Grant further said that he understood most of the men in the ranks must be small farmers, and without their horses and mules it would be difficult for them to work their farms; he should therefore add this permit to the terms of the surrender. Of the details of this, one of

the greatest of events, I need say no more—it is familiar to all readers of history.

The 3rd N. H. regiment did not share in the glory of the final movements of the army that forced the surrender of Lee. The regiment was now stationed at Goldsborough, North Carolina, and here it remained until its final muster out of the service at this point on the 20th day of July, 1865.

Sherman's army had marched from "Atlanta to the Sea;" he had penetrated the outer shell of the Confederacy meeting with but little opposition, destroying all that would contribute to the supply of the army of the enemy. From Savannah he had moved up the coast, occupying Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina, moving north he met the army of General Johnston, and at Bentonville the last important battle of the War was fought, General Johnston's army being crushed and forced to surrender.

The terms of surrender given General Johnston by General Sherman, the same as those of General Grant to Lee, were not approved by the government at Washington, the irascible secretary of war, Stanton, going so far as to publicly reprimand General Sherman through orders, and practically removing him from his command, but the country was with General Sherman, condemning Secretary Stanton for his arbitrary act.

The closing spectacle of the War and the greatest dramatic event ever witnessed in our country, was the grand review of the armies in Washington, following the surrender of Lee and Johnston. After the surrender the Army of the Potomac was ordered to Alexandria, Virginia, and into camp to wait the preparation for the review. General Sherman's army was also ordered into camp at Arlington.

I was not only desirous but determined to witness this great event. My brother, Capt. C. D., had written

me from the 9th N. H. Regiment, already at Alexandria with the Army of the Potomac, urging me to come out to the review if I was able to do so. I was willing to take the risk, and therefore started, and arrived in Washington soon after noon of the 20th of May. From Washington I went to Alexandria by the Washington & Richmond railroad. At the depot in Alexandria I hired an antiquated hack to take me to the camp of the 9th Army Corps, where I soon found the 9th N. H. Regiment. The camp of the army stretched for miles over the fields and through the valleys around Alexandria. I found the officers and men alike, all busy, removing the surplus soil of Virginia from their clothing, brushing up, polishing arms and equipments, and a general cleaning up going on, preparing for the great event.

CAPT. CHAS. D. COPP IN 1865.

The next morning I was introduced by my brother to several of the officers of the 9th regiment, who I had never met. One of the sorrows incidental to my leaving

the army before the close of the War was the selling of my horse Don, having no place or use for him at home, as I thought at the time, although many misgivings came to my mind months, and even years, after I had parted with him. Now I was to have a surprise and a pleasure in meeting Don, the property of one of the officers of the 9th N. H. It was suggested by the Colonel of the 9th and some of the other officers that we take a ride to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, some two or three miles only from where we were in camp. This was an invitation that I could not refuse, especially since Don was offered to me for the trip. I had not been on any horse since I dismounted from him before going into the Battle of Deep Bottom. Mounted once more on this magnificent animal, the old feeling of animation amounting to little less than an inspiration, and all that there is in life of the spirit of energy came back to me. Here we were again, Don and I, and, as I believed, Don shared with me the old feeling of companionship and we were off for our morning ride; Don, never a laggard, kept pace with the best of them. My physical disabilities were forgotten and the enjoyment of that trip is still a pleasant memory. It was my first and only visit to the home of Washington, a visit that every American should make in their lifetime.

The 23rd was the first day of the grand review, and first was to be the Army of the Potomac. The night before the army had moved from its camp at Alexandria, marched across Long Bridge to Washington, and into camp on the plateau northeast of the capitol building.

There had been a dismal rain at times for several days, but on the morning of the 23rd the clouds rolled away, and with a cool, delightful atmosphere, the day began most auspiciously. The city was full of strangers, estimated at 100,000, and were massed early in the morning along the line of march of the troops, from the Cap-

itol building through Pennsylvania Avenue, on each side a dense mass of humanity. Positions had been taken by the sight-seers in every window of every building along the line.

I had been invited by Major Chandler of the 9th N. H. Regiment to ride with him upon the Review as a member of his staff; this would have been a pleasure, but my ride to Mount Vernon had disabled me from further horse-back riding for the time being. I was fortunate in securing a pass from General Augur, the Military Commander of Washington, and early took my position near the reviewing stand in front of the White House.

The reviewing stand that had been erected directly in front of the White House, covering the entire width of the very wide sidewalk, was filled with dignitaries of the land—President Johnson and his Cabinet; General Grant upon the right of the President, and the Secretary of War, Stanton, at General Grant's right; on the left of the President was General Sherman; the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Wells; Quartermaster-General Meigs; the Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCullock; General Rawlins, General Grant's Chief of Staff, sat near General Grant; and Colonel Parker, a full blooded Indian, a member of General Grant's staff. There was also upon the stand members of the different diplomatic corps of the countries of the world; Senators and Members of Congress; Governors of States were also there; Judges of the United States Supreme Court, some few of these great men of the country I recognized, and many were pointed out to me. My position was at the foot of the steps leading up to the grandstand and directly on line of the front of the sidewalk—here I had a fine view of those upon the stand as well as the troops in their passage. General Grant sat near the end, and upon his knees were his two youngest boys, Jesse and Ulysses, and Fred, then about 14 years of age, standing by his side.

I had gone to General Augur's headquarters on the corner of 15th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue to get my pass, and there I saw Secretary Seward in a blanket wrapper at one of the windows. It is well remembered that at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, an attempt was also made to murder the cabinet officers; Secretary Seward having been dangerously wounded at that time, was now recovering. He had a vantage point to witness the review, being directly at the turning point at the corner of 15th Street.

Promptly at nine o'clock the signal gun was heard, and the Army of the Potomac, headed by General Mead and his staff, took up the march from their camp east of the Capitol, marching down Capitol Hill around the Capitol Building into Pennsylvania Avenue, through the entire length of the Avenue, past the White House, with battle flags of each regiment flying in the breeze, most of them in tatters from the enemy's bullets and the weather, but precious in the eyes of every soldier who had so bravely fought under their folds—the several bands playing patriotic airs.

The troops marched by division front, two companies in each regiment forming a division, turning at the Treasury Building, continuing on past the White House. General Mead and his brilliant staff having passed the reviewing stand, in the order of reviews as prescribed by army regulations, the General turned out from the column, came back, dismounted, and took his place beside the reviewing officer, the President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief. This was repeated by the Army Corps Commanders, and also the Division Commanders. This is the invariable rule and practice in the passage of troops in review. The Commander in taking his place beside the reviewing officer, is for the specific purpose of giving him information as to his command during the passage of his troops.

First came that magnificent body of troops that probably never saw its counterpart, Sheridan's cavalry, who under the leadership of that intrepid commander, General Phil Sheridan, had repeatedly executed strategic movements throughout the War, time after time cutting through their lines and doing execution against the enemy that thrilled an onlooking world with wonder. Every one was disappointed in not seeing General Sheridan at the head of his command, he having but a few days before been ordered to take command of our troops in Texas, where along upon the Rio Grande River, conditions called for a wise and efficient commander. The so-called Guerillas of the South, particularly in Texas, were still in arms.

During the passage of the cavalry there was great excitement and amusement created by the runaway of General Custer's horse—General Custer being in command of one of the divisions of the cavalry—when he came tearing down Pennsylvania Avenue, hatless, and with his long curls flying in the air, likewise his exaggerated necktie; in any event he showed his superb horsemanship in the wild ride that he took for a mile or more along the flank of the marching troops. At the end of the ride when he had apparently resumed control of his spirited horse, he was greeted by vociferous cheers from the crowd.

General Custer was one of our greatest of cavalry leaders. Altogether too young he met his tragic death on the plains in the Custer Massacre.

After the head of the cavalry had passed the reviewing officer, General Wesley E. Merritt, one of the most dashing of our young cavalry officers, who was in command, wheeled out from the column, rode up to the reviewing stand and dismounted directly in front of where I was standing. His appearance made a marked im-

pression upon me, being the most youthful in appearance of any of the Major-Generals in the column.

Following the cavalry came the 9th Army Corps, with General John G. Parke in command. General Burnside, whose name is inseparably connected with the 9th Army Corps, had been succeeded in the command by General Parke who had won fame by his gallant leadership. General Burnside was a very popular officer with the men of his command; while he had been an unsuccessful leader it was generally believed that his failures were not so much the result of his own acts, but that jealousy and intrigue had defeated his purposes. On that day of all days it would have been most gratifying to the officers and men if General Burnside could have led the march of the 9th Army Corps.

As the troops of the several regiments, brigades and divisions marched along with a steady, strong cadence, marking the veteran soldier, cheer after cheer along the whole line greeted them; and it was generally acknowledged that this Corps represented the perfect drill of an army corps known as the "flower of the army, and the most finished of fighting material that four years of terrific and bloody schooling could produce." I was especially interested in this Corps, for in it was one of the best of New Hampshire's regiments, the 9th, and in this regiment was my brother, Capt. C. D. Copp, commanding the color company and leading his division.

Following the infantry of the 9th Corps was the 9th Corps Artillery Brigade; a most interesting and brilliant sight was this Artillery Brigade with its horses and guns, the shining brass Napoleons, and the saucy, savage looking Parrot guns, drawn by four horses to a gun, upon the leading horse of each four was the mounted driver, the other men of the battery riding upon caissons and carriage; the officers and non-commissioned officers also mounted.

The 3rd Corps followed the 9th, "the fighting old 3rd Corps," as its members delighted to term it; upon every battlefield of Virginia had they sealed with their life-blood their devotion to their country. At Gettysburg, under their great leader, General Sickles, they saved the day at Little Round Top on the second day of this the greatest battle of the War, which proved the high water mark of the Rebellion. General Sickles, too, was missed in this grand last march of the old 3rd Corps—he had lost a leg at Gettysburg, and almost his life. He was here today, the most interested of all spectators to witness the final and crowning march of his old command.

The 2nd Corps, although the last in the passage, was received with no less enthusiasm than the troops preceding; it made a brilliant record throughout the War, and need take no second place in history. General Winfield S. Hancock, " the superb," as his admirers were pleased to call him, had been at the head of the old 2nd Corps through the great battles from the Rapidan to the Appomatox,—one of the strongest of Grant's Lieutenants—at the Wilderness, at Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, and at the lesser battles of the campaign in 1864, and doubtless would have been the successor of General Grant had the calamity of the loss of General Grant occured. General Hancock had been badly wounded at Gettysburg and had been in a precarious condition much of the time. He had now returned to his command and before he could sit upon his horse, having his headquarters, not in the saddle, but in a carriage, for some little time after the forward movement commenced; he was not in command today—he was conspicuous by his absence. At the head of the 2nd Corps in the review was that able General who had won a place of distinction among our leading generals, and a conspicuous figure here today, Major-General Andrew A. Humphrey, who with his entire staff riding at the head of the column, were mounted

GRAND REVIEW, WASHINGTON, MAY 23 AND 24, 1865.

upon white horses, presenting a very unique and pleasing appearance, and attracted much attention.

It was the sight of one's life—this magnificent army —the Army of the Potomac—to be followed on the morrow by that other magnificent army of General Sherman, who had encircled the Confederacy and cut it in twain—nearly 200,000 veterans with the leading generals of the War who had made themselves famous, proudly leading in this triumphal march; just such an army never before existed in the world's history, and probably will never be repeated—this army of 200,000—it is difficult for the average mind to picture 200,000 men—200,000 of hardened veterans, the survival of the fittest—men who had experienced four long years of war, and through superior physical vigor had become the hardened veterans that they were—proudly they marched with the step of veterans, steady and strong, the incarnation of strength, their faces as brown as the Indians from years of exposure to the sun and storm.

The glory of the achievements of our army was not alone with the generals who directed its movments, nor with others who wore the mark of distinction as commissioned officers, but to these men in the ranks carrying the rifles, was honor equally due and with the thousands of these men whose names are known only to a few, were ideals as high and patriotic and with many of them there was latent ability that conditions had not developed to the public eye. To the men in the ranks in many instances was there even more honor due for greater courage shown, and whose heroism and sacrifices won the victories.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the last of the 2nd Corps had passed; six full hours the Army of the Potomac had been moving past the reviewing stand, and the head of the column had already reached Alexandria and gone into camp.

I returned to my hotel and to my room completely exhausted, but satisfied; tomorrow the great army of General Sherman would make its last grand march, and I was to witness it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE REVIEW OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY.

The Remarkable Record of the 3rd N. H. Regiment—The End of My Story.

IT was the morning of the second day of the Grand Review. When I came down from my room in the hotel, the Old National, I found the corridor full of people—officers and soldiers in uniform predominating. Again the City of Washington was taking on a holiday air; it was the second day of the greatest event in its history. Although early, the streets were thronged with people, civilians and soldiers, men, women and children.

My brother, Capt. C. D. Copp, who had marched in the review of the Army of the Potomac the day before and back to his camp at Alexandria, was to join me in witnessing the passage of General Sherman's Army in review. I had not long to wait, and we both started up Pennsylvania Avenue through the crowd, on the way to the grand stand in front of the White House. Like the day before, the atmosphere was balmy and delightful.

Upon our arriving near the grand stand we found already there a large number of people who like ourselves had been favored with passes. Near the grand stand, in command of the Military Guard, was Col. George Bowers of Nashua, who greeted us pleasantly and assisted in securing a vantage point for us, practically the same that I had occupied the day before.

General Sherman, the most picturesque and next to the greatest general of the War, mounted upon his favorite war-horse followed by his large staff, soon came into sight around the corner of 15th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, followed by that great army of the West that had just completed its two thousand mile march from "Atlanta to the Sea," up the coast through Georgia and the Carolinas, sweeping the enemy before them; General Sherman and his army second only to General Grant and the victorious Army of the Potomac.

There was quite a difference noticeable in the characteristics of the soldiers of General Grant and those of Sherman. In the march of this army of the West, the soldiers of the West showed more of the swinging independent step, a most natural result of their long unceasing march through the enemy's country.

General Sherman having passed the reviewing stand, left the column and took his place beside President Johnson. He dismounted immediately in our front, and ascended the steps leading to the grand stand, and here occurred a scene that exhibited the strong fiery character of this great General. It will be remembered that the Secretary of War, Stanton, had humiliated General Sherman before the whole country but a few days before in general orders, denouncing Sherman for the terms of surrender granted by him to the rebel General Johnston and his army. Secretary Stanton as it happened, sat next to the head of the stairs upon the stand. As General Sherman approached, Secretary Stanton arose and extended his hand. General Sherman, resenting with indignation the indignity placed upon him, without looking at the Secretary of War, placed his left arm against Stanton's shoulder brushing him aside, and grasped the hand of the President, shaking hands with General Grant and the Cabinet officers, leaving Secretary of War Stanton like a whipped child to take his seat. It was a most sen-

sational and interesting sight to those who were near enough to see and understand the situation. We saw clearly the two men as they met, and the hot blood of General Sherman to redden his face, and in my imagination his very red hair to stand on end.

Following General Sherman and his staff was General Kilpatrick and his cavalry, next on the roll of fame to that of General Sheridan and his cavalry.

Following the cavalry was the Army of the Tennessee. This army had been commanded by General O. O. Howard from July, 1864 to April, 1865. Soon after the surrender of Lee, General Howard was detached from his command to take charge of the Freedman's Bureau. In this review, General Sherman recognizing the honor due to General Howard, invited him to ride with him upon his staff, and General Howard with his staff made the passage with General Sherman at the head of his army.

Following the Army of the Tennessee was General Slocum and staff, at the head of the Army of Georgia. Upon the staff of General Slocum was Senator Foraker of Ohio, then a boy of twenty and a Lieutenant.

At the head of the 15th Corps was Major-General John A. Logan, followed by the 17th Corps commanded by Major-General Frank P. Blair.

Stalwart heroes were those boys of the Army of the West, striding along with their rifles carried at ease, their uniforms more rusty than those of the Army of the Potomac, but in their fighting qualities comparisons could not be made.

This army of General Sherman's had just completed a long march through the enemy's country, living chiefly upon the country they passed through; in this review it was the design of General Sherman not to put on a holiday appearance, but to give the President and the people a sight of his army as it really was. They had with them

as they had upon their march through Georgia and the Carolinas, captured horses and mules, many negroes, women and children that had been army followers, the children on the backs of the mules and the negro women leading, making a most grotesque appearance; horses loaded down with cooking utensils; chickens, geese and other products of the country, that "Sherman's bummers" had captured and taken possession of. The skill of the bummers in foraging for supplies was marvellous.

RAIDING A PLANTATION.

When they started out in the morning they were always on foot, but scarcely one returned in the evening on foot, always mounted upon a horse or mule, loaded down with supplies; these they turned over for general use, and on the next morning again would start out on foot, to return in the evening mounted as before.

Sherman's foragers had instructions to kill all bloodhounds that were found; these dogs were not only used to capture runaway slaves, but were also used to capture escaped Union prisoners. One of the men had picked up a poodle, the favorite pet of the mistress of the house, and

was carrying it off to execution, when the lady made a strong appeal to spare her pet, the soldier replied, "Madam, our orders are to kill all blood-hounds."

"But this is not a blood-hound," protested the lady.

"Well, madam," he said, "we can't tell what it will grow into so we can't leave it behind," and the soldier moved on with the dog under his arm.

The last division of that great army that had marched from "Atlanta to the Sea" had passed the reviewing stand and the President and Cabinet, the Diplomats and the Members of Congress and the Generals who had been on the reviewing stand, rose from their seats to take their leave. The crowd surged around the stand to get a nearer view of the great Generals and the great men of the nation. We maintained our position near the foot of the stairs as they came down the steps, and here we saw another striking illustration of the characteristics of General Sherman. As he attempted to descend, the crowd pushed up the stairway to grasp him by the hand and to load him down with flowers. He accepted all the flowers that he could hold in one hand and under his arm, and to gratify the people, shook hands, as is ever the desire of a crowd in meeting great men. The General was very affable at first, patiently shaking hands with his admirers, and the crowd all the while seemingly to grow more dense. The hand shakes became less and less cordial, and the General's affability apparently departing.

He pushed down step by step—we could see that his patience was exhausted, and refusing the offered hands, forced his way down, brushing aside the men in front of him, finally exclaiming angrily, "Damn you, get out of the way! Get out of the way!"

The crowd concluding that he meant just what he said, gave way for him to descend, and mounting his horse he rode away. I do not know that I ever saw

this incident in print; nor that of the reception he gave to the Secretary of War when he went on to the stand.

Upon the passage of the last soldier of this great army, and the people were moving on and away, I felt that the curtain of the great drama had been run down, the last scene of the tragedy of all tragedies closed, and has passed into history, and slowly and thoughtfully we moved with the throng, back to the hotel, where I bade my brother good-bye, he returning to his regiment at Alexandria, a few weeks later to be mustered out of service, and I the next morning taking the train for home.

GEN. A. D. AYLING.
Adjutant General of New Hampshire from 1879 to 1907.

It is characteristic of the American soldier to believe that his own regiment is, all things considered, a little better than any other regiment in the service. This conviction is so strong that had this particular regiment been left out, it is doubtful if the War could have been brought to a successful close. This feeling is what is termed "esprit de corps," and in the Union army it reached its highest exemplification. While I have never persuaded myself that the 3rd New Hampshire Regiment was su-

perior to all others, no argument could convince me that it was not equal to any other in its morale and in its fighting qualities, and it is with no little pride that I make the comparison taken from the record of the New Hampshire regiments in the War of the Rebellion by Adjutant-General A. D. Ayling.

And right here I would give more than passing notice of General Ayling, a brave soldier through the War of the Rebellion and a personal friend of many years' standing.

His services to his country through the War was with the Massachusetts troops, one of the first to enlist early in April, 1861, first in the 7th Massachusetts Battery, and in January, 1862, was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and assigned to the 29th Mass. Vols., and in 1864, was again promoted and appointed Adjutant of the 24th Mass. Vols., and later appointed aide-de-camp upon the staff of Major-General R. S. Foster, serving for a time as Judge Advocate. He saw hard service with the Army of the Potomac, a most efficient and gallant officer.

Making his home in New Hampshire after the War, in 1879, he was appointed Adjutant-General of this state, and for many years rendered most valuable service to the military of New Hampshire in that capacity. His "Record of the New Hampshire Soldiers of the War of the Rebellion" is acknowledged to be the most complete of any that has yet been published, and will remain through all the future a most valuable record and a monument to General Ayling's efficiency as our Adjutant-General for nearly thirty years. I have never known the accuracy of the book to be called in question.

New Hampshire furnished to the Union army 29,-150 men who enlisted for three years.

Of this number there were killed or died of wounds 6 5-10 percent. By regiments the loss in killed or died of wounds was as follows:

2nd Regiment, 7 3-10 percent.
3rd Regiment, 11 1-10 percent.
4th Regiment, 5 5-10 percent.
5th Regiment, 11 1-10 percent.
6th Regiment, 7 5-10 percent.
7th Regiment, 8 6-10 percent.
9th Regiment, 7 6-10 percent.
10th Regiment, 5 percent.
11th Regiment, 8 2-10 percent.
12th Regiment, 12 3-10 percent.
13th Regiment, 7 1-10 percent.
14th Regiment, 4 8-10 percent.
15th Regiment, 3 3-10 percent.
16th Regiment, 0.
17th Regiment, 0.
18th Regiment, 0.

Fifty percent of the entire loss of the 12th New Hampshire regiment was at Chancellorsville in one battle, where the remnant of the regiment was practically annihilated.

It is well known that the 15th N. H. Regiment stands at the head of the list of all other regiments in the Union army with the largest percentage of loss from all causes.

I have in these "Reminiscences" avoided much of statistical information that would be of interest to some, but I have realized, would be dry reading to most people. In closing this my last chapter, I will add something taken from Fox's Statistics of the War of the Rebellion, which to me is interesting, and I think will be found interesting to most of my readers:

"It was the greatest war of the century, and in some particulars the greatest in history; there have been larger armies in the field—in the Franco-Prussian War the Germans took 797,950 men into France, and lost 3 1-10 percent; in the Crimean War the loss was 3 1-2 percent; in the Mexican War the loss was 1 2-10 percent;

in the War of the Rebellion, the Union armies lost 4 7-10 percent and the Confederate loss was over 9 percent; in all history there is nothing that shows such a large percent of killed and wounded. The loss in killed and died of wounds in the Spanish War in Cuba was 318, a less number than the losses in single regiments in the Union army of the War of the Rebellion.

"The comparison of the Battle of Waterloo and of Gettysburg is very striking; at Waterloo the French numbered 80,000 men and 250 guns; the allies had 72,000 men and 186 guns. At Gettysburg the Union army was 82,000 men and 300 guns, the Rebel army 70,000 men and 250 guns. The losses at Waterloo, the French 26,300, the allies 23,185; at Gettysburg, the Union loss 23,093; Confederate loss 27,448."

In the War of the Rebellion, death from all causes:

	Enrolled	Died	Per C
Volunteers	2,080,193	316,883	15.2
Regulars	67,000	5,798	8.6
Colored Troops	178,975	36,847	20.5
Total	2,326,168	359,528	15.4

The muster rolls show that the average age of the soldier in the Union army was 25 years; that there were 133,475, eighteen years of age; 90,215, nineteen years of age; 46,626, twenty-five years of age, and 16,070 forty-four years of age.

Of the two million men of the army, three-fourths were native Americans; of the 500,000 soldiers of foreign birth Germany furnished 175,000, Ireland 150,000, England 50,000, British America 50,000, other countries 75,000.

The average height of the American soldier was 5 feet 8 1-4 inches. The men from Maine, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri and Kentucky were slightly over 6 feet; the West Virginians averaged 5 feet, 9 inches in height. Of

the recorded heights there were some who were over 7 feet in height. There could have been formed from our army a regiment that would have surpassed the famous giant guards of Frederick the Great; but tall men proved to be poor material for a long, toilsome campaign. When after a hard, forced march the captain looked over his company at nightfall to see how many men he had with him, the "ponies" who trudged along at the tail end of the company were generally all there—it was the head of the company that was thinned out.

The recorded weight of the soldier is incomplete, but such as are found, they indicate that the average weight was 143½ pounds.

From statements as to occupation, it appears that 48 percent were farmers; 39 percent were mechanics; 16 percent were laborers; 5 percent were in commercial pursuits; 3 percent were professional men; and 4 percent were of miscellaneous vocations.

From the officer's roster of the Indian Kansas regiment we find:

First Indian Guard—"Captain Tul-se-fix-se-ko; killed February 1, 1863."

First Indain Guards—"Captain Ah-ha-la-tus-ta-nuk-ke; died at Camp Moonlight, Ark., March 23, 1863."

"Captain Ta-ma-tus-ta-nuk-ka; cashiered December 27, 1862."

"Captain Ak-ki-yah-go-ho-la; deserted December 27, 1862."

(It is hoped that in the heat of action these officers did not stand upon their dignity and insist upon being addressed by their full names.)

Second Indian Guards—"Captain Spring Frog, mustered out May 31, 1865."

"Captain Eli Tadpole, died of disease April 15, 1863."

"Lieutenant Andrew Rabbit; resigned July 12, 1863."

"Captain Jim Ned; missing since August 31, 1862."

"Captain Dirt Throw Tiger; resigned August 1, 1863."

Third Indian Guards—"Captain Daniel Grasshopper; died October 3, 1862 of wounds received in action."

From the roster of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois—Company A—"Lorenzo Brown; kicked to death by a mule at Somerset, Ky., April 23, 1864."

Twenty- First Massachusetts, Company E — "Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, lost both arms while carrying regimental U. S. flag at Fredricksburg, discharged May 9, 1863."

Twenty-Sixth North Carolina (C. S. A.) Company F—"Mrs. L. M. Blaylock; enlisted March 20, 1861; discharged for being a woman."

One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania, Company F—"Sergeant Frank Mayne; deserted Aug. 24, 1862; subsequently killed in battle in another regiment, and discovered to be a woman; real name, Francis Day."

Second Michigan, Company F—"Franklin Thompson; deserted." (Charge of desertion removed by House Committee on Military Affairs, Washington, February, 1887, the soldier had a good record and had fought well in several battles, but proved to be a woman; real name was Miss Seelye.)

Fifth New York Cavalry, Company G—"John Evens; March 7, 1865, had a ball pass through a pack of cards and a plug of tobacco, lodging against the skin opposite his heart."

It was a slave holder rebellion—a rebellion of the South, not as against oppression, unjust taxation and for liberty, as did our forefathers rebel against the wrongs of England. There is no analogy between the rebellion of our forefathers against the misrule of England, and the

rebellion of the South against our government; it was a war to establish a government of the South, whose foundation stone was to be human slavery, there was no claim of wrong of the North against the South other than the one question of slavery, and I wish to call the attention of the younger people of this generation to these truths—it is a fallacy to justify the people of the South, who waged against their government the most wicked war of the age, to say that they " thought they were right." It was a rebellion against the best government upon earth by the South, because the higher civilization of the North would not countenance the wicked institution of slavery by permitting its extension beyond the boundaries of what is known as the Mason and Dixon line. It was a war waged with relentless and barbaric fury, with wicked practices beyond that of any other war in modern times. Treason and firing upon the flag of our country is and was a crime black with infamy and the sophistry of those who would do it honor cannot refine it.

In the discussions of the war by Northern people through its progress and through all the years since its close, there was and is a class of people who have given undue credit to the ability of the Southern leaders of the Rebellion, and specifically General Lee, as the greatest of war generals. It was this encouragement to the rebel leaders, as expressed particularly by the Copperhead newspapers of the North, that gave aid to the Southern armies in fighting their battles, and beyond any reasonable doubt, extended the war for many months, adding to its casualties, horrors and useless sacrifices.

To say that General Lee and his generals in their strategic skill and ability as leaders of armies were superior to Grant and our leading generals, is not true, and no student of history can claim that it is true. To those who followed the fortunes of war and to those who have studied the movements of our armies, it is well known that

the physical advantages through the war were with General Lee and his army. Whenever there was a battle fought outside of the intrenchments, behind which the army of the South almost invariably was protected, whenever a battle was fought, I say, outside of the intrenchments, Lee's army met with defeat.

The greater percentage of loss in the Confederate army over that of the Union forces is not the proof of superiority; in the Union army there were over 300 regiments that were not in action, and 300 more regiments that were under fire but a very few times during their service. A large percent of the Union army were guarding lines of supplies and doing garrison duty in forts and cities captured from the enemy, while every Confederate regiment within their own lines upon the defensive, was kept at the front, the ranks being repeatedly filled by conscription of recruits. Thus it is seen that the excess of of percentage of loss of the Confederates over that of the Union forces is from the fact of there being so many hundred thousand men of the Union army not on the firing line.

The story of the war has not, and can never be, told in its entirety, the individual experiences of thousands of officers and men in the 300 battles of the war daily making history that would fill volumes. My efforts have failed to satisfy myself; each chapter has been submitted with misgivings, knowing how far short I had come in presenting a complete picture of "all that I saw, a part of which I was"

I realize that the interest in these "Reminiscences" is limited. Those who experienced the soldier's life, I can understand, would follow with interest the story of events in which they, too, were a part, stimulating in them reminiscences, too, which are of profound interest; and to the older generation it would bring back memories of scenes of the stirring times of war in which they lived, and also

enacted their part. To the younger generation the story of the War of the Rebellion is not unlike that of the history of other wars in which they have no personal interest; to them it is in the dead past, yet not meaningless to all; some but too few, fully realizing that they are today enjoying blessings at the cost of so much blood and sacrifices of their fathers, and it comes to them, as they feel, by right of inheritance, yet I am sure that this same generation and every generation of American people that may follow, will have the same patriotic valor that will respond to every emergency that calls for their country's defense.

If I have added anything to the history of New Hampshire's part in the great struggle—if I have added to the knowledge of the readers of these reminiscences anything of the details of the soldier's life—if I have added to the pleasure of those who have read the story—then I am satisfied.

THE END.

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